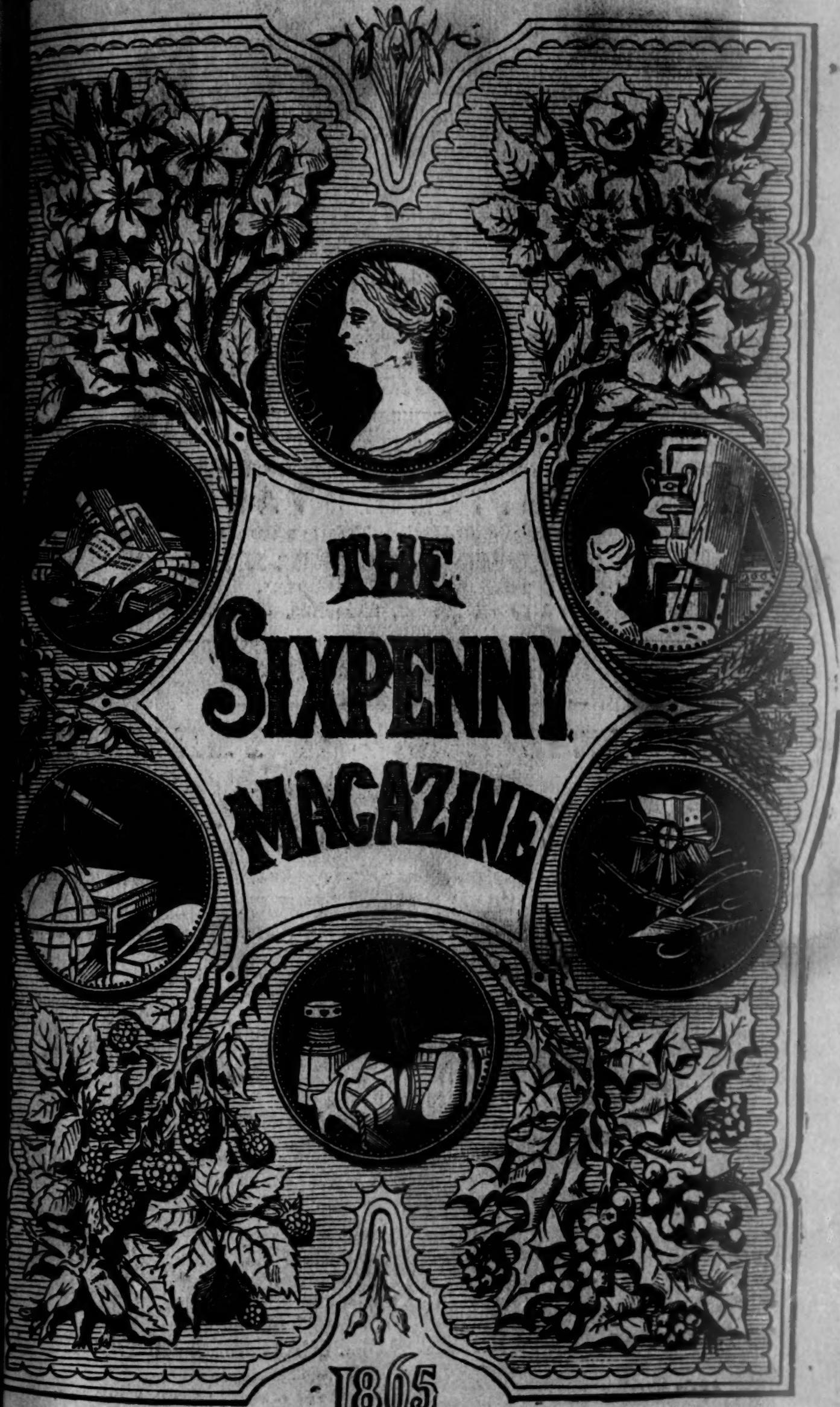


PRICE SIXPENCE.

AUGUST.

28



1865

LONDON: WARD, LOCK AND TYLER, 158, FLEET STREET.

*All rights of reproduction and translation are reserved.*





**TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS,**  
VISITORS TO THE SEASIDE, and others exposed to the summer sun and dust, will find the application of

**ROWLANDS' KALYDOR**

both cooling and refreshing to the face and skin. It allays all heat and irritability of the skin, eradicates eruptions, freckles, tan, and discoloration, and produces a healthy purity and delicacy of complexion. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

The heat of summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the hair and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of

**ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,**

An Invigorator and BEAUTIFIER of the HAIR beyond all precedent.

**ROWLANDS' ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,** bestows on the Teeth a Pearl-like Whiteness, frees them from Tartar, and imparts to the Gums a healthy firmness, and to the Breath a pleasing fragrance. Price 2s. 9d. per box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.

\*. Ask for "ROWLANDS'" Articles.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT,

Starch Purveyors to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.



**GLENFIELD STARCH,**

Exclusively used in Her Majesty's Laundry,  
AND AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL  
FOR ITS SUPERIORITY.

Sold by all Grocers, Chandlers, &c. &c.



BY ROYAL COMMAND.

**METALLIC**  
TO THE



**PEN MAKER**  
QUEEN.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT**

Respectfully invites the attention of the Public to the following Numbers of his

**PATENT METALLIC PENS,**

Which, for QUALITY OF MATERIAL, EASY ACTION, and GREAT DURABILITY, will ensure universal preference.

**FOR LADIES' USE.**

For fine, neat writing, especially on thick and highly-finished papers,  
Nos. 1, 173, 303, 604. In EXTRA-FINE POINTS.

**FOR GENERAL USE.**

Nos. 2, 164, 166, 168, 604. In FINE POINTS.

**FOR BOLD FREE WRITING.**

Nos. 3, 164, 166, 168, 604. In MEDIUM POINTS.

**FOR GENTLEMEN'S USE.**

**FOR LARGE, FREE, BOLD WRITING.**

The Black Swan Quill, Large Barrel Pen, No. 808.

The Patent Magnum Bonum, No. 263. In MEDIUM and BROAD POINTS.

**FOR GENERAL WRITING.**

No. 263. In EXTRA-FINE and FINE POINTS.

No. 262. In FINE POINTS. Small Barrel.

No. 810. New Bank Pen.

No. 840. The Autograph Pen.

**FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.**

The celebrated Three-hole Correspondence Pen, No. 392.

Four-hole " " " No. 202.

The Public Pen, No. 292.

with Bead, No. 404.

Small Barrel Pens, fine and free, Nos. 392, 405, 603.

**TO BE HAD OF EVERY RESPECTABLE STATIONER IN THE WORLD.**

WHOLESALE AND FOR EXPORTATION.

At the Manufactory, Victoria Works, Graham Street, and at 96, New Street, Birmingham;  
91, John Street, New York;

And of WILLIAM DAVIS, at the London Depot, 37, Gracechurch Street, E.C.



THE  
SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1, 1865.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—THE FATAL LEGACY—By the Author of "SHADOW AND SUNSHINE" .....	325
CHAPTER I.—A FAMILY PARTY.	
CHAPTER II.—HASTY NEWS.	
CHAPTER III.—THE LEGACY.	
CHAPTER IV.—UP HIGHER.	
CHAPTER V.—A LITTLE SPARK.	
CHAPTER VI.—SICKNESS.	
CHAPTER VII.—A HOME PICTURE.	
CHAPTER VIII.—NEW FACES.	
CHAPTER IX.—SCHEMES AND SCHEMERS.	
CHAPTER X.—MISGIVINGS AND CERTAINTY.	
II.—POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY .....	341
PART III.—THE LUNGS: THEIR STRUCTURE, PURPOSE, FUNCTIONS, AND DISEASES—CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD, AND RESPIRATION, WITH GENERAL OBSERVATIONS RELATIVE TO THEM.	
III.—BURNT AT THE STAKE. A TALE OF WITCHCRAFT .....	348
IV.—MEDICINAL EFFECTS OF WATER .....	352
V.—CONDUCT OF LIFE.....	356
VI.—SONG .....	361
VII.—TEMPLE TALES. By A BACHELOR IN CHAMBERS .....	362
NO. 4.—THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SANDS.	
VIII.—IRISH GRIEVANCES .....	368
IX.—THE MINNESOTA RANGERS .....	376
X.—THE EARLY DAYS OF VOLTAIRE.....	381
XI.—LITTLE SPIFFINS' PARTY .....	385
XII.—"DUM SPIRO SPERO" .....	396
XIII.—LIFE AMONG THE KALMUKS .....	397
XIV.—THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE .....	406
XV.—THE LITTLE FISHERMAN. A NARRATIVE FOR BOYS .....	412
XVI.—A WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS .....	415
XVII.—THE MYSTERIES OF HAWLEY .....	416
CHAPTER XXIII.—A GLOOMY EVENING.	
CHAPTER XXIV.—A DEATH-BED SCENE.	
CHAPTER XXV.—A LETTER FROM THE DEAD.	
CHAPTER XXVI.—THE LETTER'S CONTENTS.	
CHAPTER XXVII.—A PIC-NIC.	
XVIII.—THE CHILDREN .....	432

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

In the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE for September will be commenced a New Novel,

THE LADY'S MILE,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," "HENRY DUNBAR," "ONLY A CLOD," &c.



## PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

### MESSRS. G. ROWNEY & CO.

Call the attention of the Public to their

**NEW SYSTEM OF GRINDING COLOURS BY MACHINERY,**  
which enables them to supply Artists' Colours in Oil, Water, or Powder, perfectly fine, at the same prices as hitherto charged for Colours less finely ground.

Messrs. G. R. & Co. feel assured the OIL COLOURS ground by their improved process will be found to be *finer, brighter, less oily*, and to *dry quicker* than any others at present manufactured; and that their WATER COLOURS, prepared by the same process, will prove to be *finer, brighter*, and to *float more evenly without granulation* than any other Colours at present manufactured.

They therefore solicit a trial in full confidence of giving satisfaction.

#### Testimonials from Members and Associate Members of the Royal Academy and Society of Water-colour Painters.

GENTLEMEN,—As far as I have yet had the opportunity of trying the Colours you have done me the favour of sending me, I am of opinion that they afford a very satisfactory proof of the advantage of your new system of Grinding Colours by Machinery. All painters must agree that the qualities of depth and brilliancy in Colours are greatly enhanced by good and sufficient grinding.

Messrs. G. Rowney and Co.

Your most obedient servant,

CHAS. LANDSEER, R.A.

Mr. E. M. WARD, R.A., has tried the Colours ground by machinery sent to him by Messrs. Rowney, and has much pleasure in expressing his entire approbation of the quality of them in every respect: the Indian Red and other Colours, generally coarse under the ordinary grinding, seem to him to have more especially benefited by the process.

GENTLEMEN,—I have tried those Colours you kindly sent me, and beg to state that I find them excellent, both in brilliancy and working, which proves the truth of your statement—that they are manufactured in a very superior manner.

To Messrs. Rowney.

I remain your obliged servant,

ABRAHAM COOPER, R.A.

GENTLEMEN,—I am really much obliged by the receipt of a packet of Colours which you so kindly sent me on Friday last. I have tried them, and can conscientiously express my entire satisfaction with them. The excellence of the grinding is beyond all praise, for the fact is certain that, without extreme grinding, the beauty of every and any Colour is not brought out; to say nothing of the impossibility of painting any thing requiring finish with ill-ground Colours.

Messrs. G. Rowney and Co.

I am, Gentlemen, truly yours,

H. LEWIS, R.A.

GENTLEMEN,—I am much obliged to you for this opportunity of trying your Colours ground on a new system. I have tested them, and found them very fine and free from grit, especially the Indian Red, a most difficult Colour to procure properly ground.

Messrs. G. Rowney and Co.

I am your obedient servant,

W. C. T. DOBSON, A.R.A.

GENTLEMEN,—I have now given the Colours you were so good as to send me a fair trial, and can confidently speak of their very superior merits; the method of grinding by machinery has not only affected the Indian Red (so justly praised), but has caused the Cobalt Blue and Ultramarine Ash (colours so apt to be gritty) to work with astonishing ease and fluency. The Scarlet Vermilion, too, and Extract of Madder Carmine, are brought to great perfection.

Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK TAYLER.

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in communicating to you the result of my experience with your colours. For brilliancy and purity they certainly cannot be surpassed, and as far as my present experience goes, I may also add, permanency.

W. HUNT.

To Messrs. Rowney, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

GENTLEMEN,—Some time since you sent me a large box of Colours. I have had a good opportunity of trying them, and I have much pleasure in saying that they are as good as they can be.

Believe me, yours very truly,

BIRKET FOSTER.

DEAR SIRS,—For several months I have had in use the box of Colours that you sent to me. I can now state, with pleasure, that I have found them to possess all the qualities that an artist could reasonably desire.

To Messrs. G. Rowney and Co.

Yours faithfully,

E. DUNCAN.

GENTLEMEN,—I have great pleasure in recommending your Colours to all my artist friends, as they are unquestionably the best I ever used. The Cobalt is especially good in flat washes, which I could never accomplish with any other make than yours.

W. GOODALL.

GENTLEMEN,—I am delighted with the brilliancy and purity of the Moist Water Colours you sent me. I can not particularise any one Colour as superior to the rest, as all are equally good.

To Messrs. G. Rowney and Co.

I am, Gentlemen, yours very truly,

H. BRITTAN WILLIS.

MY DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your Colours carefully, and have much pleasure in saying that I find them pure, brilliant, and to work freely and pleasantly, and have little doubt of their being appreciated by all who may use them.

To Messrs. Rowney and Co.

I am, dear Sirs, yours truly,

T. M. RICHARDSON.

**GEORGE ROWNEY & CO.. MANUFACTURING ARTISTS' COLOURMEN,**  
RETAIL DEPARTMENT—52 RATHBONE PLACE, AND 29 OXFORD STREET:  
WHOLESALE AND EXPORT DEPARTMENT—10 & 11 PERCY STREET, LONDON.



## THE FATAL LEGACY.

By the Author of "SHADOW AND SUNSHINE."

### CHAPTER I.

#### A FAMILY PARTY.

"DRAW the curtains close, Minnie dear, the evening is very cold," said Mrs. Deans, as her daughter paused for a moment to look out upon the night through the curtains she was arranging. The lamp had just been lighted, and the lady shivered as she drew her chair closer to the fire and commenced knitting some fleecy-looking fabric that was designed for a shawl. "Goodness help those that are at sea to-night," she added, as a fierce blast shook the casement; "I wish your father and the boys were come home."

"Here they are," cried Minnie, as a latch-key was heard giving its short, sharp click, and stooping to the fireplace she lifted a plate of nice hot toast and laid it with the tea-pot on a table that was placed cosily by the fire. "How cold you must be!" she exclaimed, as her father and brothers entered the room. "Here are your warm slippers, and tea is ready, so you will soon be as warm as we are, I hope."

Her father kissed her forehead as she stooped to put on his slippers that she had kept warm inside the fender, and in another minute the smiling party were seated round the tea-table.

"I wonder when it is likely that John will arrive?" said Mrs. Deans, after she had helped her husband and children to their tea; "do you think, dear, he can be here before Christmas?"

"It is just possible that he may, but you know it is a long voyage from India, and he said he would not come over-land."

"I cannot account for it," replied his wife, "but this wind to-night makes me very restless; at every blast I feel a nervous shrinking as if some dreadful thing were about to happen. I wish poor John was safely amongst us once more."

"My dear Maria, you have remained so long indoors that you are absolutely growing fanciful," said her husband, laughing; "John is safe enough on board

a good Indiaman, so don't make yourself uneasy about him; you used not to be so nervous. Cheer up, old woman," he added, laying his hand on hers; "when there is a storm on land it is very seldom at sea, so let that comfort you."

"Well, it is of no use running to meet trouble half way, at all events," replied his wife, returning the clasp of his hand, "and while I have you and the children safe and well I should be happy, but certainly I long to see John once more, and to hear his cheerful voice—twenty years is a long time not to see an only brother."

"My dear Maria, I can understand your feelings very well; surely you must remember that John and I were always more like brothers than friends, and if it had not been for him, would I ever have got the comfortable situation I am in, or been able to have you for my wife? I know you might have got a richer, and perhaps a better husband, but such as I was you were content to take me, and John was content to give you to me also. I never will forget his words when he consented that you should marry me—'Believe me, Richard, I value an upright, honourable man before a wealthy one, and knowing you to be both, I feel that I am doing better for my sister in giving her to you, than if I gave her to a man that I was not sure of, though he had ten thousand a year,' and I hope, Maria, he will not be sorry for his confidence in me; we are not rich, but we are happy, and that is better."

"Yes, dear, far better," returned his wife, with glistening eyes.

The Deanses were indeed a happy family; love was the ruling power in their little *ménage*, and they rejoiced in making small sacrifices, when necessary, for each other. How gladly the mother and daughter remodelled their winter bonnets and turned their linsey dresses that the boys might have warm top-coats, and Mr. Deans a new hat. Who ever knew but her mother that Minnie sold all that pretty embroidery to give her father and brothers those neat silk umbrellas to





carry to the office; and if Minnie did wear the prettiest of boots and daintiest of gloves, how did it concern the public that her brothers would not smoke cigars or attend the club with their companions in the office in order that they might have the means to provide her with those and similar gifts? Such sacrifices to affection, the laying of small things (deemed necessities by others) on its altar, bind the cords of love more firmly round the hearts of both donors and recipients, and it was an acknowledged fact among their acquaintances, that if the Deanses were not rich they were at all events happy.

Mrs. Deans' brother (who had been a clerk in the banking-house of which her husband was now cashier, and where her sons were entered as probationers) had sailed for India almost immediately after her marriage. He had been for some years clerk to the Messrs. Bingley, and at his request Richard Deans had been taken into their employment. John and Maria Humphries and Richard Deans had been reared almost together, and although Richard was eight or nine years their senior, they had gone to the same school, played the same plays, and quarrelled in company—as all children will, more or less—in fact, they grew up together, and although Richard Deans was only clerk to a shopkeeper, while John Humphries was in a banking establishment, they remained firm friends, and when Deans was over thirty years of age, his friend, by his interest with the Messrs. Bingley, got him that situation in their bank that led to his being made cashier, and enabled him to get his two sons into a progressive position in the same office.

Mrs. Deans was now looking forward with an intense yearning to seeing that dear brother, from whom she had been so long separated, once more. He had never seen the niece and nephews, to each of whom he stood in the relation of godfather, and to whom he had more than once hinted he meant to leave any property of which he might die possessed. During his long absence many valuable presents and considerable sums of money had been sent by him just at the opportune time: thus, although personally unknown, "uncle John's" was a household name with the young Deanses, and they loved him as much from hearing such constant, affectionate mention of his kindness, as though he had been with

them and endeared to them from their childhood.

## CHAPTER II.

### HASTY NEWS.

SNOW—snow! nothing but snow appeared as the 21st of December came cold and grey upon the senses. The clouds were heavy with it, the air was full of it, the ground was covered with it, and the very glass of the windows had an outer coating of it.

"The Welshman is plucking his geese in earnest this morning," said John Deans, as he entered the breakfast-room; "we must make haste with our breakfast, Minnie, if we intend to be in time at the office; how droll it seems breakfasting by gas-light!"

"Where is Richard?" asked Minnie, as she returned her brother's morning kiss.

"Oh," laughed John, "as usual, he remained between the blankets until the last moment; but here he comes, wiping the sleep out of his eyes. I hope your early rising won't do you any harm, Dick," he added, jokingly, turning to his brother as he entered the room.

"I tell you what, Jack, it's no fun getting out of a warm bed at seven o'clock such a morning as this," replied Richard, as he drew near the fire. "I'll take a peep at the *Times*, however, as I am up," he continued; "I wonder is there anything new?"

At this moment Mr. and Mrs. Deans entered the room, and catching a view of Richard's face as he stood with his back to the fire-place, paper in hand, they stopped short in amazement, and well they might, for every trace of colour had left it, and with vacant eyes he was staring at the paper, although evidently unconscious that he held it.

"What is the matter, Richard? Why do you look so queerly? Are you ill?" came from all sides?"

"Uncle John—poor uncle John," gasped Richard; "the ship is wrecked, and all hands lost."

Mr. Deans was just in time to catch his wife in his arms as she sank slowly down upon the floor, the sudden shock depriving her completely of consciousness. Minnie rushed forward to help him, while John, seizing the paper, read for himself the dreadful account.

On the very night that Mrs. Deans



had felt such nervous anxiety about her brother, the stout ship in which he was approaching his native land had yielded to the war of the elements, and all on board were reported lost; when about three days' sail from land she had foundered, and a bottle, containing a letter with a list of the passengers and crew, was all that remained of the good ship *Nancy*.

First on the list was the name of "John Humphries," and when the Deanses inspected it, in a day or two afterwards, they saw with sickening hearts that the letter was in the firm, even writing of that beloved relative. No further hope remained of his not being the passenger whose loss was recorded, and mourning and sadness took the place of the feelings of joy with which they had looked forward to a happy Christmas.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE LEGACY.

SOME short time after the shipwreck, as the Deanses were sitting one evening in all the sombre blackness of new mourning, a sharp, short double-knock came to the hall door, and a small, slight man was almost hurled into the passage by a sudden gust of wind, as the servant opened the door.

"Is Mr. Deans at home?" he inquired, as he recovered his breath.

"Yes, sir; what name shall I say?"

"Briggs, from the firm of Nettlethorpe and Shelton."

"Mr. Briggs, from Nettlethorpe and Snailtown," said the girl, opening the door into the parlour, and the visitor from such apparently hot and slimy localities entered the room with a bow all round.

"Sharp night, sir," with a bow to Mr. Deans. "Very cold out of doors." Another dip in the direction of Mrs. Deans and Minnie, who sat at the other side of the fire. "Bad time for old people. Young may die, old must—very true proverb." And here he pulled up short.

"Very true," observed Mrs. Deans, wondering if the dapper little man had come to give them that trite piece of information.

"Sad thing death," recommenced the little man, smoothing his hat round with his hand and trying to look lugubrious.

"Bad wind that blows nobody good,

though. Strange that I should say 'wind' when it was the wind, after all."

"Be kind enough to explain what you mean, Mr. Briggs," said Mr. Deans, rather stiffly, perceiving by his wife's face that their visitor rather alarmed her.

"Oh, nothing, sir, nothing particular, only it was strange, you see, considering——"

"If you will be kind enough to explain, perhaps we can then share in your wonder," replied Mr. Deans, almost beginning to share his wife's evident fear that the man was a lunatic.

"Well, sir," said the little man, briskly, "that's easily done. You see the case is this:—Rich client, John Humphries, dies—drowned in a great storm, in fact—and leaves your children heirs to all his wealth; that's why it was so odd my saying 'Ill wind that blows nobody good,' that's all."

"Pray how do you know that Mr. John Humphries has left my children heirs to great wealth?" inquired Mr. Deans, eagerly.

"Because my employers, Messrs. Nettlethorpe and Shelton, were his solicitors, and his will is in their hands. The coffee plantation alone is worth two thousand a year, and there are fifty thousand pounds in the funds; he invested every shilling for fear of accidents—careful man, very."

"Fifty thousand pounds!—two thousand a year!" gasped Mr. Deans; "why, it's immense! Are you sure that it's all true?"

"Perfectly sure, sir; and my employers request that you will call upon them at their office in Chancery-lane as soon as you can make it convenient. As the young people are not of age, you are left guardian, and also residuary legatee to those that die (if any) before becoming of age and legally able to make a testamentary bequest," said Mr. Briggs, quoting the will.

"I shall make it my business to call on your employers to-morrow," said Mr. Deans, like a man talking in his sleep, and yet a nice observer could have noticed the slight tone of patronage in his voice as he uttered the words, and the growing importance with which he rang the bell for the maid to open the door for his visitor—a task he would have performed himself at any former time.

Mr. Briggs having taken his departure, a profound silence reigned for full five

minutes, Mr. Deans staring straight before him into the fire, being evidently plunged in a deep reverie, and tears dropping fast on the work Mrs. Deans held in her hand without seeing, as she thought of the loving brother whose life-earnings were to be the fortunes of her children.

The young Deanses did not venture to speak until their parents should break the silence; and, as we have said, fully five minutes elapsed before Mr. Deans spoke.

"Well, Maria," he at last remarked, "as that little Briggs said, it is 'an ill wind that blows nobody good,' only I wonder that your brother did not leave some of his great wealth to us."

"Leave some of it to us!" echoed his wife, in utter amazement; "why, surely he has left it all to us! Did you not hear what Mr. Briggs said?"

"Yes, perfectly, my dear; I have not become suddenly afflicted with deafness, I hope," replied Mr. Deans, testily.

Mrs. Deans looked up in astonishment at the unusual tone, and after a moment her husband added—"Leaving it to our children is not leaving it to us. What good will their great accession of property be to us, I should like to know? I think your brother might have left it to us in the first instance, it would be time enough for them to get it after our death."

Tears started in Minnie's soft blue eyes as her father spoke, and after a second's hesitation, she said, looking towards her brothers—"Oh, father, surely you know that whatever we have is yours and dear mother's as much as ours." Grieved feeling choked her voice, and the gathering tears stole silently down her cheeks. The two lads looked at their father in mute surprise, as they said with one voice—"What did we always hope for but to be able to help you and mother, and now if we are to be rich, it will only enable us to do it more speedily."

"It is anything but a pleasant feeling to be dependent on the bounty of one's own children," remarked their father, gloomily.

"Dependent! Oh, father!" cried his children, in a breath.

"Richard, you grieve as well as surprise me," said Mrs. Deans, moving her chair a little back. "If this money is to sow unhappiness and bitter feeling in our once happy home, I wish it had gone to the bottom of the sea along with my poor brother."

"Don't be absurd, Maria," replied her husband, angrily. "I only wish your brother had shown more sense and affection in the disposition of his property."

"I must say, Richard," said Mrs. Deans, rising to retire, "that such a speech comes badly from your lips; how grieved poor John would be if he could hear it."

Old memories of the past, when John and he had leant together over some torn story-book, devouring its contents with eager eyes, or learned together the lessons for the coming day, and still later scenes in which John had invariably been his helper, flitting before the mind's eye of Mr. Deans, checked the reply that rose to his lips, as turning away, he nodded an ungracious good-night to his unoffending children, and followed his wife from the room.

What a mysterious power money exercises over the human soul! The melancholy become gay; the morose kindly and sociable; the hospitable more generous and charitable; and the thoughtful lively and anxious to please, under its influence. But, alas! if this is the bright side of the picture, it also has its reverse. New phases of character, hitherto unsuspected, display themselves sometimes, when a sudden accession of riches changes the careful, provident man into a miser, or creates suspicion and ill-feeling in a bosom heretofore seemingly free from such feelings, only because the opportunity for their exhibition did not arise. Of some such nature were the sensations that now filled the heart of Mr. Deans. Ambitious desires and a thirsting for wealth, hitherto unknown, began to spring up in his soul, and entwined with those noxious weeds was a jealousy of his innocent children, the more closely guarded and brooded over because of its very unreasonableness.

For hours that night Mr. Deans lay awake, thinking over the recent revelation and plotting how to obtain a seeming consequence by the apparent possession of the unforeseen riches of his children. He did not yet go the length, even in thought, of wishing to deprive them of it in reality, now that it was theirs, although his spirit continued to chafe inwardly at the injustice that he considered had been done him in passing him over in the first instance. Pale from his unwonted wakefulness, and pre-occupied in manner, he descended to breakfast the following morning, the



affectionate salutations of his children eliciting only a cold "good-morning," as he took up the paper and seemed to lose himself in the leading article.

At noon that day, instead of going to dinner, Mr. Deans walked smartly to the office of Messrs. Nettlethorpe and Shelton, in Chancery-lane, and honouring Mr. Briggs with a kind of side nod, he passed into the private room of the senior partner.

"I should like to see the will of my brother-in-law, John Humphries," said he, coming to the point at once.

"Certainly, sir; pray take a seat," said Mr. Nettlethorpe. "I should inform you that the will was forwarded to us a year ago by our correspondents in Calcutta, giving us directions what to do in case Mr. Humphries should die before reaching England, and making us fully acquainted with the testamentary disposition of the property. We have the pleasure of congratulating you on the good fortune of your children."

Mr. Deans winced, but returned a seemingly cordial "thank you," as he settled himself to read the important document; word after word, line after line, confirmed the statement of Mr. Briggs. The entire property was left unreservedly to the three children of Richard and Maria Deans, each child as it came of age having the right to bequeath his or her share to whom they pleased; but in the event of any or all of them dying before they reached the age of twenty-one years, the entire property was to pass into the hands of Richard and Maria Deans. The testator accounted for this distribution by saying, that knowing his sister and brother-in-law as he did, he felt that they would be more gratified by his leaving his money and property to his god-children than to themselves; that he knew their wishes were few, and their wants easily supplied, and that ample provision would be made for them by the banking-house where Richard Deans was cashier, it being the custom of the partners to pension their old servants handsomely when obliged to retire from their employment. "Therefore," said the testator, "I wish my dear niece and nephews to have the benefit of beginning life under good auspices, their father being guardians alike of their persons and their property." Such was the will, and Mr. Deans ground his teeth in the very impotency of his rage as he read its provisions. Outwardly calm, however,

he returned the will to Mr. Nettlethorpe, requesting him to lose no time in proving it; and having bidden the partners a formal adieu, he returned to the bank in outward semblance the placid, equable Mr. Deans, always ready to return a polite reply to every question, but in reality internally changed beyond even his own recognition. Envy, rage, and an incipient feeling of hatred against his own flesh and blood—the children who had until now been his comfort and joy—defacing the fair tablet of his hitherto unblemished character, and scathing with blackening trace the loving instincts of his nature.

## CHAPTER IV.

### UP HIGHER.

SPRING had begun to show her fair face, and even London streets gave some symptoms of her approach; violets sent their sweetness on the air, although the coarse hands of ragged girls and women offered them to the passers-by, and the starry primrose peeped modestly from its soft green leaves out of many a basket elevated on the shaggy hands that still seemed to lose something of their unpoetic nature from contact with their floral crown.

Time and use had brought Mr. Deans to make "the best of a bad bargain," as he inwardly termed it; and being invested with full authority by the will of John Humphries to act as guardian to the property of his children, he lent their money out at high interest, internally settling it to pay them, or rather take as expended on them, and for them, the interest it had produced in the funds; while for himself he would retain the overplus that his management had enabled him to secure. The agent who had been employed by his brother-in-law was to continue to manage the coffee plantation, and Mr. Deans began to feel at home in his novel position, and to take credit for rather more of the benefit of the will than strict truth would enable him to do.

Minnie, who was the eldest of Mr. Deans' children, was now nineteen, and Richard, the youngest, was but fifteen; so that for six years at least he calculated on being guardian of a moiety of the property of his children, and he hoped by management to keep it all under

his control during that time, if not for a longer period.

At three and a half per cent. (which was all it had produced in the funds), his children would be entitled to a sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds yearly, while at the rate of interest at which he had lent it out (eight per cent.), he would himself be in receipt of two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds a year. A calculation that set him thinking.

"Maria," said Mr. Deans to his wife, as he roused himself from a brown study one evening, "don't you think it would be well to take something of a better house now that we can afford it?"

"We have been very happy here, Richard," said his wife, looking round the cheerful parlour with a sigh that she could not repress.

"I have no patience with you, Maria! you have no ambition—no wish to rise in the world. Is this a street for people of our fortune to reside in?"

"You forget, dear, that it is not exactly ours to do as we like with. You know the children will soon be making homes for themselves in all human probability, and then perhaps we might miss the grand house we should have become accustomed to."

"I do believe, Maria, that if ever a wife was bent on thwarting her husband, you are the one!" said Mr. Deans, in an intensely irritated tone. "When I complained that some of this money was not left to us, you cried out 'was it not all left to us?' and now that I speak of making use of it (of course principally for the benefit of our children), you exclaim that it is not ours. I wish you would contrive to keep in one frame of mind about it."

Mrs. Deans very wisely made no reply to this speech, for she had learnt the wisdom of allowing similar ebullitions of temper to pass unnoticed, and unfortunately for her, poor woman, she had had frequent opportunities of exercising her patience since the night in which they had first heard of the legacy. The fact that his wife had ventured for a moment to dissent from his opinion, had been doubly distasteful to Mr. Deans on the present occasion, as he had already decided on a home to which he intended removing with all possible speed, and his wife's slight opposition to his hint had interfered with his plan of making known his intentions.

After a few minutes' stern thoughtfulness, Mr. Deans again broke the silence by saying—

"There is no need of any discussion on the subject, for I have already taken a very good house in Westburne-terrace, and you and Minnie can come with me in a day or two to see it, and decide on the style of furniture that will be most suitable, although I am of opinion that it will be better to let the upholsterer act on his own judgment."

Again a sigh heaved the gentle bosom of Mrs. Deans, as she recollected how joyfully they had gone together to seek the lodgings where the first two or three years of their married life had been spent, and still later, with what pride and pleasure they had felt justified in selecting their present abode after many fatiguing walks, the weariness of which was unfelt by either in the consideration of the object they had in view. How changed everything seemed now,—coldness had taken the place of affection in her husband's manner to her, and ambition had usurped the place so long occupied by a tender pride in his children. The money that had come to them had been like the apple of discord, and now more than ever she began to regard it as a legacy almost fatal to their happiness.

Before June the family had moved to their new residence, which was resplendent in new carpets, curtains, and furniture of every description. Very few indeed of the belongings of the old home followed them to their more gorgeous place of abode, and poor Mrs. Deans and Minnie could scarcely believe that they were at home in the grand-looking house, the door of which was opened for them by a footman six feet high, and where they were continually startled with the idea of "company," by seeing their own splendidly dressed figures reflected in the numerous mirrors.

The two Mesdames Bingley, wives of the partners in the bank of which Mr. Deans had been cashier (a post he had resigned on the plea of taking care of his children's property), called on the Deanses in their new abode, and invited them to grand entertainments at their own homes. In the years gone by these ladies had been very kind to Mrs. Deans and her family, inviting them to dinner regularly twice every year, and frequently having Minnie to spend a day with their children; but now they received them in much more stately style, for which, to say the



truth, Mrs. Deans and Minnie were not at all more happy, and they in their turn, with others who had visited the rising family, were entertained at Westburne-terrace with a great deal of show and magnificence.

Still, Mrs. Deans did not feel happy in the midst of all her newly-acquired greatness; she often thought of the years of toil her beloved brother had undergone, alone and unaided, to lay aside the money that was now being spent, as it seemed to her, almost recklessly, by those to whom it had come through the passport of his early death; and a passing gust of wind often drove the colour from her cheek as it brought to her mind the stormy night that had engulfed the *Nancy*, and rocked her hapless crew and passengers into that slumber that the last trumpet alone could break.

## CHAPTER V.

### A LITTLE SPARK.

"MINNIE dear, how is your cough this morning?" asked her mother, as she entered the breakfast-room.

"Oh, it is better, thank you, dear mother; you must not think so much about it," replied Minnie, as she took her place at the table.

"Is it so bad as to prevent your going to Mrs. Seaton's ball to-night?" asked her father, as Minnie thought, in a rather annoyed tone of voice.

"Certainly not," she replied, gaily. "I am not going to lose my first ball for a tiny cold like this—a dance will take it away; so don't look so frightened, mother mine," she added, taking her mother's hand and kissing it.

"I hope so, dear," replied her mother; "but I confess I do not like the sound of the cough, and that pain in your side is very constant of late."

"No one ever did like the sound of a cough, mother," said Minnie, laughing, "so you are no exception to the general rule; and I daresay a little more exercise would be good for the pain in my side, so I shall try what dancing will do to-night."

"I wish, Maria, you would not croak so much to Minnie about her cough," said Mr. Deans, laying down the paper. "Here, Mills, take away this toast, and bring some hot; this is as cold as though it never had any heat in it. What do

you mean by putting cold toast before me?"

"You forget that you were reading the paper, dear," said Mrs. Deans, apologetically.

"I did not speak to you, I spoke to Mills," said the master of the house, severely, and with a look that warned Mrs. Deans that she was not to interfere on another occasion.

That night, at eleven o'clock, Mr. Deans was playing whist in a delightful little boudoir off the large drawing-room appropriated to dancing at Mrs. Seaton's entertainment. His partner was a fashionable doctor, who cut the cards with as much coolness as he would have shown in amputating any legs not his own, and who lost his money quite as gracefully as he did a patient's life, from whom he did not expect a very large fee.

During a pause in which the cards were being dealt, Dr. Smith stooped across the table and asked Mr. Deans—

"Who is that pretty, delicate-looking girl that has just entered the room?"

Mr. Deans turned to look, but before he could reply, Minnie (for she it was) commenced coughing, and as she leant slightly against the wall, pressed her hand to her side.

"Whoever she is, I don't envy her parents, if she has any," said Dr. Smith, shaking his head. "There is danger in that cough, if I know the sound of it."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Deans, as indifferently as he could.

"I mean that, in my opinion, it denotes consumption, and that of a rapid character, too. I should not wonder if that girl were carried off before two years go about, ay, or one, for that matter."

A sharp pain for a moment went through Mr. Deans as he glanced at his child, fair and fragile-looking as she was, yet full of animation, and utterly unconscious of the doom that was being pronounced upon her; but, swift as the lightning's ray, a dark thought followed nature's first misgiving, and having once found entrance, it wound itself round, and coiled itself within, the father's heart, never more to be plucked thence. Ah! if Minnie could but have glanced into the breast of her parent, she would have welcomed the angel of Death rather than have read that cruel thought that entwined itself round the heartstrings of her father, until it became a hope, and the hope by degrees became a burning desire!

The thought so darkly conjured up by the doctor's words was this—"If she dies within a year, she will not have any power to make a will, and I shall inherit her fortune."

## CHAPTER VI.

### SICKNESS.

"MAMMA," asked Susan Bingley one day, as she came hurriedly into the drawing-room on her return from paying some visits, "have you heard that Mrs. Deans is very ill? She has got paralysis, and the doctor says she must be removed for change of air as soon as it can possibly be done."

"Poor woman," said Mrs. Bingley, a placid little woman herself, taking effects literally, without ever looking for causes—"I hope she will soon be better."

"Better I don't think she ever will be in this world, mamma."

"Why not, my dear? How many people have had a paralytic stroke, and got quite well again!"

"Yes, dear mother, when brought on by other causes; but I am afraid the mind is the diseased part with poor Mrs. Deans."

"Her mind diseased! How fearful," cried the little woman, holding up her hands. "When did she become insane, my dear Susan?"

"Insane, mamma? What put such an idea into your mind? She is as sane as you are."

"Then what did you mean, my dear, by saying her mind was diseased, and giving me such a fright?" asked her mother, half offended.

"I meant that her mind is the cause of the illness of her body. Constant fretting would injure the most robust health."

"But what on earth can Mrs. Deans have to fret about?" inquired Mrs. Bingley, in amazement. "Has she not every comfort that she can desire? I can't think what she has to annoy her."

"Well, dear mamma, perhaps it is only a fancy of mine," said Susan, rather afraid she would be called on to explain, and knowing that she could not do so without betraying her friend, for poor Minnie had spoken words that day in her agony of mind about her mother, that Susan knew never would have been uttered before any human being if she

was completely mistress of herself, and therefore she did not feel justified in repeating what she knew it would pain her friend to remember she had revealed even to her.

The truth was this, that on that very morning Mr. Deans had gone to the window when he rose from the breakfast table, and after looking out for a moment, he lowered his double gold eye-glass, exclaiming, in evident displeasure, "What does that forward girl want here so often?"

"What forward girl?" inquired Mrs. Deans, in surprise.

"Don't repeat my words, if you please, Mrs. Deans. You know well enough who I mean—Fanny Vincent."

"Fanny Vincent! I am sure, dear, I never *could* have guessed that you meant *her* when you said a forward girl," replied his wife, whose usually pale face had flushed at the manner in which her husband had spoken to her.

"Then, madam, I say she *is* a forward girl, and a very forward girl too, to come here so often without being invited to do so."

"Invited, papa!" cried Minnie. "Why should Fanny wait for an invitation; she is like my own sister; we have been almost reared together."

"Whatever she may have been, she is not a fit companion for you now, and I request you will make her acquainted with the fact forthwith."

"Indeed, dear papa, I never *could* say such a thing to dear Fanny; pray do not ask me."

"Very well, young lady, you shall not be asked; but be good enough to retire to your own room until you find courage enough to obey your father's commands when he next lays them upon you."

Half blinded by her tears, Minnie left the room by one door almost at the moment that the tall footman opening the other announced "Miss Vincent."

"Why did you not show Miss Vincent into the drawing-room, sir?" asked his master, sternly.

"Because, sir, I thought——"

"You thought! And pray what right have you to think? Never show visitors into the breakfast-room again, unless I desire you to do so."

The man closed the door, and as he did so winked at a housemaid that was coming downstairs, saying, under his breath—

"Didn't I catch it for showing in Miss Vincent when my Lord Crimtartar was



in the breakfast-room; it's well he did not bite my nose off. Fast on still, though," he added, as he felt the feature, as if in doubt. "Now, Mary Anne, don't you ever go for to put your head in a lion's mouth, as I did just now, or you may not get off so safe."

"Be quiet with your nonsense, now do," simpered Mary Anne, as she proceeded downstairs, followed by the footman, who was anxious to have the benefit of a public discussion of the merits of the case below stairs.

In the meantime poor Fanny had stood as if uncertain whether to advance or withdraw, until Mrs. Deans' outstretched hand decided her, and she was speedily beside her, half murmuring out an apology for coming into the breakfast-room.

"Do not say a word, my dear," said poor Mrs. Deans, anxious to put her at ease; "Mr. Deans only spoke to Mills in order that he might not show strangers in here."

"Mr. Deans did not speak for any such purpose," said the master of the house. "You heard what I said distinctly. I asked him, why he did not show Miss Vincent into the drawing-room? Do not pervert my meaning, if you please."

"Where is Minnie?" asked Fanny, wishing to run away to her, as she began to suspect that she had come inopportunistly upon some little quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Deans.

"Miss Deans has retired to her own room, at my request," said her father, severely. "She has thought proper to dispute my authority, and until she comes to a sense of her duty she must remain a prisoner there."

"May I not go to her, Mr. Deans?" asked Fanny, pleadingly. "I think you must have misunderstood her; dear Minnie loves you too well to disobey you willingly."

"You do well to uphold her course of conduct, Miss Vincent, for it was on your account she refused compliance with my wishes."

"On my account!" cried Fanny. "Oh, I am very sorry! What could it be?"

"If you are very sorry, you can easily put it out of Minnie's power to err in the same way again."

"Me! I would do anything in the world," exclaimed Fanny, "to prevent myself being the cause of any trouble to dear Minnie. What shall I do, sir?"

"Simply this—abstain from visiting

here without an express invitation. You must be aware (for you are not without some share of sense) that to run in and out of our house now as you were in the habit of doing in former times is quite out of the question. I requested Minnie to make you aware of this fact, but her wonderful love for you, it appears, was greater than her sense of duty to me."

"Sir," said Fanny, rising, her slight figure acquiring dignity as she held it proudly up, "if I had guessed that my visits were unwelcome here I never would have intruded; I do not wonder that dear Minnie could not bear to deliver such a message to me; I am sure I never could have given such a message to her if my father had told me; but my dear father would cut his tongue out rather than give utterance to it had he been in your position; still, humble as you think us, I assure you we have too much pride to enter a house again where our company is not wished for. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Deans; I know what your heart is," she added, as she warmly embraced the poor woman, who was sobbing bitterly, and making Mr. Deans a slight bow, she left the room and the house.

"Oh, Richard, how could you speak so to poor Fanny!" sobbed Mrs. Deans, in great agitation. "How can you forget the past so completely? She is our own godchild, and we have received constant kindness from them all when we needed it; do you recollect how Mrs. Vincent helped me to nurse you through that fever, when no one else would enter the house? and how her husband lent you the money to pay the doctor's bill, and never even hinted at your paying it back until you were well able and insisted on doing so?"

"Well, madam, did I not pay him back every farthing, and pray where is now the mighty obligation?"

"Oh, Richard, Richard! how can you be so ungrateful?" exclaimed his wife, as she drew nearer to remonstrate with him.

"How dare you tell me I am ungrateful!" cried the now infuriated man, giving her a push that prostrated the slight form of Mrs. Deans on the rug, her head coming in sharp contact with the fender.

The door had opened just as Mr. Deans struck his unoffending wife, and John's face appeared at it, ghastly and horror-stricken, as he saw the blow, and beheld his mother stretched apparently lifeless on the carpet.

"You have killed her! oh, you have killed her!" he cried, as he darted past his father and lifted the inanimate form in his arms. For a moment Mr. Deans stood stupefied at the result of his act, and then, hastily ringing the bell, told the servant to run for a doctor as quickly as he could.

In a very few minutes Dr. Smith was in attendance, and soon discovered that the patient was suffering from an attack of paralysis; the injuries on the head, where it had touched the fender, he of course thought had been the consequence of her fall when she was seized with the illness, and neither Mr. Deans or John undeceived him.

The guilty man, however, shrunk from meeting the eye of his son; and in truth John did not seek to exchange a glance with one upon whom he could not help looking as the almost murderer of his mother, and the first moment he found himself alone with Minnie in the presence of their still insensible mother, he told her the dreadful tale. Great was the shock poor Minnie received when she heard it, and she immediately suspected that Fanny's visit had in some way led to this fearful result.

John was as yet unacquainted with what had occurred, and on hearing from his sister the conversation that had taken place before Fanny entered the breakfast-room, he determined to go to Mr. Vincent's and discover, if possible, what had taken place after Minnie had been sent from the room. Miss Bingley had arrived just at this moment, and in the agony of her mind Minnie had made use of some incoherent expressions that showed her visitor too plainly the fact of their domestic unhappiness, and pointed out Mr. Deans as the cause.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A HOME PICTURE.

GET on the top of an omnibus, or jump into a cab, and leave the crowded centre of London for one of the quiet country roads (but little built upon a few years ago) that stretch to the right from the upper part of Holloway. A small two-storied house stands alone as yet at a little distance up the road, the other range not having had time to reach it; fine white muslin curtains drape the windows, and a variety of verbenas and

geraniums make the little garden at either side of the pathway, leading to the hall-door, look like a well-arranged bouquet. This unpretending, pretty little house is the home of Fanny Vincent, who had in the joy of her heart taken an early omnibus that morning in order to see her favourite friend, and present her with a bunch of flowers out of her own garden; but now, while the setting sun is gilding the leaves of the trees, and making the scarlet blossoms of the geraniums (that form a leading feature in the bouquet thrown neglected on the table) glow like fire, Fanny is sobbing in her father's arms, as she repeats the story that she had already told her mother.

"Hush, dear child, do not cry so bitterly; you will certainly injure yourself," said her father, tenderly, as he smoothed back the scattered curls that hung in clustering masses round her face and neck. "Do you know," he added, turning to his wife, "I pity that poor man greatly."

"What poor man?" asked Mrs. Vincent.

"Why Deans, to be sure. He must be very unhappy with all his money; I would be very sorry to change places with him."

"You never could be like him, you dear father," cried Fanny, nestling closer in his loving embrace; "and I told him so this morning."

"Did you forget that he was John's father when you said that?" asked her mother, slyly.

"I forgot everything, mother dear, but that I was your daughter when he spoke so unkindly, and I think if he has any feeling whatever he must be a little ashamed of himself."

At this moment a hurried step was heard on the gravelled walk outside, and in another moment John Deans entered the room. A glance at the faces of his friends told him what had been the subject of conversation, for (the hall-door being open) he had come upstairs without the Vincents being aware that he was in the house, and Fanny's tearful, blushing countenance, and the half-sorrowful, half-indignant looks of her parents, brought the tingling blood to his cheeks as he thought of the insult that his father had offered to those their oldest friends.

For a moment the Vincents seemed undecided how to act, but when they looked at the quivering lips and working



features of the youth who had grown up like their own son, their hands were outstretched to meet him with all the warmth they felt towards him personally, and poor John literally broke down and joined Fanny in a fit of tears, so keenly did he feel the events of the day. Nor were the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent free from moisture, as the latter kissed him on the forehead, that leaned flushed and hot against the arm of the sofa on which she sat.

"Come, John," said Mr. Vincent, trying to speak cheerfully; "we can't expect to have it all sunshine in this world of ours; you must take courage and be prepared for the rough as well as the smooth."

"Fanny, dear little Fanny," said John, giving a grateful glance at her father as he took her hand; "will you not speak to me? Surely I have not done anything to offend you, or poor Minnie either; and now that we are in such trouble about our dear mother, we want your affection and sympathy more than ever."

"Your mother!" cried the Vincents in a breath; "what is the matter with her?"

"She has got a paralytic stroke, brought on, I am sure, by a troubled mind and over-excitement—and something else," added John, speaking almost under his breath. "I must tell you all, dear friends, and ask your advice what to do; but first I want to learn from Fanny what took place after she went into the breakfast-room this morning?"

"I wish you would not ask me to tell you, John; it will be as painful to me to tell it as for you to hear it," said Fanny, her face flushing scarlet at the idea of repeating to a son the unkind and unprovoked rudeness of his father.

"I am sorry to distress you; but when you have heard all I have to tell, you will see that it is necessary that I should know what took place, and my poor mother is unable to speak or even distinguish objects at present."

Thus urged, Fanny once more repeated the painful story, and was heard to the end by John without any other interruption than one or two stifled exclamations.

"All is clear to me now," said he, when she had finished; "it is plain that my poor mother was remonstrating with my father for the manner in which he had spoken to you, when he"—the words died on his lips, and sinking his head in his hands, his whole frame shook with the sobs he could no longer control.

"Do not grieve so, my dear boy;

your dear mother will soon be better, with God's blessing. You should not give up so; hope is a precious light at such a moment as this."

"Hope!" cried John, bitterly; "what hope of happiness is there for a woman whose husband's hand struck the blow that felled her to the ground?" The crimson flood of shame covered the ingenuous countenance of the poor lad as he told the horrid fact, and his hearers sank back in their chairs, chilled and shocked beyond the power of expression, as they heard so sad a statement from the lips of a son.

"Is there not some mistake? Can it be that you are wrong?" at last inquired Mr. Vincent, who seemed scarcely able to articulate the words, so utterly astounded was he at the revelation.

"There is no mistake," said John, sadly; "I saw him strike the blow."

"It is awful!" said Mrs. Vincent, as the tears fell like rain from her eyes. "Oh, Henry, what should I do if you did such a thing to me?"

The solitary thought in Mrs. Vincent's mind was, What must the wife feel whose husband could act so to her? and for a moment, in this contemplation, she forgot the physical danger of her friend.

"What do you advise me to do?" at last said John. "I must go home at once, for I am very anxious to hear what the doctors will say this evening; they expected a change about nine o'clock."

"My advice to you is not to take any step at present," said Mr. Vincent; "try to think as well of your father as you can, and do not forget where to look for help in every trial and perplexity. I shall go home with you, my dear boy—but not into the house," he added, as he noticed his wife's start of surprise. "We shall all be anxious to hear further news of our poor friend, and I depend on you, John, to come out and let me know what the doctors say as soon as they have left; I shall walk about in the neighbourhood until you come."

An indignant gesture of John's showed what he felt at the idea of their oldest earthly friend being obliged to wait outside their house to obtain news of his parent; but Mr. Vincent made haste to put on his hat, and by hurrying away avoid any expression of feeling on the subject, for no remark could be made that would not directly condemn the pride and arrogance of him who had caused all this unhappiness.

Several weeks passed slowly by, and the patient was so far relieved from the first seizure that the doctors began to speak of trying the effect of the change of air they had mentioned in the first instance. Old Deans began once more to hold up his head as he walked about the house, and by many a furtive glance he sought to read what was passing in John's mind with regard to himself. But the usually open countenance of his son was now a sealed book to him, and he sought in vain to discover with what inward sentiments he regarded him; outwardly he showed him the same respect that he had always done; and sometimes the father tried to think that the unlucky blow, or push—for it partook of the nature of both—had escaped his observation; but again the words, "You have killed her! oh, you have killed her!" would ring in his ears, and he felt a secret antipathy and enmity rising in his heart against his innocent son, who was the witness of his crime!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NEW FACES.

IN accordance with the wishes of the medical men Mrs. Deans was taken to Brighton, her husband and Minnie going with her, while John and Richard remained in town. Very handsome apartments had been engaged for them in a fashionable parade, and they were informed that a very wealthy lady, a widow, with her daughter, had the corresponding apartments at the other side of the house. Mrs. Deans appeared to begin to improve after a few days, and Mr. Deans engaged the apartments for six months, in order to be sure of them. Minnie who, however unwilling to complain, had at last to acknowledge that she was far from well, was constantly with her mother, and Mr. Deans was in consequence left more or less to his own devices. A few days after their arrival, Mrs. and Miss Vicars had called on them, and Mr. Deans and Minnie had returned the call—Mrs. Deans being still too unwell either to receive or pay visits.

Mrs. Vicars was a sharp woman of the world, well mannered and well dressed, seemingly unconscious of any effect produced by her daughter, yet watching every one who addressed her with hidden eagerness, and laying her plans as quietly

as the spider weaves his web. She was in the enjoyment of a life income of five hundred a year, and lived quite up to it, being determined that her daughter should make her own fortune by marrying a rich husband, and so save her any anxiety on her account. For this purpose no expense was spared. Handsome lodgings, rich dresses, and an appearance of wealth—not to speak of the personal attractions of Miss Vicars herself, who was a fine, showy-looking girl—attracted many young men to pay attentions that might lead to a matrimonial engagement, if Mrs. Vicars so willed it; but the wily mother soon discovered that those aspirants for her daughter's hand were themselves on the look-out for a monied prize in the lottery of matrimony, and were not in a position to keep her child in the style to which she had been accustomed.

Mr. Deans was evidently impressed by the manners of Mrs. Vicars and her daughter, and on returning to their own apartments, he told Minnie that she might copy those of the latter with advantage. Minnie smiled as she compared herself mentally with Miss Vicars, and certainly the contrast was rather striking. Minnie being small and slight (in fact, just then rather inclining to thinness) her soft blue eyes revealed strong affections, while the sweet placid cast of her countenance won love for her in return. She was quiet and rather retiring, but neither stupid, or unable to enjoy the wit and liveliness of others, of which, indeed, she had a keen appreciation. In fact, Minnie was eminently possessed of the home virtues, and not at all fitted to shine in society. Miss Vicars, on the contrary, was tall, graceful, and self-possessed; her bright black eyes sparkled with animation, and she put forward, without seeming effort, her various accomplishments in such a way as to elicit open expressions of admiration, which she smilingly accepted as her due. It was no wonder that Minnie should smile at being gravely told to imitate a person so completely her opposite, and whose attractions, to say the truth, she had quietly weighed and found wanting; for in her secret spirit, Minnie felt an undefinable shrinking from the worldly mother and daughter, who, while professing wonderful anxiety for the health of "poor Mrs. Deans," and a great deal of commiseration for poor Mr. Deans, managed to elicit in the course of conversation that the Deanses had inherited



a large fortune (how it was disposed her father carefully avoided mentioning), and that, beside Minnie, there were but two other children, sons, not yet of age.

"Julia, what do you think of the Deanses?" asked Mrs. Vicars, as soon as the door had closed on their visitors.

"He seems a pompous, rather purse-proud kind of man," replied the daughter; "and as for Miss Deans, she is quite a nonentity."

"That is my own opinion; but his very pride of purse speaks for its existence; and as for his daughter's being a nonentity, so much the better. I wonder what the sons are like!"

"Why, mamma, what are you thinking of?" asked Julia, in surprise. "The eldest son is only nineteen, and I am sure you don't want me to marry a boy like that."

"Certainly not, Julia," replied her mother, smiling. "You are generally very acute, but your perceptive faculty seems to have failed you just now."

"What can you mean, mother?" exclaimed her daughter. "Surely I can't marry Miss Deans?"

"No, Julia," said Mrs. Vicars, quietly, while she watched the effect of her words from the corners of her eyes. "You certainly cannot marry Miss Deans, but it is quite possible that after a little time, if you play your cards properly, you may marry her father."

"Her father!" cried Julia. "Surely you know he has a wife already."

"He has one *now*; but if ever I saw 'death' written legibly in a human countenance, it is in hers; and as he is not an old man yet—at least not very old," she added, as she saw Julia shrug her shoulders—"it is the most likely thing in the world that he will marry again; and, as I have said before, it depends greatly on yourself whether you will be his choice or not. Remember, he is very wealthy, and if I die to-morrow you will be a beggar."

"I hear, mamma," was all the reply made by Julia, as, rising, she retired from the room, leaving her mother to speculate on what effect her words had produced.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SCHEMES AND SCHEMERS.

"THAT poor Mr. Deans looks very lonely walking about by himself, Julia," said

Mrs. Vicars, as she walked on the pier with her daughter. "It will be a charity to let him take a few turns with us."

"Just as you like, mamma," replied Julia, listlessly.

"But it is not just as I like," hissed her mother into her ear. "Shall I be the sufferer if you are obliged to go as a governess or companion some fine day? And if you do not marry well while you have me to keep up appearances for you, what else can you expect, I should like to know? and is such a chance as this to be met with every day?"

"I declare, mamma, you are growing very absurd," said Julia, rousing herself. "What is the use of all this work while his wife lives? if she were dead it would be quite another thing."

"Then you have no objection to the man himself," inquired her mother.

"Oh, as to that, one is the same as another," replied her daughter, her thoughts nevertheless going back to a moonlit arbour, where, eight years before, Charley Mordaunt, then only an ensign in a marching regiment, had placed the little emerald ring that she still wore upon her finger, and each had vowed eternal constancy to the other—"except that as Mr. Deans is nearly, at least, an old man," she added, with a curling lip, "I suppose he would be more anxious to please me, and give me my own way, than a younger man, especially if he found out that I have a will of my own, and a very decided one, too, when I choose to exercise it."

"You are quite right, my dear child," said her mother, in a flattering tone. "I am sure you could do what you liked with Mr. Deans if you were his wife; and as to what you say about its being no use thinking of it while his present wife lives, forgive me if I say that that remark does not show your usual good sense."

"Why, mother, what good can it possibly do to talk of it, or think of it either, while she is alive?"

"With all your cleverness, Julia, I wonder you can fail to perceive that as soon as his wife dies, all the unmarried ladies of his acquaintance will endeavour to captivate Mr. Deans. Now the only way in which you can be sure of him is to secure his affections before she dies."

Mrs. Vicars said this warily, still her daughter started perceptibly as the words were spoken, and for fully two minutes

neither spoke. At last Julia drew a quick breath, and said, coldly—

"I see the wisdom of your remark, and shall be guided by it. If his wife is to die, I may as well marry him as anyone else; therefore let us walk with him as much as you please, and invite him in the evening as often as you please, I shall do my part."

"You are a dear, good girl," replied her mother, warmly, and the next moment she was shaking hands with Mr. Deans, and inquiring anxiously after his wife's health. "You must be very lonely in the evenings," she said, in a commiserating tone, as Mr. Deans informed her that his wife was quite unable to leave her room, although her general health seemed much the same, and that Minnie being in constant attendance on her mother, he was reduced to the society of books and newspapers.

"Yes, indeed, very lonely," he replied.

"I wish you would look upon us as quite old friends, Mr. Deans," said Mrs. Vicars, insinuatingly, "and come in whenever you feel inclined."

"Your offer is very tempting," replied Mr. Deans, evidently flattered, "but I fear I should be rather in your way."

"Not at all; quite the contrary; we shall be delighted to see you, I am sure; is it not so, Julia?"

"Certainly, mamma; I cannot think how Mr. Deans should fancy he should be a bore to any one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance," said Julia, smiling sweetly at him.

"What splendid eyes that girl has, and such a figure," said Mr. Deans to himself, as they parted at the doors of their respective rooms; "and how sensible she is; she is a wife fit for a prince. By the way, I hear the mother has a thousand a year, and she is her only child." And sitting down in his arm-chair, he fell into a fit of musing that lasted until dinner-time.

Eight o'clock found Mr. Deans knocking at Mrs. Vicars's drawing-room door, and a gentle "come in" being heard, he was speedily in the presence of the ladies.

"You see, Mrs. Vicars," he said, bowing himself in, "I have availed myself very quickly of your permission to forget my loneliness in your company."

"Not more quickly than you are welcome, I am sure, Mr. Deans," was the cordial reply.

An hour sped rapidly by in talking and taking tea, and then Miss Vicars went to

the piano, and sang and played, while Mr. Deans applauded to the echo. Eleven chimed from the clock on the mantelpiece before he moved reluctantly away, and at last he retired, gaily humming a bar of the song the fair Julia had repeated at his request, as he entered his own apartments.

"Well, mother, have I played my part well?" asked Julia, as she closed the piano.

"To perfection, my child!" was the mother's enthusiastic reply, as she gave her the good-night kiss.

Before many days went by, it became an established thing that Mr. Deans was to escort Mrs. and Miss Vicars in their walks every morning, and also to spend the evenings in their company, and very frequently he was permitted to take charge of Julia to a concert or other place of amusement, from which her mother excused herself on the plea of fearing heated rooms. Julia was not sorry to escape on these occasions from the watchful, although seemingly unconscious gaze of her mother. In her secret heart she loathed the part she was acting, yet ambition to place herself in a secure position urged her on, and, either in or out of her mother's presence, she never forgot the point in view, and so carefully did she hide the game she was playing with such skill, that Mr. Deans became every day more devoted to her, and more careless of his poor wife, while an unholy desire to see tokens of increasing illness in her began to fill his mind, and his questions to the doctors, so far from being dictated, as they supposed, by anxiety for the prolongation of her life, were instigated by the desire to hear from their lips a confirmation of his hopes of her speedy dissolution.

Meantime, Mrs. Vicars saw pretty plainly that her daughter had taken the affair quite into her own hands, and she was quite willing that it should be so, as it would suit her purpose much better to seem to be in ignorance of her proceedings. If she had chosen to do so, she could easily have lived on half her income, and laid by the other half yearly for her daughter's benefit, but this did not at all suit her ideas. In fact, Julia (whose real name was Martin) was the daughter of her first husband, who had died in a year or two after their marriage, leaving the little girl and his wife nearly penniless. Mrs. Martin then became housekeeper to Mr. Vicars, and in a few months became



his wife, thus obtaining a position for herself and her child; and such good care did she take of her husband, who was an old man, that he left her five hundred a-year for her life. Julia had been carefully educated for effect, and as her stepfather had died before she was five years old, she did not know much of her parentage except what her mother chose to tell her. They had lived a good deal abroad, but since Julia was seventeen, England had been the field of their operations, Mrs. Vicars knowing that *there* she had the best chance of seeking a wealthy husband for her child, and now that Julia had reached the age of twenty-six, she began to be less scrupulous of the ways and means by which to secure her object; for, independently of her desire to see her well married, she began to feel selfishly anxious to have all her income to spend on herself; and, to say the truth, Miss Julia's extravagant habits went rather beyond the limits of her mother's purse, and caused many scenes between them that spoke more for the fierceness of their tempers and the vigour of their tongues, than they did for the love and authority of a parent, or the duty and affection of a daughter; therefore, for more reasons than one, Mrs. Vicars would gladly have bestowed her daughter on any man *rich enough*, in her estimation, to be her husband.

## CHAPTER X.

### MISGIVINGS AND CERTAINTY.

"MINNIE dear, where is your father?" asked Mrs. Deans, one evening; "where does he go every evening? He has not spent one evening with us for the last two months, excepting Saturday and Sunday, when the boys are here. How does he amuse himself, I wonder? It must certainly be dull for him in here; but still I am selfish enough to wish to see him sometimes of an evening now that I am better. Do you know where he goes?"

"I believe, mamma, he spends the evening very often with Mrs. Vicars," said Minnie, hesitatingly, for she did not wish to grieve her mother by the information that her father very frequently escorted Miss Vicars to public places of amusement, and that he was her constant attendant wherever she went; the pure-minded girl shrank from avowing the fact even to herself, and could not bear to

breathe even a hint of his proceedings to her mother, who for nearly a month had seemed to be steadily improving—indeed, for the last few evenings she had been wheeled into the drawing-room in an easy-chair for an hour or two, but on each occasion her husband had left the room before she had entered it, and although she had remained on two occasions until nearly eleven o'clock, he had not returned. She would not permit Minnie to tell him she had been there, as, judging still by her own feelings, the poor woman thought he would feel sorry at having missed seeing her so far restored to her old position, and she was resolved to give him a surprise by being there before him some evening when he should come in unexpectedly. Carefully as her daughter had worded her communication it gave poor Mrs. Deans food for thought, and she wondered that her sons had never been introduced by their father to friends with whom he had become so intimate; his increased coolness to herself of late also weighed on her spirits, and her mind once set thinking began to torment itself unceasingly with conjectures and doubts that filled her with uneasiness.

In this way nearly another month elapsed, Mr. Deans still continuing in constant attendance upon Mrs. Vicars and her daughter, while his own neglected wife and child tried to find solace in each other and in that Higher Power whose support they sought in all their sorrow, and found "a very present help in time of trouble."

One evening, about ten o'clock, Minnie's cough had been so troublesome that she felt quite exhausted, and she lay down on the sofa to rest until her mother should feel inclined to retire for the night. Seeing that she slept, Mrs. Deans extinguished the lamp, which was on a little table near her chair, and turning to the window, beside which she sat, she let the heavy folds of the curtain fall round her chair, and, leaning her head against the shutter, she looked out upon the sea. A soft, hazy kind of moonlight half revealed and half left in shadow the surrounding objects, while the murmur of the water broke on the ear as its rippling waves followed each other to the shore, touched as they rose into momentary brightness by the pale beams of the moon. A dreamy languor stole over her senses as she sat in a kind of reverie, the past and present mingling curiously in her thoughts, while unconsciously she

built castles in the air, of which her husband—the Richard of her early life—was lord; and she half smiled in her imaginings as she depicted many scenes of happiness where he was the ruling spirit. In this way nearly two hours had passed, when the distant sound of wheels disturbed the waking dream, and Mrs. Deans began to become conscious of feeling cold and weary. The sound of the wheels drew nearer, and presently a cab stopped at the door, and by the light of the moon she saw Mr. Deans jump out of it, and assist a tall, slight lady to descend. By the aid of a latch-key they entered the house, for no knock was heard, and presently she could hear their footsteps on the stairs; but instead of entering the door at the opposite side, the handle of the door of the drawing-room in which she sat was softly turned, and from where she reclined, concealed by the curtains, Mrs. Deans saw her husband lead in Miss Vicars, whose face looked cold and pale in the moonlight, which shone into the room through a window close to the door.

"Julia," he said, in a low tone, as he drew her into the recess of the window, "do you not believe that I love you? Are you not satisfied of the fact?"

"Yes," she replied, "I believe that you love me, but of what use is it speaking of affection, situated as we are? You have a wife already."

"I know that," said Mr. Deans, hastily, "but she cannot live much longer; the doctor has told me so, for I questioned him closely; at any moment she may have another attack, and he says that from the state of her health it is sure to prove fatal."

"Are you sure he speaks correctly?" asked Julia, in a whisper.

"He has staked his professional reputation on it," replied the cruel husband, in an equally low tone; "and now that you may be certain the end cannot be very far off,

my lovely Julia, will you promise me this fair hand as soon as I can claim it? You will have an adoring husband."

"Ah, that is why I listen to you," said Julia, with an affectation of feeling. "It is because I think you really do love me that I have heard you so far, and if, unhappily, Mrs. Deans should die, I will accept your affection as freely as it is offered."

"Then you will be my wife; you promise," cried Mr. Deans, exultingly.

"I promise," murmured Julia, laying her hand on his shoulder, and permitting him to press a kiss upon her lips. At this moment a groan, as if bursting from the depths of a broken heart, burst upon their ears, and the guilty pair, clinging together, looked superstitiously about them; a shadowy figure tottered towards them from the shrouded window, and, with one long glance of agony, the wife sank senseless at her husband's feet, while a shrill cry broke from poor Minnie as she rushed forward to support her mother; she, too, had been a horrified auditor of the shameless compact, but lay still, hoping her poor mother was sleeping, and that she only would have the grief of guarding the vile secret; but now this hope was dashed aside by the certainty that her mother had been also a hearer of the infamous conversation. And as she raised the poor, pale face, she was terrified to see, by its fearful distortion, that another and worse attack of the disease had followed the shock.

Turning her scared face from her prostrate parent to the two (alas! that one of them should be her father!) who stood cowering together inside the door, she waved them away, and sinking beside her mother, tried in vain by every endearing expression to win a look of recognition from the poor eyes that stood wide open with that glance of agonized feeling fixed in their strong gaze.



## POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

## PART III.—THE LUNGS: THEIR STRUCTURE, PURPOSE, FUNCTIONS, AND DISEASES—CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD, AND RESPIRATION, WITH GENERAL OBSERVATIONS RELATIVE TO THEM.

THE LUNGS are the great organs of respiration, and in man and all other mammalia the respiratory process is carried on in the minute cavities within them, known by the name of *air-cells*, or pulmonary vesicles. In number they are two, that in the right cavity of the chest being divided into three lobes, and that in the left into only two. The lungs hang in the chest, so to speak, attached to the upper part of the neck by the *trachea*, and they are attached to the heart by means of the pulmonary vessels. The *right lung* is broader than the left, owing to the inclination of the heart, and shorter also, by an inch or thereabouts, to accommodate the liver. Consequently, the *left lung* is smaller, narrower, and longer than the right for the reasons aforesaid. The weight of both lungs is about forty-two ounces, the right being two ounces heavier than the left. Those in the male are heavier than those in the female, the proportion in the former being as 1 to 37; in the latter, as 1 to 43. Considerable variation, however, is met with according to the amount of blood or serous fluid they may contain. The specific gravity of lung-tissue, water being 1000, varies from 345 to 746.

At birth, the colour of the lungs is of a pinkish white; in adult life, dark slate-colour, mottled; and in advanced age, from the deposit of granules of carbonaceous matter, almost black.

In a general way the substance of the lungs may be said to be of four kinds—viz. vesicular, vascular, bronchial, and parenchymatous. The vesicular surface is composed of the air-cells; the vascular invests those cells like a network; the bronchial is formed by the ramifications of the *bronchia* throughout the lungs, having the air-cells at their extremities; while the spongy substance, which connects all these parts together, is termed the *parenchyma*—a Greek derivative, which applies to the spongy and cellular substance or tissue that connects parts together.

Now, without healthy lungs we cannot have pure respiration, and without perfect respiration we cannot continue to enjoy health. This, we hope, will be easily understood by the explanation we have to give, in which the CIRCULATION of the Blood must be included. In our chapter on the Blood, we stated the purpose to be threefold—viz. to provide materials appropriate for the nutrition and maintenance of all parts of the body; to convey to the several parts OXYGEN; and to bring from the same parts those refuse matters which are needless or might be hurtful, and to convey them to where they may be discharged. In order to fulfil all these purposes, it requires that the blood should be constantly moving through all the parts, and, at certain periods, that it should be exposed to the atmosphere in order that it should imbibe Oxygen, and in order, also, that it should emit carbonic acid and water, which are the compounds into which the principal refuse matter is converted. The primary conditions of the maintenance of animal life are a constant supply of food—that is, to supply the craving of hunger—and of *oxygen*—that is, in the process of respiration. The lungs, as we have described them, are the scene of the respiratory process; the human lungs retain, in ordinary respiration, six or eight times as much air in their cells as is changed in each respiration; but the fresh air inspired mixes with the air retained, and at each expiration a part of this is expelled, and its volume replaced by an equal bulk of fresh air. Fifteen or sixteen respirations are the rate of breathing of a healthy man in a state of rest in a minute; with moderate exertion they increase to twenty, and with more violent motion their strength and fulness, as well as their rapidity, increase. Of course the quantity of expired air differs according to the size of the individual and of the pulmonary cavity, but the expiration of an adult man may be taken at thirty or thirty-one cubic inches of air, while,

with strong and deep respiration, it is increased to fifty or even sixty. This expired air, however, differs very much in composition from the atmospheric air which is inspired. A certain amount of oxygen passes from the air into the blood, and the air receives, instead of this, a quantity of carbonic acid, the volume of which is usually somewhat smaller. The constituents of atmospheric air are oxygen, nitrogen, a small quantity of carbonic acid and of ammonia, and, besides these, mere traces of combustible gases. When this air is inspired it becomes decomposed. An adult man takes into his system from the atmosphere not less than seven or eight hundred pounds' weight of oxygen each year, and yet his weight may differ at the year's end only in a slight degree—at most, by a few pounds. No part of this enormous amount of oxygen, however, remains in the body, but is given out again, combined with carbon and hydrogen; with carbon it forms carbonic acid, and, with hydrogen, water, and in these forms it passes away. Now, as no part of the oxygen taken into the system is given off in any other form than in combination with carbon or hydrogen, and as, in a state of health, the carbon and hydrogen so given off are replaced by those elements in the *food*, it becomes evident that the amount of nourishment required by an animal for its support must be in a direct ratio with the quantity of oxygen taken into its system. The consumption of oxygen in a given time may be expressed by the number of respirations. A child breathes quicker than an adult, and therefore, comparatively speaking, requires food more frequently and abundantly, while the cravings of hunger are more incessant. A bird, whose respirations are frequent, deprived of food dies of hunger in three days, while a serpent, which breathes slowly, will subsist for three months without food. Two persons, or two animals, with a different number of pulsations or a different volume of lungs, will consume a different amount of food; he who has the smaller lungs consuming less. Experienced agriculturists, by the size of their chest, are accustomed to judge of the comparative milking qualities of two cows, or the fattening qualities of two oxen or pigs, although the animals may be otherwise similar. The consumption of oxygen is entirely dependent on the respiratory motions and on the circulation

of the blood, and this explains the influence of the exhausting heat of tropical climates, and the greater consumption of oxygen in cold air, as the number and depth of the respirations are diminished by heat and increased by cold.

But the mutual chemical action of the constituents of the food and of the oxygen conveyed by the circulation to all parts of the body, is the source also of *animal heat*. The combination of a combustible substance with oxygen is, under all circumstances, the only source of animal heat; the conversion of the carbon of the food into carbonic acid by the action of oxygen is productive of the same animal heat, since in whatever way carbon and oxygen are made to combine, heat is a product; and this being so, it is obvious that, in the animal economy, the amount of heat liberated must increase or diminish with the quantity of oxygen introduced, in equal times, by respiration. Those animals, therefore, which respire frequently, and of course consume more oxygen, possess a higher temperature than others. The temperature of a child (102 degrees Fahrenheit) is higher than that of an adult (99.5 degrees), birds (105 degrees) is higher than that of quadrupeds (98 degrees), or than that of fishes or amphibia, whose proper temperature is from two to three degrees higher than that of the medium in which they live. Strictly speaking, all animals are warm blooded, but only those which possess *lungs* are independent of the surrounding medium. Whether at the pole or the equator, the temperature of a man's body is the same, and so it is in all warm-blooded animals, as they are called, since under such circumstances the animal body is a heated mass, which, like any other heated mass, receives heat or throws it off as surrounding objects are hotter or colder than itself. In different climates the quantity of oxygen introduced into the system by respiration varies according to the temperature of the external air; the quantity of inspired oxygen increases with the loss of heat by external cooling, and the quantity of carbon or hydrogen necessary to combine with this oxygen must be increased in the same ratio. As Liebig phrases it, "the animal body acts in this respect as a furnace, which we supply with fuel." The food is the fuel, and the oxygen is the supporter of combustion. In winter the exigencies of the season compel us to take more exercise, and respiration is increased,



consequently the call for food containing carbon and hydrogen increases, and by gratifying the appetite thus excited we obtain the most efficient protection against intense cold. In summer or in warm climates, although the oxygen taken into the system is given out again in the same form, still we expire more carbon at a low than at a high temperature, and require more or less carbon in our food in the same proportion. It may be that an equal *weight* of food is consumed in hot as in cold climates, but Providence has provided a remedy. The fruits on which the inhabitants of southern climates live contain only about 12 per cent. of carbon, while the blubber and train-oil which feed the inhabitants of polar regions contain from 66 to 80 per cent. of that element. To keep up the furnace to a constant temperature—neither too great nor too little—is the one thing requisite, and in order to do that we must vary the supply of fuel according to the external temperature; a man of voracious appetite and of even laborious pursuits may escape scot free in winter, while in summer, should his appetite continue, his constitution is deranged, and he becomes a prey to disease. A want of sufficient nourishment is just as bad. A starving man is easily frozen to death; even in temperate climates the air, which incessantly strives to consume the body, urges man to laborious efforts in order to furnish the wholesome means of resistance to its action, while in hot climates less food is required, and its inhabitants are supine.

Our clothing, too, is merely an equivalent for a certain amount of food. The more warmly we are clothed the less urgent becomes the appetite for food, because the loss of heat by cooling, and consequently the amount of heat to be supplied by the food is diminished; the growing child particularly, who is warmly clad and fairly fed, is guarded from many accidents by the substitution of a rational plan rather than an empirical one; parents fancy that by plunging their offspring into cold water and accustoming them to run about almost naked in all weathers they will make them "hardy," while, on the contrary, they are exposing them to certain peril at the time, from which, if they escape, chronic hereditary disease may be developed and established, so that, instead of an "antidote," their precautions may ultimately prove a long life "bane."

From these necessarily curtailed observations on RESPIRATION, it will at once be seen and admitted that the great agents by which it is performed—namely, the LUNGS—must be in a wholesome and healthy state to carry it on fairly, and that any interruption in their functions must produce disorder, if not disease. Many, perhaps most, chronic diseases, are caused by a misproportion, or a disturbed relation of equilibrium in the operations of the digestive and excretory organs, considered with reference to the lungs. In the machine of the body—so infinitely perfect—there is a thoroughly equal relation of mutual dependence between the lungs, the intestinal canal, and the kidneys, so that only by the simultaneous and harmonious co-operation of the chief organs of secretion, can the blood be kept in a state of purity fit for the nutritive process. In the bodies of perfectly healthy persons, a slight excess of matters which pass from the stomach into the blood, may produce no disturbance of the vital functions; a simple aperient, by the action of which unoxidized matters are removed from the blood, restores the equilibrium between the fluid and the inspired oxygen; but it is not so when the blood becomes overloaded with combustible matter, which there is not a sufficient supply of oxygen to neutralize or dispose of,—a condition which in a future chapter we shall have to treat of, but which might be out of place to dwell on just now.

The course through which blood moves in its circulation may be briefly described. Commencing, we will suppose, at the left ventricle of the heart, it is impelled into the aorta, and along its successive branches, through which all the organs of the body, except the finer textures of the lungs, derive all their blood. Through these arteries it is conveyed into the minute vessels (termed *capillaries*) which lie intermediately between the arteries and veins of every part, and in which the blood is brought most nearly into contact with the very substance of the organs themselves. From these, again, it passes into the *veins*, through the main trunks of which (called *venæ cavæ*) it flows into the right auricle of the heart, and thence into the right ventricle.

This completes the *general* circulation; but then commences the minor, but not less important one (called the *pulmonary* circulation), with which the lungs have a great deal to do. The blood having, as

we noticed, arrived at the right ventricle of the heart, passes through the *pulmonary* artery, as it branches in the lungs, to the capillaries, in which it is brought nearest to the atmosphere. From these capillaries the blood enters the pulmonary veins, which carry it to the *left* auricle, and having thus traversed the pulmonary part of the circulation, it finally passes again into the *left* ventricle from which it set out. There is also a subordinate kind of circulation (termed the *portal circulation*) connected with the *liver* and organs of digestion, but of which we need not particularly speak just now.

The LUNGS, as the scene of the respiratory process, consists of an arborescent ramification of tubes, which become continually smaller, the last twigs of which end in minute sacs or bladders, called air-cells, and communicate by the *bronchi* and *trachea* with the cavities of the mouth and nose. The walls of the air-cells are penetrated by a close network of very minute blood-vessels, so that the air in the cells is only separated from the blood by a membrane excessively thin, and with the blood in these vessels the air comes into immediate contact through the fluid, which proceeding from the blood, moistens the walls of the blood-vessels. The small vessels gradually unite to form larger twigs and branches, which pour their contents into the heart through a few large trunks, as we have already explained.

The contraction of the heart is the primary cause of the motion of the blood, and it is this contraction which produces the beating of that organ and the pulsation of the arteries. With every stroke of the heart there is sent out a quantity of blood estimated at five or six ounces, and if we estimate the pulse at 72 beats in the minute, we have the astonishing quantity of from 22 to 27 pounds of blood, thus doubling the whole quantity of blood which the human body contains.

In the minute network of vessels in the lungs, as we may readily conceive, an immense surface of venous, or impure air, comes in contact through the walls of the air-cells with the *inspired* air. The blood under these circumstances instantly undergoes a very marked alteration; the dark, nearly black-red colour of venous blood, changes into the bright red of arterial blood; and the continuance of the vital functions and of life is most intimately connected with the new properties which the blood acquires, along

with the change of colour produced by contact with the air. Simultaneously with the change of colour in the blood the air undergoes an essential change in its composition; the expired air differs very much in composition from atmospheric air; the amount of oxygen in pure air is diminished by its contact with the blood in the lungs to the extent of one-fourth or one-fifth, while the carbonic acid is increased 100 times. The change of venous into arterial blood, therefore, must depend on an absorption of oxygen and a separation of carbonic acid, the former of which combines with certain constituents of the blood. A certain amount of oxygen passes from the air into the blood; and the air receives, in place of this oxygen, a quantity of carbonic acid, the volume of which is somewhat smaller. The influence of stronger and quicker respirations on the respiratory process thus becomes evident, as by this means there is effected, in a given time, a more effectual separation of carbonic acid, or decarbonization (that is to say, purification) of the blood.

Even on this superficial view which is necessarily imposed on us, it must be evident that not only is the respiratory process a most important one, but in the human economy that the organs engaged in it must be kept in first-rate order if they are to do their allotted work in a wholesome way. Accordingly we are thus prepared to say *how* it is that even the slightest lung disease may become important to the well-being of the sufferer, and *why* it is that in such a case the old proverb of "a stitch in time saves nine," may be amply verified. As Watson remarks, in his excellent book, "The heart, lungs, and brain have been said, by a bold figure of speech, to constitute the tripod of life. With respect to the heart, its alternate swinging movement cannot long stop and the patient continue to live; a pause of three minutes in the play of the lungs would, in most cases, be irremediably fatal; and lesser impediments to the free working of either of these two vital organs are productive of much danger and distress, and often lead to consequential changes of a very serious kind in various other portions of the body."

The simplest form of lung disease is that in which the *mucous membrane* lining the air passages is primarily or principally involved. In popular language this is called "a cold in the head," in more scientific language we term it "a catarrh;"



but whatever phraseology we may adopt, one thing is clear, that it ought to be attended to in time, lest it should become the precursor of a more dangerous state of things. When the defluxion from the nasal membrane is considerable (otherwise when there is much running from the nose), systematic writers call the complaint *coryza*; when it is attended with much pain and weight in the forehead, they term it *gravele*; but if it be neglected and dip deeper into the chest, it then becomes *bronchitis*,—a formidable disease which will not allow itself to be unheard of or postponed.

"It is *only* a cold in the head," or "it is *only* a cough," is a form of expression which every one is conversant with; but the true philosophy of the matter is to cure the "cold in the head" as soon as possible, in order to prevent the necessity of having to resort to still more severe measures to cure the "cough." Neither in ordinary cases is there much difficulty in this. Even with simple "catarrh" a considerable amount of feverishness may arise, but under reasonable treatment this soon succumbs. Rest and a uniform temperature is needful to begin with,—a moderate dietary, a gentle aperient, a foot-bath of warm water, and a draught at night consisting of twenty drops of hippo wine, twenty drops of spirit of nitre, and twenty drops of the tincture of henbane, with a little patience (which is often our best adjuvant), are all that is necessary to restore our patient to the same *normal* (or comfortable) state of health which he (or she) enjoyed before. Other means of conquest at this preliminary stage are mentioned by clever people. Some physicians stop it by an opiate in the form of twenty drops of laudanum; some, by a good dinner and an additional glass (or two) of wine; and some by a total abstinence from every kind of drink, on the principle of damping the well-head and cutting off the supply of watery materials to the blood. We doubt the necessity of resorting to these "new-fangled notions," as old-world people call them. Every one of them, under certain circumstances, may produce mischief instead of relief, and the wise physician is he who provides for contingencies, and instead of trying to control nature, waits upon her patiently, and earns his best fame simply by controlling her *abnormal movements*, and otherwise by *allowing her to have her own way*. To persons, however, disposed to

take cold, "prophylactics," or preventatives, may be of great use. A tepid shower-bath, going on to the cold, or if that be impossible or inconvenient, a sponge bath, cannot fail to "harden" the general constitution, and guard it from the cold of winter or the heats of summer; a reasonable degree of exercise will act in the same way, and moderation in food is an excellent preventative, which under the temptation of lord-mayor's banquets, dinners *à la Russe*, *et sic et cetera*, we fear that even the most temperate and provident of our readers will occasionally forget.

We have said that "a neglected cold" may dip deep into the chest and produce "bronchitis." So it does, and so it will always be apt to do, when not accurately supervised. Bronchitis is inflammation of the mucous lining of the *bronchi*. It is a disease of very frequent occurrence, both as an idiopathic (that is primary) disease, and as an accompaniment of measles, small-pox, scarlatina, whooping-cough, or other febrile disease of children; it is also by no means an uncommon complication of continued fever at all ages, and when it so arises it is to be looked on with jealousy and treated with great care; and it is never to be forgotten that a very insidious form of it may occur in children, and be overlooked until too late.

Bronchitis is divided into *acute* and *chronic*. In the acute form it sometimes suddenly arises in the bronchial tubes themselves, and sometimes extends to them from the trachea—the commencement being "a simple cold in the head." Both lungs may be affected, or only a portion of one—usually the upper portion. Inflammation of the larger and medium-sized tubes is generally recognised as being attended with less severe symptoms than when all (including the lesser) ramifications of the bronchi are affected. In the very young and the very old this form is more prevalent, being comparatively rare in adults, but in any case and at any age it requires the promptest attention and the most sedulous care.

We do not now speak of *percussion* or *auscultation* by means of that invaluable invention the STETHOSCOPE; not that we are not perfectly alive to their important uses, but because in papers like ours we could not speak of their importance as they deserve, and because it requires a professional education to become perfectly acquainted with them. We are

even under the impression that regularly educated medical men do not sometimes attend sufficiently to the study, and that there *have* been cases in which such inattention has wrought woful results.

Of course the more extensive and deeper seated the inflammation is, the graver will be both the symptoms and the peril; it may be both intense and diffused, descending into the vesicular texture and occupying the whole surface of the membrane on one side of the chest, and under such circumstances the sooner we proceed to cure it the better. The chief symptoms which accompany an attack of acute bronchitis, are a high degree of fever, a sense of tightness or constriction about the chest, hurried respiration with wheezing, severe cough and expectoration—at first transparent but adhesive, so that if poured from one vessel into another it flows out in one mass of extreme tenacity, and this degree of viscosity is a tolerably accurate measure of the degree of the existing inflammation. If the patient cannot expectorate until after a long and difficult fit of coughing, during which air has been many times inspired and expired, the expectoration will contain numerous little air-bubbles, or in other words, will be very frothy. Sometimes also at this stage streaks of blood will mingle with it.

So long as only this *crude* matter (as the ancients called it) is spit up, the inflammation will be active, and the fever and difficulty of breathing considerable. In proportion as the inflammation approaches to resolution, the appearance and qualities of the matter expectorated change; the mucus loses by degrees its transparency and adhesiveness, and is mixed with marbles or pellets of a yellow, white, greenish, or opaque colour, which at length form the entire. This announces to us that the inflammation is reducing, and is accompanied by a marked remission of the worst symptoms, so that the nature of the expectoration forms an important guide to us in our treatment and prognosis, and moreover enables us to distinguish between bronchitis and pneumonia, as we shall explain by-and-by.

In the treatment of this formidable disease (particularly in its most acute form), it is needful for the practitioner to be both active and cautious—cautious, at least to a certain degree. Persons who can have easy access to a medical friend, we advise by all means to send for him at once, and the sooner the

better; but it may and does sometimes happen that the sufferer may live far remote from medical aid, or be so situated as not to be able to resort to it. It is for such—and such only—that we venture to lay down a course of treatment as simple as we can make it, as, from what we have written, our readers will at once perceive that never was there a case in which the truth of the old proverb of “delays are dangerous” was more likely to be verified.

In the first place, then, perfect rest and confinement to bed are insisted on. A large, coolish, well-ventilated chamber should be chosen as the scene of our future operations, with some fire in the grate, but not too much. When arranged there, the patient, as a preliminary, should attend to the bowels, for which purpose we recommend a brace of pills consisting of three grains of calomel and three of *true* James’s powder, made up with extract of henbane, and taken at once; after this, a rhubarb or senna draught in three hours, and the action of these being complete, we further advise the following mixture, which has seldom failed us. It is to be composed of *three* drachms of bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce of syrup of smilax, three drachms of the liquor of tartarized antimony, two drachms of tincture of henbane, and sufficient water (cold boiled) to make an eight-ounce mixture. Of this, we give two tablespoonfuls every third or second hour, as the case may be, with one tablespoonful of lemon juice, to be taken in a state of effervescence. So far, so well. As to blood-letting in any form, it is not to be recommended, except in an extreme case. General blood-letting has not that decided power over the inflammation of *mucous* tissues which it undoubtedly has over the adhesive inflammation to which *serous* membranes are liable. It may *relieve* the symptoms for the present, and generally does so, but we must remember, in all our curative efforts, that in the advanced periods of the disease, by weakening the strength, the air passages of the lungs may not have power remaining to cast off the phlegm, which by that time may be likely to overload them.

If we take blood at all, it is much better to do so by cupping between the shoulders or on the front of the thorax, or to apply eight or ten leeches to the same part, covering it afterwards with a good large hot poultice of bran, which may thus be made to play a double part.

As to *blistering*, however, the same ob-



jections do not hold good, and therefore we unhesitatingly recommend it. Let a good *fly*-blister be applied at once, and repeated in 24 or 48 hours, if necessary. Mustard blisters are much patronized, and in cases of *spasm* or *slight congestion*, we are inclined to resort to them; but in active bronchitic inflammation, it is only trifling to depend on them, and nothing less than the *fly* will do the work we want.

The importunate nature of the cough, and the want of sleep induced by it, is apt to distress the sufferer very much. Still the use of *opium* is "a ticklish business," as Watson phrases it, so long as a dusky hue of the skin and blue lips show us that venous or half-arterialized blood is mingling with the general circulation; since, even without *opium* at all, the state of the blood is itself often productive of coma. After the first violence of the disease has abated, however, an opiate will be useful by producing sleep. The draught we generally prescribe, under cases where we can clearly see our way, consists of twenty drops of the liquor of morphia, twenty drops of antimonial wine, the same of cherry-laurel water, a little syrup of tolu, and an ounce of distilled water. Inhalation of the steam of hot water is often very soothing and comfortable, particularly at bedtime. Meanwhile, the strength of the patient must be kept up by beef-tea or chicken-soup, given frequently and in small quantities at a time; wine may be necessary, particularly in the advanced stages, when great debility ensues, but it is better to leave its regulation to the discretion of the medical man, to whom the case ought to be confided, should our first efforts, as here detailed, fail of success.

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS may either arise as a sequence of an acute attack, or as a primary disease—thence termed *idio-*

*pathic*: the slighter forms are indicated by habitual cough, some shortness of breathing, and copious expectoration—these symptoms being aggravated by exposure to cold or wet. The winter coughs of old people are examples of bronchial irritation of a low, lingering, and often distressing kind, and a peculiarly severe form of it is termed *senile catarrh*, or sub-acute bronchitis, as it really is. Sometimes it proves fatal by the accumulated mucus, which the patient has not the power to expel, causing suffocation. We have also *gouty* or *rheumatic bronchitis*, which is only to be cured by curing the disorder from which it has arisen. Indeed, the treatment of chronic bronchitis must depend very much on the age and constitution of the sufferer. Nourishing food, however, and a moderate quantity of wine will be generally found necessary; warm clothing and occasional change of air are also useful; a poor-man's plaster, worn constantly on the chest, is recommended, together with great attention to the bowels, and the avoidance of a rich or unctuous mode of living; while, as to "Cough-Mixtures," that which we recommend is the following:—Three drachms syrup of squills, one drachm hippo wine, one drachm chloric ether, two drachms tincture of henbane, *three* ounces of mucilage of gum arabic, half an ounce of syrup of tolu, and as much pure water as will bring the mixture up to eight ounces. Of this a single tablespoonful may be taken four or five times in the day.

In our next paper we shall have to continue our history of lung-diseases, including pleurisy, asthma, pneumonia, consumption, croup, and others, which we hope to deal with as briefly and satisfactorily as our ability and experience enable us to do.

## BURNT AT THE STAKE.

## A TALE OF WITCHCRAFT.

A DARK day for the town of Salem, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, it was, when Richard Sanford became judge of the special court for the trial of the witches. He was a stern, cold, cruel man, with hardly a spark of human feeling in his breast, and with a firm, hard countenance which made the little children shrink from him, and the old women of the town tremble with terror whenever he came near them.

Judge Sanford was a man of thirty-one or two years of age, and of his life little was known. He had passed the earlier portion of it in England, and had fled to this colony to escape the persecution which awaited him in his own country. After his arrival in the colony he had settled in the town of Plymouth, and had taken quite a prominent part in the affairs of the settlement. He rose rapidly from place to place, distinguished for his ability, but chiefly for that mad fanaticism which the Puritans dignified by the then name of religious zeal. When the excitement arose about the Salem witches, a special court was appointed for the trial of suspected parties, and the governor of the colony appointed Richard Sanford judge.

He came to Salem with the avowed determination of ridding the place of the evil, and he performed his duty rigidly. All that cruelty, superstition, and intolerance could do to exterminate the witches, was done by him. His coming was the beginning of sorrow such as the town had never known before. Cruelty reigned supreme. The most shameful stories were accepted as true, and the most innocent circumstances and the most playful remarks were tortured into proofs of guilt. To be anything but the gloomiest fanatic, was to be a witch.

The limits of this sketch forbid our entering upon anything like a full description of affairs in Salem, and so we must pass on.

One bright morning in June, in the year 1692, Richard Sanford might have been seen passing thoughtfully and slowly through the streets of Salem, as if bent upon the execution of some plan which he was then deliberating. His step was firm, and his keen glance surveyed everything around him, as if seeking new victims for his court. He passed through

the public streets, turned into a long, picturesque lane, and paused before the door of a neat and tasteful cottage and knocked. The door was opened by an old man with a calm, sedate face, in which every Puritanic characteristic was intensified to a high degree.

"I salute thee, Richard Sanford, thou chosen vessel of the Lord," said the old man in a stern, cold voice, "and am rejoiced to bid thee welcome to my poor house."

"Give the glory to God, my brother," said the judge, in the broad, nasal tone then so popular. "I am but an humble instrument in his hands. Is the maiden Maude within?"

"Nay," said the old man, "she has gone out to walk. Her father was a profane, ungodly cavalier, but I trust that the maiden may yet be one of the elect. But come in, I pray."

"Nay, not so," said the judge. "I will continue my walk, and mayhap I may meet with the maiden and return with her."

He left the house and passed towards the woods that bordered the edge of the town.

Earlier in the morning, a merry young girl, whose proud, aristocratic features at once proclaimed her race—that grand old cavalier stock so hateful to the Puritans—hurried down the street and out into the woods that surrounded the town. It was Maude Howard on her way to meet her lover. Maude Howard was twenty years old. She was tall and queenly, and by far the most beautiful girl in Salem. She was the daughter of an English gentleman, who, having lost his wife and property, left his child to the care of a distant relative named John Gough, who resided at Salem, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Maude was sent over to America by the first ship that sailed from England after her father's death. She was received by her guardian, and treated kindly, but with that quiet sternness which so strikingly characterized the domestic relations of the Puritans. She had been in Salem only two years, and she pined for the genial and hearty life of "Merry England."

Before leaving her native country, Maude had given her heart to a young



officer of the royal army—the gallant Captain Henry Harcourt. He was absent in Ireland with King William when she left England. When he returned, and found that Maude had gone to America, he sold out his commission and sailed from England. When he reached Salem it had been more than two years since he had parted from Maude. John Gough refused to allow him to visit her, and the lovers were forced to resort to stolen interviews in the woods. Maude had yielded to her lover's importunities, and had consented to fly with him from the colony. This morning she was going to meet him to make arrangements for their flight. They lingered in the woods, loth to separate lest this interview should be their last.

"And so you will go with me, Maude," said the young man, tenderly, caressing her head which rested upon his shoulder.

"My heart bids me go with you, Henry," she said, in a low tone; "but something tells me that such happiness as you speak of is not in store for either of us."

"Cheer up, darling. You must not yield to your fears—they are groundless, and——"

At this moment a distant footfall was heard crushing the leaves, and the young man hastily telling Maude to meet him at the same spot prepared for flight, the next morning, hurried away.

Assuming an air of carelessness, Maude strolled on through the woods, and in a few minutes met with Judge Sanford, who was coming towards her. She started in alarm, and would have turned aside, but it was too late. She felt nothing but aversion and fear for him, and she feared him as much as she detested him. For some time past he had visited Gough's house quite regularly, and had paid her marked attention. She had tried to avoid him, but he would not be avoided. She could not escape him now, so she walked on calmly and with dignity.

"Good morning, Miss Howard," said the judge, as he came up. "You must be an ardent lover of Nature to venture alone into the woods in these unsettled times. Evil spirits love to haunt these groves, and you know not what harm may befall you here."

"I fear them not, sir," said the young woman, calmly. "Heaven will protect me from all evil."

"That is a proper feeling, young lady," said her grim companion; "but it is well

not to be too rash. Enough of this. I have been to your guardian's house, and not finding you there, have sought you here. I have something to say to you which concerns both of us."

"Indeed, sir," said Maude, coldly.

"Stern and pitiless as I may seem in the discharge of my duty," said the judge, not heeding her, "I am a man, and I have a heart—a heart which, till sorrow fell like a blight upon it, was all freshness and poetry—and that heart is yours, Maude Howard. From the moment I saw you, I loved you. It seemed as if the joy of my lost youth was coming back to me. I cannot be silent longer. I must tell you that I love you."

"It is unfortunate that you should love me. We are unsuited to each other. We could not be happy together. I do not love you," said Maude.

"Hear me, Maude," cried the judge, interrupting her. "I am no humble lover. I am known and honoured throughout this land. This colony holds no man whose power is greater than mine. I offer you riches, honour, station."

"It is in vain to plead," said Maude, with dignity. "I do not love you. We had better be strangers."

"Your heart is not your own to give," said Sanford, bitterly. "Beware, Maude Howard, I have you in my power. Once for all, I ask you to be my wife. Refuse me at your peril."

"Do your worst, sir," said Maude, haughtily, the spirit of the old cavalier line tinging her cheeks, and flashing from her eyes. "Since you threaten me, I defy you."

She swept by him proudly, and hurrying on was soon out of sight. Sanford watched her with a bitter smile, and passing to the spot where the lovers had stood, examined the footprints in the soft earth. After inspecting them for a moment, he rose, muttering sternly—

"It is as I suspected. It was the English stranger. Now, Maude Howard, we shall see whose power is greater, yours or mine."

He walked slowly back to the town. A few hours later a file of soldiers halted in front of the residence of John Gough—the officer in command of the party entered the house, and summoning Maude Howard, informed her that he was ordered to arrest her on the charge of witchcraft, and that she must go with him. At the same time a similar party proceeded to the inn, and arrested upon a like charge

the young stranger Henry Harcourt, who was stopping there.

The court-room at Salem was a large, wide apartment, hung with a heavy dark arras, and with a raised platform at the back of the room, with a table and chair for the judge. In front of this table was a huge, unwieldy framework, the very sight of which made the gazer tremble. It was that terrible instrument of torture, the rack. Near it was another table covered with instruments of torture and articles used for the purpose of detecting witches.

Richard Sanford was seated in the judge's chair. There was a firm, resolute expression upon his face, and a malignant light in his eyes. A man stood by the table we have described, heating in the flame of a lamp a long steel blade. This instrument was a probe, used for the purpose of detecting witches, and the man who held it was Faintnot Hopeful, the witch-doctor of Salem. Four attendants stood by the rack, and between these men and the judge, Henry Harcourt stood with folded arms, gazing indignantly at him.

"Prisoner," said the judge, sternly, "the evidence against you is positive. You were seen in the woods conversing with one Maude Howard, who is known to be a witch, a most malicious witch. When I approached, you fled. This proves beyond a doubt that you are the accomplice of the woman. The sentence of the court is that you be taken from here and burned at the stake until you are dead."

"I am a soldier," said Harcourt, calmly, "and I know how to die; but I deny your right to inflict such an outrage upon a loyal subject of their majesties King William and Queen Mary."

"We, also, are their subjects," said Sanford, coldly, "and we are only doing our duty when we endeavour to rid this province of witchcraft. Your best plan will be to confess your guilt, and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court."

"I have told you that I am innocent of the absurd charge you have brought against me," said the young man, proudly. "To confess that I am guilty would be to utter a lie, and this I will never do."

"Bind him to the rack," exclaimed the judge.

The four attendants seized the young man, placed him upon the bed of the rack, bound the cords to his wrists and ankles, and then taking their places at the levers,

stood ready to turn them. The witch-doctor approached the rack, and stood watching the victim.

"Your doom is fixed," said the judge, sternly; "but you can save yourself much suffering. You *shall* acknowledge your guilt. Confess it, and you shall be released. Persist in your obstinacy, and you shall suffer torture."

"You have my answer," said the young man, firmly. "I am innocent."

At a sign from Sanford, the levers were turned.

"Cowards!" shrieked the young man, in agony.

"Confess," said the judge.

"Never!"

Another turn of the levers, and another shriek from the sufferer—the torture was growing more intense.

"Confess."

This time there was no answer. One of the attendants bent over the sufferer.

"He has fainted," he said, rising and turning towards the judge. "His limbs are nearly torn asunder."

Sanford ordered the men to release the victim and revive him. While this was being done, an officer entered leading Maude Howard. Sanford rested his head upon his hand, and seemed to be collecting all his firmness for some powerful effort. Soon he raised his head and gazed at her coldly. As he did so, Henry Harcourt regained his consciousness, and seeing Maude, uttered her name feebly. With a sharp cry, she sprang to his side.

"Great Heavens!" she cried, "has this inhuman monster seized you, too, dear Henry?"

"I had hoped that I was alone in my misfortune. Oh, God! that you should be here," exclaimed the young man, faintly.

"Your voice is faint, and your face is as hueless as the grave," said Maude, drawing closer to him. "What have they done to you?"

"The rack. They have torn me almost asunder," he gasped.

"This is infamous!" cried the young girl, indignantly. "Are you human?" she added, addressing Sanford. "Are you a man or a demon?"

"Peace, woman!" said Sanford, sternly.

Turning from her, he commanded that all should retire from the room, and wait without until he summoned them to return. He wished to examine the witch alone.

When the chamber was cleared, and



Maude remained standing alone by the table, he arose hastily and approached her.

"Maude Howard," he cried, hoarsely, "you are in my power. Your lover has been condemned to die. He has already suffered the most terrible torture, and to-morrow he will be publicly executed."

"No, no, Richard Sanford; he is innocent! I call on Heaven to witness his innocence!"

"He has been condemned and must suffer," said Sanford, coldly. "But you can save your life. I have offered you my hand, and it is not too late to accept it. I can and will save you upon this condition."

"I can die," replied the young girl, calmly.

"Woman," cried the judge almost frantically, stretching out his hands, which trembled violently, "woman, I love you! In the name of Heaven, do not subject yourself to the terrible torture that awaits you. Every pang that you will suffer will be felt by me. Maude, I entreat you to let me save you."

"You love me!" she cried, scornfully. "Heaven forgive you the lie you utter. You know I am innocent of the crime with which you charge me, and yet you will not save me except upon conditions worse than death itself."

Great drops of sweat beaded the pallid brow of the judge. He threw himself upon his knees, and raising his clasped hands, cried frantically—

"Maude, do not drive me mad! I cannot bear to consign you to the terrible doom that awaits you. On my knees I implore you to accept my hand. You must not, you shall not die!"

"Then save me—save both," said Maude, quickly.

"I have named my conditions," said the judge, rising and calming himself by a powerful effort; "do you accept them?"

"No," was the firm reply. "Death with the man I love is sweeter than life with the one that I abhor."

"You are lost," said the judge, coldly. He resumed his seat and rang a small bell which lay on his table. An officer entered, and he ordered him to open the doors and admit the other prisoner and the attendants. In a few moments all resumed their places. The judge was silent for a moment, then he began slowly—

"I have examined the maiden. Her guilt is plain."

Turning to the witch-doctor, he ordered

him to examine the young girl's person, and if he found any marks on her, to plunge his probe into them. In spite of her firmness, Maude shuddered. Harcourt, who had been resting heavily in the arms of his supporters, rose with difficulty as he heard this cruel order, and exclaimed, feebly—

"Stay! she is innocent. Do with me as you will, but spare her!"

"I shall not feel it, dear Henry," said the young girl, going to him and taking his hand. "I will bear it bravely. Not a groan or a sigh shall escape my lips."

The witch-doctor approached, and taking her by the arm, said to her rudely—

"I must search for the devil's mark, young woman."

He led her away and stripped her to her waist. She did not shrink as she stood there among those cruel men, with her fair and beautiful form exposed to their rude gaze. Harcourt hid his face in his hands, and wept like a child, and the judge cast his eyes upon the floor, and his stern face grew as pale as marble; yet he was very calm.

The witch-doctor held his probe in the flame of the lamp, and as he did so, ran his eyes searchingly over the young girl's form. She bore the scrutiny without flinching. The spirit of the whole cavalier race was in her blood then, nerving her with firmness. Suddenly the witch-doctor uttered an exclamation of delight as his keen eye detected a small, dark spot upon her breast. Instantly the heated probe glittered before her eyes, and then it was plunged into her bosom.

It was more than her woman's nature, heroic as it was, could endure. With a piercing shriek she staggered and was falling, when Harcourt sprang forward and received her in his arms, and kneeling by her, endeavoured to stanch the blood that was flowing from the wound. The judge had risen to his feet; his eyes were bloodshot and he trembled violently.

"Look up, Maude," said her lover, tenderly. "They shall not harm you again—they shall kill me before they harm you again."

"I did not mean to be so weak, dearest," she whispered faintly; "but the pain was so terrible. I tried to spare you this suffering, but I could not repress the cry."

"Oh, Maude! could I die to save you?" he murmured, tearfully.

"We shall die together, Henry," she

said, gently, all the while striving to keep back the groans that her agony sought to wring from her. "We shall not be parted. We are going to a land where sorrow never comes. There we shall be happy and at rest."

All this while the judge had been standing watching them, like one in a dream. Now he spoke slowly, and in a hollow voice pronounced the doom of each. Maude was to suffer death by fire at sunset that evening, and her lover was to meet the same fate at sunrise the next morning.

They were separated and led away. Long after the attendants had left the court-room, the judge still sat there. It was late when he returned to his lodgings, and during the long afternoon and night he paced his chamber, plunged in the deepest gloom. A stern, guilty expression always rested upon his countenance after this, and when he died, long years after the execution of Maude Howard, he suffered the most fearful pangs of conscience.

At sunset a crowd collected in the public square of Salem. In the centre of

the place was a large stake, surrounded by a pile of faggots, and to this stake Maude Howard was chained. Just as the sun sank into the west, lighting up the strange scene with a soft and subdued radiance, circling the head of the innocent victim of cruelty and superstition with a halo of light, the executioner fired the pile. The flames flared up wildly, and had almost hidden the form of the young girl from view, when a violent commotion was seen in the crowd. A man broke through the throng, and rushing towards the stake, sprang upon the pile. Falling upon his knees, he clasped the young girl around the waist, and resting his head upon her breast, cried—

"Maude! Maude! we will die together." It was Henry Harcourt.

The sun went down and the darkness came on. The flames hissed and leaped around the devoted pair. Not a cry nor a groan escaped them. Locked in each other's arms they yielded to the rage of the cruel element. When the moon arose, only a heap of smouldering embers and a mass of blackened bones remained where the stake and the victims had been.

## MEDICINAL EFFECTS OF WATER.

AMONGST the various means resorted to by quackery to speculate upon the credulity of mankind, simple river or spring water, coloured and flavoured with inert substances, has not been the least productive; and many a time the Thames and Seine have been fertile sources of supposed invaluable medicines. Sangrado's doctrines on aqueous potations have long prevailed in the profession; and it has been stoutly maintained that a water diet can cure the gout and various other diseases. That relief, if not cures, have been obtained by this practice there cannot be the least doubt. Are we to attribute these favourable results to the effects of the imagination, the beneficial efforts of nature, or the salutary abstinence which this prescription imposed? Possibly they all combined to assist the physician's efforts, or rather aid his effete treatment. Cold water and warm water have in turn been praised to the very skies by their eulogists, and become the subject

of ridicule and persecution on the part of more spirited practitioners.

In surgery water has ever been considered of great utility; it no doubt was instinctively used by man to cleanse and heal his wounds. Patroclus, having extracted the dart from his friend Eury-pylus, washes the wound; and the prophet Elisha prescribes to Naaman the waters of Jordan. Rivers had various qualities, and were supposed to prove as different in their action on the economy as the mineral springs which from time immemorial have been resorted to. These effects may in fact not be altogether doubtful, for although these salutary streams may not possess sufficient active ingredients to be recognised by chemical tests, yet we know that substances which appear perfectly inert may prove highly active and effectual when combined and diluted naturally or artificially. Moreover, in the effects of watering-places on the invalid or valetudinarian, we must



not forget the powerful influence of change of air and habit, the invigorating stimulus of hope, and the diversion from former occupations. To these auxiliaries many a remedy has owed its high reputation; and probably when Wesley attributed his recovery to brimstone and supplication, he in a great measure might have considered rest from incessant labour the chief agent in his relief. The exhilarating effects of the picturesque site of many of these salutary places of resort is universally acknowledged. Montaigne, Voltaire, Alferi acknowledged their influence on the imagination. Petrarch's inspirations flowed with the waters of Vaucluse, some of Seigné's most delightful letters were written at Vichy, and Genlis and Staël were particularly happy in their epistolary elegance at Spa and Baden.

We owe to accident many valuable discoveries in medicine. It is said that several Indians, having used the waters of a lake in which a cinchona tree was growing, experienced the benefit which led to the use of the Peruvian bark; and the thermal properties of the baths of Carlsbad were first made known by the howling of one of Charles IV.'s hounds that had fallen in them in a hunt. It has been also observed in various countries that particular waters produced various morbid affections; and to this cause have been attributed goitres, cretinism, calculi, and other distressing diseases. The ancients dreaded the impurity of their rivers. The Romans boiled their water in extensive *thermopolia*, where not only potations were drunk hot, but occasionally refrigerated with ice and snow, and when thus prepared called *decocta*. Juvenal and Martial refer this custom to the Greeks. Herodotus informs us that the Persian monarchs were accompanied on their expeditions by chariots laden with silver vases filled with the water of the *Choaspes* that had been boiled, and which was solely destined for the king's use: Athenæus tells us that it was light and sweet. Many ancient coins and inscriptions have recorded these salutary properties of certain waters.

This real or supposed efficacy was scarcely discovered before it became the domain of priests; and common rain or river water became valuable and sanctified when blessed by them: hence the introduction of lustral water. The fluid extracted from the gown of Mahomet is the sacred property of the Sultan. The

moment the fast of the Ramazan is proclaimed, this holy vestment is drawn from a gold chest, and after having been kissed with due devotion, plunged in a vase of happy water, which, when wrung from the garment, is carefully preserved in precious bottles that are sent by the monarch as valuable presents, or sold at exorbitant prices as cures for any and every disease. Thus were the good effects of ablution, especially in wounds, attributed to some secret charm or quality conferred upon it by clerical benediction or the legitimacy of princes. When a quack of the name of Doublet cured the wounded at the siege of Metz, in 1553, the water he used was considered to have been of a mystic nature. This Doublet, no doubt, was acquainted with an ingenious treatise on gun-shot wounds, written by Blondi, in 1542, in which he strongly recommended the use of cold water; but as his recommendation was not founded on any miraculous quality, he was forgotten, while Doublet was considered a supernatural being. Previous to this simple and sagacious method of healing wounds, various curious applications were in high repute, more especially the oil of kittens, which the celebrated Paré discovered, to his great delight, was prepared by boiling live cats, coat and all, in olive oil, and was until then a valuable secret preparation, called *oleum catellorum*, and its use, with that of other nostrums, was known under the name of *secret dressing*.\*

This simple mode of dressing wounds, especially those that were inflicted by fire-arms, was a great desideratum; for up to this era in surgery, these injuries were healed by the application of scalding oil or red-hot instruments, under the impression that they were of a poisonous nature. Paré was one of the first army surgeons who exploded this barbarous practice. Having, according to his own account, expended all his boiling oil, he employed a mixture of yolk of egg, oil, and turpentine, not without the apprehension of finding his patients labouring under all the effects of poison the following day, when to his great surprise he

\* Oil is, however, a useful application to wounds in warm climates. During the retreat of our troops after the battle of Talavera, the wounds of many of the men, that had not been dressed for three or four days, pullulated with maggots. This was not the case with the Spanish soldiers, who, to prevent this annoyance (which was more terrific than dangerous), had poured olive oil upon their dressings.

found them much more relieved than those to whom the actual cautery had been applied. In more recent times armies have been unjustly accused of making use of poisonous balls, and this absurd charge was brought against the French after the battle of Fontenoy, when the hospital fever broke out among the wounded crowded in the neighbouring villages. Chewing bullets was also considered a means of imparting to them a venomous quality. Lead and iron, the metals of which these projectiles were usually cast, were also deemed of a poisonous nature. A sort of aristocratic feeling seemed to obtain in those days; and it is related that two Spanish gentlemen had procured gold balls to fire at Francis I. at the battle of Pavia, that so noble and generous a prince should not fall by the vile metal reserved for vulgar people; and in the adverse ranks, La Chatarguene, a noble of the French court, had prepared bullets of the same costly material for the reception of Charles V. It was under the impression of this poisonous nature of wounds, that individuals of both sexes, called suckers, followed armies and endeavoured to extract the venom by suction; the records of chivalry give us instances of lovely damsels who condescended to perform this operation with their lovely mouths upon their *damoiseaux*; and Sibille submitted the wounds of her husband, Duke Robert, to a similar treatment; indeed, these suckers were chiefly females. May not this practice be the origin of the term *leech*, applied in ancient times to medical men? Leechcraft was the art of healing. Thus Spenser:—

“ And then the learned leech  
His cunning hand ’gan to his wounds to lay,  
And all things else the which his art did teach.”

To this day the custom of sucking wounds prevails among soldiers; and there is every reason to hope, from the experiments of the late Sir David Barry, that the exhaustion produced by cupping-glasses will be found of essential service in all venomous wounds. This practice of suction, no doubt, was known in Greece; Machaon performed it at the siege of Troy. The mothers and wives of the ancient Germans had recourse to the same process. In India the suction of wounds constitutes a profession. It was by this means that the Psylli cured the bite of serpents; and it is related of Cato, that his abhorrence of the Greek

surgeons was such, that he directed Psylli to follow the Roman armies.

Water affords a beautiful illustration of that indestructibility with which the Creator invested matter for the preservation of the world. He formed from elementary masses, and appears to have existed unchangeable from the commencement of the universe. Its constituent parts are not broken into by any atmospheric revolution; they continue the same whether in the solid ice, the fluid state of a liquid, or the gaseous form of a vapour. Its powers are undiminished, whether in the wave or the steam; the most effective agent in the hands of a man to promote that welfare and happiness which his own errors deprive him of, frequently bringing on those calamities that his perversity attributes to the will of the Omnipotent. Water is the same in the atmosphere as on the earth, and falls in the very same nature as it ascends; electricity has no other influence upon it than that of hastening its precipitation. Chemical agents, however powerful, can only decompose its elementary principles upon the most limited scale. The heterogeneous substances with which water may occasionally be alloyed must be considered as purely accidental.

The homogeneous characters of this fluid admit of no alteration, and like atmospheric air, are still obtained as pure most probably as when they first emerged from chaotic matter. The same principles are found in the clouds, the fogs, the dews, the rain, the hail, and the snow. For the preservation of the world it was indispensable that water should be endowed with the property of ever retaining its fluid form, and in this respect become subject to a law different from that of other bodies, which change from fluid to solid. This is a deviation from a general decree of nature. Were it not for this wise provision of the Creator, the world would shortly have been converted into a frozen chaos. All bodies contract their dimensions, and acquire a greater specific gravity by cooling; but water is excepted from this law, and becomes of less specific gravity, whether it be heated or cooled below  $42^{\circ} 5'$ . Were it not for this exemption, it would have become specifically heavier by the loss of its caloric, and the waters that float on the surface of rivers would have sunk as it froze, until the beds of rivers would have been filled up with immense masses of ice. From the observations of Perron.



there is reason to believe that the mountainous accumulations of ice that have hitherto arrested the progress of polar navigators have been detached from the depths of the ocean to float upon its surface. This circumstance would account for the difference of temperature of the sea according to its depth. The experiments of Perron, made with an instrument of his own invention, which he called the thermobarometer, gave the following results:—

1st. The temperature of the sea upon its surface, and at a distance from shore, is at the meridian lower than that of the atmosphere in the shade, much more elevated at midnight, but in a state of equilibrium morning and evening.

2nd. The temperature rises as we approach continents or extensive islands.

3rd. At a distance from land the temperature of the deep parts of the sea is lower than that of the surface, and the cold increases with the depth. It is this circumstance which led this ingenious philosopher to conclude that even under the equator the bottom of the sea is eternally frozen.

Humboldt is of a contrary opinion, and maintains that the temperature is from two to three degrees lower in shallow water; and he therefore is of opinion that the thermometer might prove of material use to navigators. He attributes this diminution of temperature to the admixture of the lower bodies of water with that of the surface. Who is to decide between these two ingenious experimentalists? The curious reader may consult in this investigation the tables of Forster in Cook's second voyage, and various other navigators.

The salutary medicinal effects of sea-bathing are generally acknowledged, although too frequently recommended in cases which do not warrant the practice; in such circumstances they often prove

highly prejudicial. The ancients held sea-water baths in such estimation, that Lampridius and Suetonius inform us that Nero had it conveyed to his palace. As sea-bathing is not always within the reach of those who may require it, artificial sea-water has been considered a desirable substitute; and the following mode of preparing it not being generally known, may prove of some utility:—To fifty pounds of water add ten ounces of muriate of soda, ten drachms of muriate of magnesia, two ounces of muriate of lime, six drachms of sulphate of soda, and the same quantity of sulphate of magnesia. This is Swediaur's receipt. Boullon, Lagrange, and Vogel recommend the suppression of the muriate of lime and sulphate of soda, to be replaced with carbonate of lime and magnesia; but this alteration does not appear necessary, or founded on sufficient chemical grounds for adoption.

Sea-water taken internally has been considered beneficial in several maladies, and although not potable in civilized countries, it is freely drunk by various savage tribes. Cook informs us that it is used with impunity in Easter Island; and Schouten observed several fishermen in the South Sea drinking it and giving it to their children when their stock of fresh water was expended. Amongst the various and capricious experiments of Peter the Great, an edict is recorded ordering his sailors to give salt water to their male children, with a view of accustoming them to a beverage which might preclude the necessity of laying in large stocks of fresh water on board his ships! The result was obvious: this nursery of seamen perished in the experiment. Russel, Lind, Buchan, and various other medical writers, have recommended the internal use of sea-water in scrofulous and cutaneous affections, but its use in the present day is pretty nearly exploded.

## CONDUCT OF LIFE.

ON some subjects it is necessary to be emphatical and dictatorial, that the reader may not be mystified by subtle definitions, or fatigued by long disquisitions; therefore I shall not stop to explain *why* the following subjects are necessary to the person who desires to be successful, but taking the fact for granted, will at once try to show how the object is to be accomplished.

## ON BRAGGING.

To brag ingeniously requires that the self-love of the person addressed be not hurt by contrast; therefore, if possible, always connect him with your remarks, as when you say, "As between two *gentlemen* I think so and so;" or, "You and I being two of the smartest men alive;" or, "Men of great talent have their weaknesses—you have yourself, Snooks, as well as me;" or, "I told him that everyone had perfect confidence in you, and to doubt me was to slight your honour, which I never would allow," &c. The reader will readily see other modes of application.

The next plan is to discover some peculiarity in some man of ability, and then casually allude to possessing the same peculiarity yourself. This is best premised by discovering that the person you are conversing with has also a similar trait, for upon his repeating the fact, as most likely he will, he will introduce your name as an offset to his vanity. Care must be taken to do this skilfully, for nothing is so despicable as a discovered humbug.

Next, an affectation of modesty, if not overdone, will serve to bring you credit. Men are apt to like those they think are in no danger of becoming their rivals. To call yourself weak-minded, complain of having a bad memory, having an ordinary face, of being a fool, of not knowing B from a broomstick, of having no taste for books—all this, if well done, will redound to your credit, as proving you to be a man without the least vanity.

The opposite extreme of loud boasting is also sometimes available, and as men only disbelieve half what is said by bragging four times above your ability, they, though they disbelieve half what you say, give you credit for twice as much as you deserve. This style serves better with

women than any other, for, having no courage themselves, and being naturally prejudiced towards exaggeration and love of effect, the man who brags the most will certainly please them the best.

Lastly, by denying the possession of one quality you can enhance the credit you will receive for having another, as when you say, "I unfortunately have no *money*, but I have power to make any one I may chance to dislike feel deeply my resentment;" or, "My manners are not to be commended, but for business talent I don't think there is another my equal;" or, "I cannot *talk* perhaps about what ought to be done in such and such situations, but you give me the office, and I will act;" or, "My dear maiden, I am too impulsive to be quiet while you give me no encouragement, but my energy will find certain exercise if you will give me an object for exertion."

*Axiom.*—Suit your bait to your fish, or "for a high mast a large flag must be engaged." "It matters little how fine the soup if it be too hot to be eaten;" and, finally, give most greed for little gain. It is in the valley one needs wide shoes to prevent sinking into the bog.

## POVERTY.

A poor man has no friends, and if you desire to rise in life nothing is so unfortunate as to have too many friends; for before you get half way up the ascent they present you their little petitions for help, which you must either grant, and sink back into obscurity, or refuse, and be pulled down by them. The helps which a man gets from friends are like the raising of a body by means of weights at the other end of a plank. He is in the power of his friends for ever, and is only raised by them for their advantage. Hence, upon all occasions, be calmly reserved upon the state of your finances, and always be poor if any help is asked of you. To pretend to have money is a silly vanity. It gives you no credit with men of business, and only brings sharpers more certainly upon you. If a man is smart enough to pay his debts and drive his business, his pleadings of poverty will not destroy his social position. Women especially will try to sponge upon you. Good-looking women trade much on their good looks, so if your help is asked for



any charitable institution by a woman, refuse unconditionally. (Not, however, if it be a case of personal need.)

A costly present now and then is better received, and gains one a higher name for liberality than constant alms-giving, and is a much cheaper sort of thing. To give a trifle a day to any one will make him or her hate you before the end of the year, and believe you are a mean old joker not to give more; but a present twice a year would make you seem like a benefactor to the race.

Don't mind what people say about you in the least, but any very spiteful enemy may be silenced by a judicious bit of liberality. As you know your own affairs best, keep them entirely to yourself; and as money in business turns itself soon, don't create pools of stagnation by investing in pictures, furniture, books, and such things, till you are well established.

Poverty is so essential to success, that were I a rich man and wanted my boy to be smart, I should make him sleep on straw, live on the simplest fare, and allow him to have nothing to amuse himself with but what he made himself.

The sooner a man comes not to be ashamed of poverty the quicker he will forget there is anybody else in the world, and work hard to gain the objects he covets. The wish to be in a respectable business, a dislike for dirty hands, and the hope of getting along by some crook without work, are the causes which influence nine-tenths of the young men to become rowdies or spooks.

To allude to a little worldliness, to brag of your former poverty, is second only to acknowledging you are poor now, and even better under some circumstances, as what has past always has a romantic interest to some men. To have stories about situations in which you were placed, and from which you have extricated yourself by shrewdness, will ever incline men to think you have in you the stuff for a rising gopher.

*Axiom.*—Never trust another man's word when you have an opportunity of testing for yourself. If a friend says he would aid you were you poor, become poor and try him, for a true friend would make the loss of your money a gain, while if he was false, and you believed him true, the loss of your money cheaply paid the price of your experience.

#### FLATTERY.

It is impossible to get along in this

world without flattery; though unless well administered it were better to act rudely, for rudeness is a sort of flattery. To praise a man openly will generally disgust him; to praise without an object will make him think you are a fool; but to praise him in such a manner that while he feels more confident in himself he has greater confidence in your discernment, is to be an adept in this art.

Over men there comes at times a feeling of despondency when all their labour in life seems leading to no object, and their talent is a mere rushlight soon to be quenched in darkness. To come upon a man in such a mood and put new spirit in him is where the consummate actor may well appear. It is when a man is pleased with himself and with his work that all compliments seem superfluous, and your praises will be laid to disinterested motives, and fail of their effect. What was said under the head of "Bragging" applies here. As there you praised him to screen yourself, so now you must praise yourself to screen your flattery of him. Many men—I might almost say most men—simply flatter others to receive in return the same service, and have no interested motive beyond this.

Men are best praised out of the walk they practise for a living. An artist, if he sells his pictures, cares little for praise of them, because their sale betokens their success; but he would be pleasantly surprised to find the visitor discovered in his conversation some of the logical earnestness of Burke.

It is a curious fact that the best machinists rarely invent. They can make a machine to make an invented article, but this invention is almost always the work of some person whose acquaintance with the subject is but superficial. I am going to state further that no great poem was ever produced by a literary character so called, or discovery in nature or science by a professional naturalist or chemist, except where taste, even against the wish to make it a pursuit for money, was excited by a general knowledge. So in flattery particular care must be taken to praise the quality in which the man has less confidence himself, remembering as success comes the credit of success loses its charms, while the desire of permanent fame yet remains.

To flatter rightly must be the labour of a lifetime, aided by a natural intuitive perception of fitness, and a kind heart; so important is kindness, that with love

even rudeness is honourable, while without it the most polished exterior would bring disappointment. Too many persons of both sexes forget this, and believe the forms of politeness will answer for the spirit; but in vain may pleasing lips smile and gentle voices plead, if beyond these there is no true-heartedness of purpose. The coarseness of low motives is to be distinguished from that of uneducated trueness of heart. It is too often supposed that unrefined people praise with more heartiness than their superiors. This is open to much doubt. The blunt man is rude because he hates flattery, but generally clownish people are willing to undergo any sort of humiliation to be noticed above them, and pretend admiration that the others may pretend friendship.

To women, compliments should be made often and pleasantly. If you fear a lady will be led astray by flattery, the safest course to pursue is to flatter her so much yourself that she will be indifferent to others; at the same time explaining to her your motives and object, lest your intention of satiating her should make her appetite keener.

I must speak of the way a customer should be attended to, and which many storekeepers seem not to understand. Firstly, a proud, indolent bearing, as if you were as good as anyone, is not the thing, because no one supposes you not to be. Secondly, superfluous praise of any article is in bad taste and objectionable, since it wounds the customer's self-love by making it seem as if he was too stingy to buy a thing so valuable to him as the other represented. Thirdly, to thank a man for his money is like telling him he would be a fool to go anywhere else, or similar to grossly flattering him by saying, "We should starve did you not kindly condescend to visit us," both of which savour of the insolent humility of the state-prison or charity-school. Fourthly, I object to being waited upon in a hurry, as though I must pay my money quick and be gone; and also I object to stating my business to one clerk and having him send another to wait on me. I don't care how stupid a clerk may be, but it annoys me to be turned over to another like a book at an auction. Fifthly, the best way to flatter a customer is to seem to be proud of your business and willing to oblige. If you seem ashamed of it no one will respect you; if you appear unwilling to show

things, or absent-minded, the opinion of those who enter is that he is only on trial and don't know the prices.

I have been thus particular, because what affects one person will to a limited extent affect all persons, and by heeding what displeases me (who am of no consequence) the proprietors would be able to avoid displeasing others (which would be of great importance).

*Axiom.*—Men, like circles, always return upon themselves, so if it be unknown in what way you can best flatter a man by simply agreeing with him, he will lead the subject to his own excellences and be readily pleased by your concurrence.

#### HIGH AIMS.

Never acknowledge low objects. In these essays I have, to make my subject clearer, expressed myself in the briefest language, but in life it is always necessary to dress the truth in robes of beauty. The person (it was myself) who said "Truth without art is better than art without truth," didn't know what he was talking about, for truth and art must be inseparable. To acknowledge low aims as an object of any man's life will be apt to make men suspect it to be the object of your life. If you say stealing under some circumstances might be excused, men will imagine you wish it excused because you are personally responsible for some theft. Philosophers forget in their general speculations that ordinary men are engrossed in particular ones. He that acknowledges good in evil may be led, perhaps, to seek it there; but an absolute theory about right and wrong will serve to keep him from many errors. Aim high, believe in truths and the innate dignity of man, but condescend to study natural laws. Stupid people all over the world are those who either have no high aims, or else have nothing else; who either grovel in sensuality, gaining experience of sin without power of turning it to advantage, or else they are persons who, misled by a theory, forget earth and nature's laws.

A philosopher once said to me, "The truth of God's power is written in nature's book, not the Bible."

"Pray, sir," said I, "can you build a steam engine?"

"No," he answered; "I am a shoemaker by trade, but a philosopher by nature."

"I thought so," was my answer.

Yes, a cork is very light, but when un-



balanced by knowledge of natural laws is very apt to soar into the regions of theoretic guesswork. Therefore, knowing that to talk much implies to do little, and to read about the conduct of life implies little ability to act, thus I end this portion of my article.

#### CALMNESS.

It must be remembered that the calmness which comes from complete confidence in a High Power is far nobler than the worldly calmness which teaches us to wait until we get a good chance of revenge; but I shall speak of this subject in reference to the latter, that the value of this quality may be more apparent.

"Never strike a man but once," is the best law of offence and defence. If he escapes let him pass; but rarely will he escape if your methods are well chosen. It often happens that a person will find he has an enemy who in persistent troublesome attacks will cause him much annoyance. His best policy is to keep perfectly cool and wait. The time surely comes when the other, grown over-bold, ventures within his power, and then one quick stroke settles him. It is so certain that by being cool your enemy will hang himself on his own rope, that it seems needless to point out the folly of defending yourself in any way, which would be only wasting time and subjecting yourself to fresh annoyances. It is so impossible to injure another in the least by what is said about him, or by intrigues, that I often wonder people become so excited over their injuries.

Nothing can be accomplished unless the person remains perfectly calm and indifferent. The first education a person must subject himself to, is to be engrossed in self under all circumstances. To disguise your own thoughts and read those of others; to remain rock, and bend others like reeds; to be indifferent to success and cause others to bring it. If men of genius were unsuccessful where men of mediocre talents succeed, the explanation is found in the one being affected by want of self-control, while the others are calmly indifferent, and hence command their fortunes.

As the softest clay becomes in time the hardest stone, so it is in the power of the most sensitive beings to develop their strength till it exceeds those who at first were their superiors. A man had better do nothing unless he can calmly do the right thing, but he should, to learn this

self-command, allow no opportunity to pass in which it might be exhibited. I admire the elastic equanimity with which some men would take command of a fleet, or volunteer for some office, or offer themselves to any woman. This confident impassiveness is essential to success. There is nothing a man cannot gain if he only keeps cool. Nothing can harm him if he remains buried in his insensibility, and if he feels himself growing angry at an affront, or becoming nervous over some plan, let him be certain he is in the wrong and not yet able to command himself.

*Axiom.*—The eagle calmly sweeps over miles of space with a single effort of its wing, while the tomtit barely can keep itself aloft; so those who wish to excel must learn to grasp the objects that oppose them.

#### AFFECTION.

It is hardly worth while to analyze the qualities which go to produce esteem. Whether we like persons because we pity them, or because they influence us in a remarkable manner, or because we are afraid of them and desire power, or because there is some subtle influence which attracts us, it is useless to speculate upon. It is a mark of weakness to be critical in regard to the affections. Strong natures choose at once and finally. Whether I like you because you are foolish or wise, because you are better or worse than myself, is no consequence; I like you, and that is the end of it. I think affection should be given without care of return. If I like you, what is that to you? and if I don't like you, all your love for me will not influence me to change. Strictly speaking, there can be no unrequited affection. If a person love another it must be returned, or he loves only an ideal in his own mind. If a man love the woman's beauty, or manner, or conversation, he loves not the person, but only the several qualities, and ought to be happy in seeing them, and care nothing for possession. Indeed, the desire for possession betokens a fault in the esteem. As long as a man desires to possess every picture he sees he had better buy none. If he loves every woman he sees, he had better marry none. When he can enjoy art without a wish of ownership, then he can be pleased in limited possessions.

Affection, strictly speaking, is only imagination. It requires a strong mind to be able to treat the sordid human

being with the same feeling of affection that the liberal ideal has awakened; and yet this is the proof of affection, when the ordinary mortal can command the esteem that the ideal should receive.

We can only decide that love is a matter of no consequence; that they who are without it suffer no loss; that it is but a result of certain circumstances, and is always evoked when nature feels the need of it arise. As poets in their youth hate poetry, as ambitious men at first are remarkable for a taste for retirement and are afflicted with an unfortunate shyness, as the women who hate the children of other people are most lavish of gifts on their own, and as to suffer much from poverty will show evidence of an unconquerable aversion to poor people when riches are acquired, so affection seems to come to those minds which seemed naturally closed against it, and to be indifferent to it seems the surest way to attain it, for love soon departs where much anxiety is shown for its continuance. It is childish to complain of want of affection when you feel that personally you have not made yourself all you were capable of being; foolish to complain of want of gratitude when for this gratitude gifts were given in a manner to destroy all esteem; for when you make yourself a ruler of affection, and are independent of gratitude, both must come to your lot.

The reason men are not grateful for continual benefits lies not in their evil natures but in their independence, which is destroyed by gifts which ask no service in return. Men must pay for what they receive, or there is no pleasure in the possession. There is no such thing as giving things. If you love another more than he loves you, the gain is on your side. If you are so happy that it costs you nothing to continually befriend a man, he owes you no gratitude, but the feeling in your heart of a service rendered you at a personal inconvenience to the other produces grateful remembrance.

And with love it is the same. If you are proud of my affection for you, you are not worthy of my love. Only when you claim it as a right, and are neither grateful nor fearful of condescension in returning it, is it fairly returned. Love, it is said, depends upon equality; and it must be so, since we can have no respect for an inferior, though we may aid him from duty; nor can we love one above us, for that would imply that he must forget his position in returning it.

The first great principle, then, is that

affection in itself is of no consequence; to be without it is rather an honour than otherwise, for it implies a superiority; as in the other extreme, to have passion and no affection implies low abilities and attributes. There is the danger; either the man is superior to man or he is a beast.

Duty to parents, duty to wife, duty to children, is better than unequal affection, which may degenerate into wilful neglect. If you feel little affection be certain it is from excess of pride and not passion. But to be calm and above affective sympathies is the highest destiny of man.

#### ÆSTHETIC CULTURE.

To be a poet and with the honour of being one, but without food to eat, good clothes to wear, or a nice house to live in, has always seemed to me an unequal distribution of gifts. If, instead of praising the genius of those who have lived before us, we took it for granted that a certain number of unfortunates would be born in every generation without other talent than taste for art, we could provide suitable means for their maintenance by some law, which would prevent the vanity of those who supported them being hurt by a feeling of inferiority which prevails now. It is asserted that the men of talent who rise in life make a trade of art and are not to be compared to the men of true genius who live ever in poverty and neglect. It is the cause of calmness and indifference against sensitive action. The genius is frightened by actual life and never attains command of it. The man of talent only, by his lack of sensibility, is enabled to rise above it.

By æsthetic culture is generally understood the being able to see in real life its artistic or philosophic essence, and by abstracting the mind from all personal feelings to look upon every act in life as a part of some dramatic whole, of which the man is but a spectator. This calm, contemplative state of mind leads to evils as disastrous as the passionate exertions of the mere man of action to gain worldly success. The former becomes indifferent to exertion as long as pleasant reveries fill his mind, and until his last cent is spent, and he is forced to work for more, he feels as happy as though in the possession of millions. The other is never satisfied, let him be ever so successful, for his desire is in accumulation, and his hope is in excelling all men in possessions. The indifference of a man of sanguine temperament to the future is far different to the state of quiet in



which a phlegmatic person, after having done the best he can, sits down to wait for the result. The one is overwhelmed by failures and becomes gloomy and desponding; the other notices where he failed before and tries to avoid the errors the next time. The first acts from intuition, and if he fails knows not where to lay the blame; the other, acting more from intellect, can retrace his steps, avoiding his former faults.

The study of books tends towards giving broad views of life and inculcating æsthetic influences. To be able to throw off the strain from the mind and turn to other pursuits leads to a happy passing of the time and a certain calmness of spirit. Religion is too cumbersome for every-day use. The quoting of Scripture for every trivial accident causes it to lose its efficacy for more important occasions. As philosophy is not sufficient when weighty sorrows come, so for the

worries of every-day life and the misunderstanding of common occasions, an æsthetic habit of mind rubs off the corners of misfortune and makes even a little trouble agreeable. The writer of essays can, when an accident happens to him, console himself by thinking how pleasantly he could make an article upon his misfortune, and thus remains calm where another would be forced to expend his breath in oaths and imprecations.

But the best things are the most dangerous when wrongly applied, and the cold-heartedness of intellectual men, the tendency of placing everything outside of help from the sympathies, and of looking on every style of writing as but the artful stating of a fact, the allowing the calm of philosophy to engross the mind when human action should ensue, these are misuses of æsthetic culture that should be guarded against.

---

### SONG.

I LOVE the hour when ev'ning flings  
 Its twilight o'er the skies,  
 For then retentive mem'ry brings  
 Thy form before mine eyes.  
 And as I watch the moon's pale rays  
 Shining o'er land and sea,  
 Again the thoughts of other days  
 Come crowding back on me.

And as the stars from their high dome  
 In countless millions shine,  
 To those sweet days again I roam  
 When thou wert only mine.  
 But they have past; the gloaming fades,  
 Our hearts have chang'd since then;  
 Yet in the ev'ning's twilight shades  
 I love those days again.

J. B. R.

---

## TEMPLE TALES.

BY A BACHELOR IN CHAMBERS.

## No. 4.—THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SANDS.

## CHAPTER I.

## LE JEU ET LA CHANDELLE.

"BRIGHTON, by all means," exclaimed D'Arcy St. Leger to me suddenly, one night last year, as we were in the midst of a stormy debate as to how and where we should pass the annual holiday which we were wont to devote to animal and mental relaxation.

I was spending the evening at D'Arcy's chambers in Pall Mall on the night in question, which was towards the end of August, and the sultry heat of the evening had somewhat accelerated our proposed migration from town.

D'Arcy St. Leger is one of the noblest specimens of the *genus homo* I am acquainted with, with the exception of Bob Banke, who is too well aware of his own advantages to blush for anything complimenting him. He stands six feet two, does D'Arcy, and his face and the proportions of his figure are everything that man could wish or painter study. Of a classic Grecian outline, his features could not fail to impress one with admiration, on account of their noble beauty, and two dark orbs which were ever and anon mournful or fiercely flashing, showed all the hidden wealth of soul which lay concealed beneath an impassive exterior, for, to the generality of people, D'Arcy was as cold as marble, and his features as immovable as if chiselled out of the choicest block from Ferrara.

To look at him, you would think him one of those blasé members of the *nil admirari* set of men that are now met with but too frequently amongst us, and not to be aroused by even the most stirring incidents of anything and everything which this round world of ours contains—even the world of London—and that is saying a good deal. His features ever bore, at least to those who did not know him intimately—and I think they were only two in number, his sister and myself—a look of immobility, and the impassiveness with which he stroked his moustache and voted everything a bore, when you got him to indulge in an after-

dinner chat, like the one I now make mention of, was only equalled by the tranquillity with which he drank his claret and slowly puffed at a number two cheroot, of Manilla brand.

On this evening, as he lay back in a Derby chair close to the window of his chambers, which looked on Pall Mall, he seemed a very type of classic repose, and those who knew his history could perhaps account for this listlessness in one so young—for he was hardly eight-and-twenty in years, although he might pass for sixty in experience of the world—ay, even the world of Vanity Fair to which I belong.

At the time he came of age, when he became possessed of a large amount of ready money at his banker's, besides a considerable income and "great expectations" from an old uncle, he was left without a soul of kindred, with the exception of his sister, and the old uncle before mentioned. The consequences may be easily imagined, as he had no home ties to prevent him from indulging in any course of extravagance he pleased. He went with a heavy plunge into fast life; and indeed he had pretty well formed a similar idea beforehand, having a plentiful crop of debts to pay off when he left college. He had ample means, however, to settle these earlier follies, without impoverishing his balance at his banker's in the least, and his first step in the world was to secure a commission in the Guards, which he readily obtained by means of an old friend of his father's, and a cheque on Coutts'. Last year he had obtained the rank of captain and lieutenant-colonel, and his life from the time he joined the regiment until the time I mentioned had been one continued round of that pleasure, as it is termed, which people of *ton* are apt to indulge in during their *vie de garçon*. D'Arcy had been attracted and delighted, disgusted and wearied out, with every mortal mode of spending time and money which is known in London, Paris, and Baden-Baden, and that is again saying a good deal.



Last year, however, he seemed changed a little, and told me that he had quite sown his wild oats, which, by-the-bye, had brought him in a plentiful crop of debts, which again had eaten up all his ready money, and nearly absorbed every fraction of his income. He resolved to give up "life" altogether, and having mortgaged all his estates, found himself left with only just enough money to discharge all the obligations which he had incurred to the suffering and suffering-inflicting children of Israel.

As if in token of approbation of his reformation, his old uncle died a month or two before we met in August, and bequeathed him a property which gave him a clear two thousand a year. So D'Arcy was again set up, and better off in more ways than one than when he attained his majority, as he was now aware of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. One thing only I regretted—that he had learned to despise the fascinations of the fair sex, and vowed that he would never marry—saying, as St. Paul said of men, that all women were liars; or at least, if not so bad, false, fickle, and faithless.

To return, however, to the evening we met in August, from which I have departed so long.

On this evening he was roused somewhat out of his lethargistic mania, and seemed interested, indeed, in our contemplated tour.

"Brighton, by all means, old fellow," he said. "Just think for a moment of sniffing the briny, and meandering amidst the waves of ocean! There's no doubt about it, *mio caro*, Brighton must be our destination!"

"Hang Brighton!" I responded, anxious indeed to get him there, as there was no place I was more inclined to visit this special autumn, and I knew, from old experience, that my opposition would tend to make him adopt that spot far better than my acquiescence.

"Hang Brighton!" I responded. "I vote for the Rhine—the Rhine! Oh, blissful name, associated with every poetic feeling! Why, we have been to George IV.'s glaring old watering-place at least a hundred times already, and every house on the Terrace, every villa on the Esplanade—in fact, every pebble on the beach and grain of sand on the shore—is an old and well-known and well-worn acquaintance. Besides," I continued, "the place, you are well aware, is only full of intriguing girls and battered

match-makers—the heroines of many a campaign against unfortunate bachelors—who, with a posse of rickety old bathing machines, and a very unartistic chain-pier, not to speak of that abominable monstrosity of a pavilion, are the whole part and parcel of the attractions which Brighton can boast of. Hang it! Let us go up the Rhine. Hurrah for Undine and the good Rhine wine!"

"Ha! ha! my worthy chum," responded D'Arcy, chuckling over my enthusiasm; "I know thy little weakness for roulette and rouge-et-noir. The salons of Hamburg and Baden tempt thee to abandon thy native land; but it shall not be thus, if I can help it. Let us decide by Fate, and leave the result to a vulgar, plebeian toss."

"Agreed," I answered. "Toss up, you old humbug. I suppose it will be the old game, eh?—heads I win, tails you lose?"

"No, no!" said D'Arcy. "Fair play's a jewel, as the Irishman says; heads shall mean Brighton, and tails the Rhine."

So saying, he took a sovereign out of his purse, and spun the glittering coin in the air. After revolving several times it fell head upwards on the table, and D'Arcy proclaimed his victory with a shout.

"Hurrah!" he cried, "for Brighton the peerless—that gem of watering-places—that Calypso's isle for us tempest-tost mariners on the ocean of London life. Hurrah for the waves and the beach—the pier and the Downs. There will we recruit our exhausted energies with fresh gusts of balmy air—there will we prepare once more to enter the arena of society with renovated vigour, and take part with zest in what we now only look upon with ennui and disgust. Brighton for ever, old fellow!"

After giving vent to this charming rhapsody, my seldom impressionable friend concluded the controversy by saying—

"We will start the day after tomorrow, Dandy, in order to give you a proper amount of time to get all your innumerable traps prepared for the excursion. So mind and be ready in time, not to keep me waiting, as you usually do."

And here I beg leave to state that D'Arcy was guilty of a most unpardonable calumny with regard to your humble servant, as my punctuality is well known to all of you.

"Yes," said Charley Marterel, our

host, "you were only half-an-hour late for our dinner to-day, so we can't say you are unpunctual."

Dandy made no reply to this home-thrust, but continued his story:—

Well, the evening being pretty well closed by the time we had made our rendezvous and arrangements, I wished D'Arcy "good-night," and left him to his repose, agreeing to meet him at the London Bridge station at a quarter to five o'clock on the day he had arranged.

The next day and the morning fixed for our departure quickly glided over, and along with my traps, which I bundled together only about ten minutes before starting, I made my appearance at the London Bridge station precisely (and I beg to call your attention to the fact, Marterel) at the hour fixed for our meeting. There I first saw Burns, D'Arcy's man, sitting on his luggage, and shortly afterwards D'Arcy himself, walking tranquilly up and down the platform, on the "off" side, and smoking a Manilla. To look at him you would never have dreamt he was going a journey, as he was as tranquil as possible, in his usual "form,"—in fact, if anything, he looked as if it were his general practice to walk up and down that identical railway platform of an afternoon and dissipate a cigar.

"Have a Manilla," he said to me; "you have just time for a dozen whiffs, Dandy, and we may not be able to smoke in the train."

"All right," I responded, and lit up the specimen he handed me, and we spent the quarter of an hour we had to spare, leaving all questions of travelling property and tickets to Burns—that admirable servant, worth his weight in gold—who took care of my luggage also the moment I entered the station.

The moments flew by until just on the stroke of the hour, when we sallied round the platform to take our seats in the five o'clock express.

Burns had already arranged with one of the guards for a *coupe*, and showed us to the door, and we hopped in very comfortably, congratulating ourselves on having the compartment all to ourselves for the journey. The guard closed the door, receiving a friendly nod from D'Arcy, and we settled ourselves on the well-cushioned seats as nicely as possible, not a minute too soon, as a warning whistle sounded on our taking our seats.

How brief, however, is human felicity. *L'homme propose*, &c.; you know the

rest of the proverb. We heard a scurrying on the platform, and looking out, saw the guard bringing two ladies towards the carriages. Every one was apparently full, so he brought them up to ours, and our hopes of a quiet journey and cigars were as clearly dissipated as the fumes of the Manillas we had just been smoking.

In they came, while their luggage, which was immensely voluminous, was hurried off by a porter to the van. The door was closed and locked, the engine gave a screech, a grunt; there was a creaking of wheels, a rumble, one or two agonized pants from the iron horse, and we were off, *en route* for Brighton. Hurrah for the rail!

"And here endeth my first chapter," said Dandy, as he uttered the last word.

## CHAPTER II.

### ROUGE ET NOIR.

OFF went the train, and as soon as we had emerged from the station and were winging our way above oceans of chimneys and through the agreeable perfumes which sweeten the air on the southern side of London, we turned our attention towards our fair fellow-passengers, whom the lighter atmosphere now enabled us more distinctly to perceive.

They were evidently sisters, although as different from each other in type as it would be possible to conceive. She who appeared to be the youngest of the two was a beautiful little blonde, with large, languishing blue eyes and a profusion of golden hair, banded in front, but falling behind her bonnet in three or four long curls which reached to her waist. Her features were irregular, but lent a charm to her face which none but those who are acquainted with her can tell: a little nose seemed perched superciliously above a little rosebud of a mouth, and looked down scornfully at you; and the little mouth itself, with its full red lips, was further adorned with the most regular set of little teeth I had ever seen. The other one, *au contraire*, had dark hair—nearly black—and more regular features, but the eyes, strange to say, were nearly identical, as was the lower part of the face; and the complexion-tint of both were similar.

Both young ladies were dressed alike in light grey silk travelling-dresses and



black lace shawls, and both wore bonnets which struck both D'Arcy and myself by the graceful manner in which they were contrived to steer clear of the extreme of fashion, and yet to look as dainty as possible. They were, also, *bien ganté*—rather a particular point with me, by the way, for ladies to be—and judging by their *petites bottines*, they had the daintiest little feet it had ever been my happy fate to behold. Altogether, they had a certain stamp of breeding and refinement which invested their dress with attractions which many other girls of a class I wot of would have tried in vain to eclipse.

Burns had purchased the second edition of the *Times*, and also (as it was on Wednesday that we started) a copy of *Punch*, and had placed them carefully on our seats in order to enable us to while away a few of the moments of the journey. These D'Arcy, with a bow and smile, offered politely to the young ladies, and *Punch* was accepted with the same *bon-homme* with which it was offered, the more serious organ being “declined with thanks,” as many a young author’s productions are by unsympathizing editors and publishers. The politeness of my friend at once broke the ice between our quartette, and we were soon chatting away *sans cérémonie*, with that freedom which old acquaintanceship at least ought alone to have endowed us with.

Spurgeon and the Guards’ Waltz, Doctor Colenso and Fechter, Cardinal Wiseman and the last new novel, each in turn occupied our attention and became the subject of flippant conversation or lively persiflage.

“And now, young ladies,” observed D'Arcy, after we had completely cut up the last production of a highly-gifted novelist, demolished his plot, sneered at his principal characters, and made fun of his love-scenes—“and now, young ladies, may I be allowed to put the query whether you propose staying in Brighton?”

“Oh dear, yes,” answered “Golden Hair” (as D'Arcy afterwards termed the blonde, in contradistinction to her sister, being ignorant of either of their nomenclature). “Oh dear, yes, we are going to be there three months. Just fancy.”

“Three months!” responded D'Arcy, in horror. “Why, you will be sick of the place in a month, and must afterwards die of sheer ennui.”

“Certainly not, sir,” responded Blue Eyes, in a pretty little dictatorial sort of

manner. “What can you be thinking of, sir? Why, we would not be tired of it if we stopped there a year, much less three months, indeed! Three paltry months! Only about ninety days, or two thousand one hundred and sixty hours, arithmetically speaking. You must be dreadfully ‘fast,’ as you term it, to think we can be so easily *ennuyé* with the country.”

“But you surely don’t call Brighton that, fair voyageress?”

“Don’t we?” said Black Tresses, this time taking up the conversation and keeping up the ball Blue Eyes had set rolling. “Don’t we, indeed? There’s more in Brighton than dreamt of in your philosophy, Herr Horatio.”

“That may be granted,” I put in, bent on keeping up with the other sister, as D'Arcy had already engrossed the attention of one. “But,” I continued, “you surely do not term that second edition of London-transported-to-the-sea-side the country—the Campagna where one can recruit one’s eyesight from the wretched glare of bricks, and the thick air, jostled pavements, and traffic-bewildered streets of Babylon the less, as everybody will persist now-a-days in terming our money-getting, worldly old city of London—peace to its manes, as we are now leaving it far away in the distance.”

“To think that I should live to hear Brighton called the country,” observed D'Arcy, in a most lugubrious tone of voice. “Dandy, open the window, and let me, by throwing myself out, shake off this mortal coil, as Robson used to say, poor old fellow! I have certainly existed long enough in this vale of tears when I hear that dingy old watering-place—eh, Dandy!—described as the country.”

“Never mind what you think,” answered Blue Eyes with the Golden Hair. “At all events, we consider it the country after the wretchedly-confined air of a London suburb.”

“Do you live in the suburbs, then?” was D'Arcy’s next leading question.

“Yes, we do,” answered the piquante donna with the black tresses; “but I think you will be puzzled to guess in which.”

“I don’t know that,” I observed. “What is this peculiar suburb like, eh?”

“Well, I will not be very particular in my description,” she answered, “or else you might find it out.”

“Then, at all events, give only a vague sketch of it, that will suffice,” responded

D'Arcy, bent on discovering their habitat by hook or by crook.

"Well,"—answered the Donna (to give her a special designation in return for her dark locks), while Golden Hair's limpid eyes sparkled with fun at the progress of our flirtation, for I suppose it was nothing else—"well, sir, like other off-shoots from London, it is a nice convenient walk from town; it has a cheerful aspect; it combines the salubrity of the country with the charms of the great methrawpolis—à la *Capitaine Costigan*; and withal it is picturesque in its views, and opulent in its inhabitants. Like other suburbs it is resplendent with bricks and mortar and all that those ingredients of building can do; and gin-palaces and pawnbrokers' shops abound there. It has its High-street and its Paradise-row, its assembly rooms and its dancing academy; its church and its chapel; omnibuses of all kinds, cabs without number, and comforts and conveniences for all."

"Bravo!" said D'Arcy, after our lively friend had wound up her somewhat "fast" description of the locality she inhabited. "Your description is general enough, and I cannot certainly guess its position on the map of London. Horrid places those suburbs are, to be sure!"

"Perhaps so," retorted the precious Blue Eyes, "to a certain set of gentlemen who are always going to parties, or playing billiards and going to clubs, and otherwise turning day into night: to such as these suburban residences may be a bore, as they are so far from the scenes of their 'pleasures,' as they call them; but as to us, we would rather live in those places you depreciate than in the gloomy old shades of London."

"Oh, some suburbs are fashionable, I allow," I put in, bent on priming off the Black-eyed Donna to another little burst of vehemence.

"Fashionable!" she exclaimed; "ours is not a fashionable suburb at all. Our church and our chapel have no highly distinguished pulpit orators, and do not resound with frantic denunciation or Ciceronian declamation. True it is that our assembly rooms are not filled with the *haut ton* or *élite* of the land; that our dancing academy is used for instructing the young of the baker, the cheesemonger, and other base ministering spirits to the wants of the inner-man (as you would superciliously term them); that riff-raff

abound in our streets, and that the aristocracy do not abide with us. But what of that? Is it not a suburb of Babylon the Less, and do not we dwell there? Yea!" she enthusiastically exclaimed, "ours it is, and we prize it; ours it is, and we must celebrate it. Truly it is a very suburb of suburbs—an oasis in the vast desert of London—an arcadia of delight—a thing of beauty and a joy for ever—according to Keats."

"Very much bravo!" I and D'Arcy both exclaimed after this little outburst from our impassioned friend. Our observation was certainly slangy, but was drawn forth by the urgency of the case.

"But how do you manage to exist in your suburb?" asked D'Arcy of Blue Eyes, who evidently coincided fully in her sister's remarks.

"Oh, we get along very well. We seldom suffer from your favourite malady ennui, as something is generally going on to keep up our spirits."

"Many parties, eh?" next put the cross-examiner.

"Y—es, a few; generally one a week."

"Ay! one a week, good heavens!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "And any other means of amusement?" he continued.

"Certainly," answered the fair witness. "We have working parties and district visiting, and lots of other means of occupying our leisure moments. And then we often have amateur concerts, either in aid of some good work—(she said this very demurely)—or simply from *pour passer le temps*."

"And you call that amusement?" inquired D'Arcy, in a tone of curiosity.

"Certainly," she answered naively; "but I can't tell you all we have to charm us in our suburb. Do you remember those lines of Thomson's?—

' But where begin?

How from the diamond single out each ray,  
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand  
hues

Effuse one dazzling undivided light.'

They exactly express what I mean; our delights are so many that I cannot single them out, so you must fill up the picture by the aid of your, no doubt, vivid imagination."

"Where are we now?" suddenly exclaimed her black-eyed sister.

"Well, we have just passed Hassocks-gate station," responded D'Arcy, "and we will be soon now at your country seat, Brighton."



"Soon there!" she answered, "why, we have a long distance to travel yet to Hayward's Heath, and then we have that horrid Clayton Tunnel; in fact, a very long way to travel before we will be there. Oh, how I long to see the sea once more!"

"Do you, indeed!" said D'Arcy, addressing himself principally to Golden Hair, however. "Well, I confess although I don't term Brighton exactly the country, I am glad to exchange it for the shady side of Pall Mall; and I am an old friend of Father Neptune, so will be glad to see his face again."

"Have you ever been on the sea? I mean for any length of time—a voyage?" inquired Golden Hair, as I cannot help terming my friend's blue-eyed enchantress.

"Yes, rather," answered D'Arcy; "I have crossed the Atlantic twice, *en route* to and from Canada, and I had a long spin up the Mediterranean and Black Sea when I went to the Crimea."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Golden Hair, "why, you are quite a traveller, I declare, been to the New World, and the furthest extreme of the Old; while I have only a slight acquaintance with Paris, and the ruined castles of the Rhine. How I love the Rhine! Don't you?" she inquired.

"Well, I pretty well know every nook and cranny in its coast line," he answered, "for I have 'done' it about a dozen times. At first I was very enthusiastic about it, but now it seems to me but very common-place, and I am as *blasé* of it as of nearly everything else."

"Fie!" she exclaimed, "you should not talk in that manner of being *blasé* of such scenery. I hate to hear people talk like that."

She had hardly made the last remark, when a sudden shock threw me on the floor of the carriage. The compartment in which we were in seemed to rock to and fro like a drunken thing, and then to surge up like a wave of the sea. One crash came and I seemed to lose my senses.

When I recovered myself I found that D'Arcy and myself were stretched on the side of the railway, and Burns (D'Arcy's valet) was by our side. D'Arcy seemed as much *in nubibus* as myself, but we were both fortunately unhurt. We looked about us. There was a carriage lying on the rails detached from its wheels and with the roof closed in.

"That was your carriage, sir," said Burns, seeing my attention directed towards it."

"And the ladies!" cried out D'Arcy and myself simultaneously, "are they safe?"

"What ladies, sir?" answered Burns.

"Why the ladies that rode with us, to be sure, blockhead!" said D'Arcy.

"I haven't seen no ladies, sir," answered Burns. "When I got out I saw you and Mr. Lee, sir, a-lying on the rails by the side of that crumpled up bonnet-box of a carriage, and I picked you up with the aid of a porter, and brought you here. Are you much hurt, sir?" he inquired.

And this made us look to ourselves. We were both fortunately unhurt, with the exception of a slight blow on the temple, which D'Arcy had received across an old wound which had most likely caused him to lose his consciousness; and I was as right as possible. Why I had fainted I cannot conceive.

"But the ladies!" peremptorily urged D'Arcy and myself to Burns and a guard who came up at the moment.

"Perhaps they have gone on all right, sir," said the latter personage. "I saw some people changed into another carriage shortly after the shock, and the train is gone on; at all events, sir," he continued, "there was no one else hurt but yourselves, sir, thank God; and there is an engine ready to take you on as soon as you can start."

"Well, I do wonder how they escaped," said D'Arcy, as we got up and walked to a carriage which was attached to an engine a little further down the line.

"How could they possibly have escaped!" I quite sympathized in his astonishment, and took my seat along with him in a new vehicle; Burns coming along with us. It seemed devilish strange, quite like a myth to both of us, for Burns evidently did not believe that there had been any one else in the carriage along with us. The engine at once started along with us on our interrupted journey, and we were soon placed down at the Brighton terminus. And here endeth my second chapter. Quite a sensational finish, I declare!" said Dandy Lee, as he paused a moment in his story, which will be concluded in our next number.

## IRISH GRIEVANCES.

WE have lately been reading a book, written by Mr. J. T. Gilbert, a well-known Irish scholar, archivist, and antiquarian, entitled "The History of the Viceroy's of Ireland, with notices of the Castle of Dublin and its chief occupants in former times," and we approve of Mr. Gilbert's studies for more reasons than one. In the first place, his work deals in a very minute and masterly way with a difficult subject; and, secondly, the moderation of its views and its prudent abstinence from the inflated verbiage which we have often been furnished with instead of facts, give to its general character a sober-minded, historical hue, which, in such details, is invaluable. From the deductions gleaned from it, moreover, we at once adduce, that from the time of our second Henry the history of Ireland is that of a conquered people, disposed to resist yet compelled to submit; rendered still fiercer and more untractable by the cruel exactions to which they were exposed by their purely Norman assailants; smarting under both injury and insult; cajoled at one time, persecuted at another; now flying for their lives into impenetrable fastnesses, and anon petted and fêted, so long as they could be made useful to the unprincipled adventurers sent to rule over them, or as they could be made the instruments of avarice or revenge, but at no time placed in fair or favourable communion with the great body of the English people, whose sense of justice might have interposed between the unconscientious marauders, whose business and policy it was to libel in order to destroy, and the gallant struggles of a spirited people, who, even in a political sense, it would have been wisdom to conciliate.

For many centuries, therefore, the history of Ireland is a dismal drama, in the participation of which, we, of a civilized age, are thoroughly ashamed; but, bad and cruel as it was under the reign of the Henrys, Edwards, Jameses, and Elizabeths, the new confiscation and "settlement" under Cromwell and his followers became tenfold more intolerable, since not only "the mere Irish," but "the English of the Pale," were involved in the wholesale confiscation and slaughter which ensued. The religion of peace was

made the pretext of "war to the knife;" men who would not consent to sell their country or their souls were treated as "rebels and rapparees," and he who had no such scruples of conscience to contend with became a prosperous and loyal man. The absurd but bloody system of "Penal Laws" followed in process of time, in order to "root out popery" by fire and sword, by starvation and persecution; but the Irish people were found to be both impulsive and obstinate; grateful for benefits conferred, but revengeful of injuries received; determined to cling to popes who had excommunicated them, and to kings who had founded on their excommunication a pretext of right to possession; but in all things actuated by a national feeling of wrong, of which, until our own era, no man can deny they had ample right to complain.

Although it cannot actually be said that common-sense and right policy ushered in our nineteenth century, so far as regards Ireland, still the premonitory symptoms of amelioration were not wanting. Item by item, the worst features of the Penal Laws were abolished. Liberal English statesmen grew heartily ashamed of coercive legislation which had proved so wholly inoperative; and by placing broadly and plainly the grievances of Ireland, in all their magnitude, before the English people, almost insured their redress. Encouraged by this sympathy in their favour, the Irish themselves waxed bolder and bolder; small successes encouraged them to greater efforts, until at length, affiliating as one man for the struggle, and under competent leadership, they seconded the attempts made to relieve them, and finally compelled the small segment of the English people who were unwisely opposed to their just claims to succumb. Under the new dispensation, they were admitted to the rights of citizenship, which for ages they had never enjoyed; their limbs and minds were equally enfranchised; they were received, in a great degree, into the brotherhood of freemen; and, to give their new governmental advocates full credit for good intent, it is known they would willingly have struck from their limbs the very last links of the fetter that disgraced both,



were it not that the miserable policy of a powerful but unwise minority interposed, who having been beaten on great things condescended to small, and in some degree marred the effect of a great conciliatory measure by insisting on the introduction of puerilities of which Englishmen of all ranks are now heartily ashamed.

With emancipation commenced a new era for Ireland, had she chosen to receive it in the same spirit in which it was granted; but this she was not allowed to do. At that time her destinies were swayed by a remarkable man, whose power over his countrymen was omnipotent, and who forgot in his moment of triumph that in the recent struggle the best intellect of England, as well as of Ireland, was on his side. Drunk with success, and inflated with the popular acclaim, he fancied that there was no limit to his power, and that new designs, still more important in their consequences than emancipation, might be entered upon under his guidance, and brought to as prosperous a consummation as before. But in this he went too far. England, emancipated from the thralldom of a narrow prejudice and unchristian-like views, in the extinction of which all of her wisest, and purest, and best concurred, was one thing; but England coerced into a separation of legislatures, of interests, and consequently of position, was quite another. The Irish had parted with their parliament, and, whether for good or ill, England was determined that the union should remain intact. Irish interests, under the new régime, were not uncared for or unrepresented in either Lords or Commons; and with *one hundred and five representatives* in the more popular branch, it was felt that, according to the ability, integrity, and industry of so respectable a segment, the business of Ireland ought to be done, and well done too. It was not a question of colonial legislatures at all; had it been so, England would as soon have given the power of self-government to Ireland as to Canada, to Australia, or elsewhere; but the fixed idea seems to have been to "UNITE," not legislatures, but peoples, and out of the junction of the "Shamrock, the Rose, and the Thistle" to consolidate an empire against which waves, winds, and all other opposing elements might beat in vain. Emancipation was only the prelude to any rational concessions that might be demanded and would certainly have been made; and the car-

dinal errors of the Irish leaders of that day seem to have been, to have asked for "impossibilities" in order that "probabilities," in a round-about way, might be reached. Even from the first, the most sagacious and talented popular Irish advocates in a former agitation saw this and receded, and one man, to whose memory Roman Catholic Ireland owes a debt of gratitude which it never paid to himself, termed the question of Repeal "a splendid phantom," and was vilified for the inconvenient phrase even by those who had previously profited by his brilliant services, and who had never contributed as much as "a claret-jug" (such was his own asseveration) to reward him for exertions which shed a halo about the cause he was heart and soul engaged in, and had given an air of grace, finish, and elegance to the former popular movement, which might have been otherwise looked for in vain.

The endeavour to grasp at this "splendid phantom" misled the Irish people for years, and finally eventuated in an abortive attempt at rebellion, which might have been mischievous, but, as fortune would have it, became only ridiculous. Some of the actors in these absurdities were prosecuted to conviction and banished; others escaped by flight; and more than one of them, having recovered from their preposterous hallucination, have since then, in various parts of the British Empire, assisted the Government of England by their talents, and secured their own prosperity by a participation in the profits which industry, prudence, and ability are always sure, one time or other, to command. But, in the meantime, the *real* wants of Ireland were postponed and its best interests all but forgotten. It is true that, now and again, "grievances" were talked of as a sort of make-weight, particularly in electioneering times, but no matter how urgent the pressure of these might seem, and however essential men of common-sense might conceive their settlement to be for the good of all, still but one mode of redress was ever thought of, but one period fixed for their extinction, during this period of infatuation, by the ill-judging men who drained the pockets of their disciples, and sought by enormous exhibitions of "physical force," the items composing which were supposed to be actuated by purely "moral principle," to establish themselves on an elevation, up to which it was somewhat idly hoped that the English Parliament

and people would be compelled to look, and thereby be obliged to rescind the policy which they had over and over again declared their determination, at every hazard, to maintain. At length, however, the bubble burst, as all men of experience knew it would; the juggling delusion of dovetailing physical force and moral principle neatly together proved in the long run altogether too slow a method of procedure for the more ardent spirits of the movement, who fancied that to congregate thousands of idle but unarmed men together, whether on the "Hill of Tara" or the "Plains of Clontarf" (classical as such places might be), at the will of leaders who came to talk and not to act, was a sort of proceeding much more likely to cause derision than to procure submission or to conciliate respect. Those enthusiasts, therefore, took to carnal weapons instead of oral ones, and the consequence was, that "a revolution, commencing in a newspaper-office and ending in a kitchen-garden" (as has been coarsely but humorously said), ensued; and although "Irish brigades" were embodied and "Irish regimentals" (green and gold, of course,) purchased and tried on, still the majority of the combatants were only great "on paper," and very wisely went back to their counters, offices, studies and shop-boards when the crisis had passed, and when a few of the more foolhardy leaders had been "picked up by the police."

But with the "Revolution," thus foolishly entered upon and hastily abandoned, all evil consequences did not end, nor have they yet ceased. Emancipation, although somewhat tardily rendered, and clogged by some childish drawbacks, still placed in the hands of the Irish people an unaccustomed power, which was available for a giant's force, had they chosen to avail themselves of it. Every portal of the constitution was open to them, but they sought a new one for themselves, in the establishment of which the whole building might have toppled to the ground. Ireland was to be "Independent"—totally independent of any other earthly power; she was "to sway her own destinies" for the future, while England was to become a sort of protectorate or means of defence, and to enjoy the glory of doubtful conservation and the inconvenience of certain expense.

To use a sporting phrase, this "did not suit the book" of England, nor, to say the truth, did it suit the book of the

more reasonable and thoughtful portion of the Irish people either. Ministry after ministry, cabinet after cabinet lent an attentive and indulgent ear to the outcries raised against the permanence of "Irish grievances," and would have willingly redressed them, had but a right and reasonable way been pointed out. But here lay the difficulty—then and now vexed questions arose, and still remain to be settled, which Irish representatives growl and quarrel over, with all the animosity of personal opponents, and with a perseverance and amount of bitterness of feeling which none but political opponents care to exhibit, or would almost dare to own. But, in the meantime, the nation is at a standstill, and England has learned a lesson from experience, and awaits to witness the origination of something like a moderate and comprehensive system for the redress of grievances and shortcomings by the persons most interested in procuring them, before she will again embroil herself at the risk of being blamed by everybody and thanked by nobody. It is idle to say that Ireland (up to this, at least) has ever been properly represented in the British Parliament; but this is not the fault of English governments, but of Irish constituencies, who have but too often chosen to put the wrong man in the right place, and selected as their representatives champions of headlong passions and turbulent natures, who will gulp down any "pledge" at the hustings, and either persist in keeping it to the manifest impatience of all sober-minded men, or, with an amount of inconsistency, which, out of Ireland, would never be tolerated, repent of the "pledges" solemnly, though perhaps inconsiderately given, and, finally (for a "*consideration*," as old Trapbois has it), enlist under the banners of the government which they were pledged to oppose. Thus it is that, for all really practical purposes, the Irish representation in the House of Commons is comparatively valueless and inoperative, since with "its century of members," they hang far too loosely together ever to be of active utility, while their notorious want of unanimity produces a palpable feebleness, which is so apparent as to make them formidable only to their friends. No doubt there are a few men among them capable of better things, and who, if fairly and honestly seconded, might form "an Irish Party," not for the purpose of coercing a government,



or bartering their own votes, whether for prospective patronage or direct advantage, but in order to band and take counsel together, and by temperate statements and the preparation of rational measures, become in reality an aggregate which England could respect and Ireland profit by. But, as it has been, we have as yet witnessed nothing of the sort; and it is therefore simply ridiculous to aver that Irish wants and interests are unattended to in the British Parliament, when the Irish people enjoy the uncurbed privilege of sending thither, as their representatives, a large body of educated gentlemen, amply sufficient to insure the perfect ventilation of their wishes, and with power, quite as ample, to turn the scale in their own favour, should their just wants be unattended to.

Nor does it seem to us that these same so-called "grievances" are at all so hideous in their magnitude as not to admit of favourable adjustment, if their settlement were only entered upon in a right spirit and an equitable way. The "landlord and tenant" question is the principal one, and is, no doubt, of paramount importance; indeed, it may fairly be considered in the light of an imperial one, since the well-being of more countries than one is involved in its proper solution, and it appears hopeless to expect that under the present system of land-tenure and management, anything but heart-burnings and discontent can exist, or that men will remain in-dwellers in a country where their industry is bound down by rules and regulations, which fetter and circumscribe it every inch it takes. Land in Ireland is dealt with after a fashion which no other sort of property is required to submit to, or would yield to if it were. The usages adopted towards it are little else or better than the *débris* of an absurd feudal system, hardly another vestige of which has been allowed to remain;—it bears absurdity and national decay on the face of it, and almost presupposes that "fools and farmers" belong to the same class. This may seem to be an extreme view, until we come to examine it minutely, and then we are compelled to admit its truth and coherency. Generally speaking, Irish proprietors are indisposed to give leases to their tenants, and prefer the system called "tenant-at-will." Now let us for a moment consider what this same "tenant-at-will" really means. Is it conservative to the landlord? We doubt

it. Is it likely, in popular language, "to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before?" We doubt that also. Does it increase the kindly feeling between the two classes mutually dependent on each other, and whose "union" is the best strength that any country can possess? Still graver doubts, founded on every-day experience, beset us than before. And, to sum up all, can an agricultural people—*purely* agricultural, observe—be supposed to have a thorough, inbred, wholesome loyalty for laws and institutions, which, so far from giving perfect security to the industrious and careful man, give the very reverse, by offering to a needy, avaricious, or revengeful superior, a direct temptation *not* to do to his neighbour as he would like his neighbour to do to him, but to fasten on the property which hard labour has made, and, at his convenience, to make a profitable market of the earnings, which, if justice be justice, certainly ought to belong to another.

"Tenant-at-will," if it mean anything, means this. I have five hundred acres of land which I do not choose to cultivate myself, or to keep in my own hands. I sublet it—that is, I portion it out, and, according to its quality, I demand a higher or a lower rent for portions of it. So far so well. But it is not my convenience to do as English landowners do; I could not afford it. My capital is required elsewhere, and I employ it otherwise than in building houses and offices, in drainage and sub-soiling, and in the various preparations that every given acre of land necessarily requires before it can reasonably repay either the man who owns or the man who works it. I can only afford to give into the hands of my tenant a sort of *caput mortuum*, which out of *his own earnings* he is expected to make better—to turn into teeming fertility and certain advantage to all. And more than this, I expect from my foolish bargainers (such is the result of "competition") as high a rent as an English landlord would demand, who places at the disposal of his tenant what I may fairly term "a fully-furnished farm," on which his capital may be at once available with a positive certainty of repayment for his outlay. To be sure, one might expect that all this could be done, and honestly done, too. But in what way? Let any common-sense man of the world ask himself the question, and I undertake to say that his answer

will be prompt and *commercially* satisfactory. Remember that sometimes everything, and, generally speaking, a great deal, will have to be done with this piece of ground before it can be got into good working order. My bargain with my tenant is, that he shall pay me yearly from one pound sterling to double that sum an acre for the liberty of working it. This process is expensive, and it cannot be brought up to its utmost fertility, without *sinking in the soil* a considerable sum of money in "improvements," as they are called, which are also "necessaries" as well. This, however, is not a matter to be done in a day, and years pass by; the man is willing and anxious to undertake it, on condition that he can do it with safety to himself, and on condition, also, that the amount of positive improvement he makes shall, in some way or other, revert to himself, or his family, but certainly *not* to the individual who had neither hand nor part in earning it. But, as the law stands at present, where is his security? In a recent trial, we saw how frail the reed of "tenancy-at-will" proved (or, rather, was intended to prove, and *would* have proved, had it not been determined by twelve common-sense men) to the farmer who was fool enough to trust to it; and even although it may be admitted, for the sake of argument, that the majority of landowners are men of honour and principle, and that honest and industrious men are perfectly safe in their hands, still, it is a direct temptation to injustice or oppression on one hand, and as direct a cause of doubt and suspicion on the other, as could possibly arise between men of different grades, or of any grade, to loosen every graceful or healthful bond of communion, and to create between them a spirit of dissatisfaction, out of which nothing but discord and never-ending clashing of feelings and interests can spring.

And what is the necessity for all this? No man seems to be able to answer this very plain question. If a wealthy man possesses half a dozen or half a hundred of houses, he will be delighted to let every one of them to solvent tenants, *on long leases*, and, what is more, he will contract either to keep them in proper repair himself, or to make such abatement, in rent or otherwise, to his tenant, as will prove an equivalent; if the tenant be "an improving one," so much the better for himself, and for his landlord

also. The tenant may sub-let his house to another, and make profit of it by the reception of "a profit rent" from the person to whom he lets, while the landlord is always secure, inasmuch as the *improvements* remain, and he can proceed against *the house* if his rent be not duly paid, and against the property in it at all times. House-owners see the convenience of all this, and rather press leases on their tenants than otherwise. Of course they do, and reason good they should. But the owner of land proceeds in a different way. He *may* consent to a short lease—one of sixteen or twenty years, which for all positive purposes is valueless—but his gorge rises at the idea of giving one for fifty or sixty years, and thereby encourage the tenant to give a somewhat larger rent, and induce him to sink every shilling he earns in the soil, rather than vest it in banks or railroad shares, because he can thereby secure an additional profit in his own way, and because he knows that, even if he should feel disposed to move elsewhere, he can receive from the incoming man the value of his improvements, with the certainty that the owner of the soil can lose nothing by the transaction, since if the present occupier should fail, still the *improvements remain*, and will bring a larger rent than before. To call this "confiscation" is rank nonsense, or worse; and to expect that "tenants-at-will" can be either contented or comfortable is to expect that Damocles must have gone to sleep with an easy mind while the sword, suspended by a single hair (which the landlord's will may not inaptly represent) loomed significantly above his head. Why should not one species of property be subject to the same wise regulations to which any other species of property is delighted to submit, for the benefit of all? And why should Irish landlords (not the most prudent class in the community) refuse to bind themselves by covenants and agreements, which, in an agricultural sense, have made England bloom like a paradise, and have made her tenantry the most loyal, contented, and prosperous class in the country which has so many other blessings to be thankful for? It may be vanity that opposes this—the vanity that loves servility and chooses to see serfs rather than freemen around it; or it may be a bad ambition—the ambition to coerce the consciences of poor men, because they *are* poor; or it may



be the remnant of that old spirit of feudal ascendancy which has made Ireland "the difficulty" of England, and will continue to do so as long as it is submitted to; or it may be an infelicitous combination of all these evil influences (as it is most likely) mingled together, like the "hell-broth" in the witches' caldron of "Macbeth," and which, while altogether inoperative for good, are certain to spread both a moral and a material pestilence so far as it can reach. That Ireland has "capabilities" is admitted on all hands; that her population is a hardy, industrious, and, under favourable circumstances, an amicable one, is (taking the *data* from any country but their own) quite as susceptible of proof; why should we Englishmen then suffer them to rush from our shores, actuated by an evil spirit which we have done nothing to deserve, and to take refuge in a country which, one time or other, may be opposed to us, when by a dash of the imperial pen we can keep them at home—or, in their military ardour, send them to second their own Ponsonbys, Goughs, and Wellingtons, in order to perpetuate the fame of that glorious "*tria juncta in uno*," which has made the records of England imperishable in the annals of time? Ireland has given us some disquietude, but she has aided us in our struggles and battles, and, for all that is past, is well inclined to do so again; she has been faithful to bad governors, and worse kings; her fate is now linked to ours; her interests are ours; she cannot greatly suffer without our suffering with her; and, in the name of that Providence which governs the destiny of nations, why should we not act as Englishmen and not as partizans, and *insist* on the settlement of a vital question, easy of adjustment, and the settlement of which must redound to the profit and well-being of all?

There is a second question to be considered, which hangs like a thunder-cloud over us, and which will be brought prominently before Parliament, by-and-by. In England there is no such thing as "a Church of the minority;" in point of fact, it could not be, while in Ireland it is a practical fact, and is treated as a matter that includes disloyalty and disaffection even to complain of. But is it this—for the question resolves itself into that? No man likes to pay taxes of any kind if he can help it; and the only thing that reconciles our disbursements

is the feeling that, in one shape or other, we get value for it. So we do. We may quarrel with Mr. Gladstone and his "budget," but when his collection is made, we all feel that he gives us value for our money, and that if he calls on our pockets he, at the same time, affords us an equivalent, and secures to us, as our money's worth, that amount of protection and service which so liberal an outlay undoubtedly deserves. But the Protestant Church in Ireland does nothing of all this. Look at it in any way you will, it must be confessed that it has signally failed in everything it ever undertook. The latest census of Ireland shows the following results:—The general population numbered 5,764,543; of this the Roman Catholics were 4,490,583; dissenters of various denominations, 1,265,224; while those belonging to the Established Church numbered exactly 678,661—that is, in round numbers, about one-half the dissenters, and about one-seventh of the Catholics, while, in equally round numbers (for we hate fractions), the total amount of tithe rent charge (alone) payable to Ecclesiastical persons, bishops, deans, chapters, incumbents of benefices, and the ecclesiastical commissioners, is £401,114. It is not for us, in a short paper, to dip deeply into this recondite subject, or to ask what amount of work is given for this enormous impost; we look at the political and not the moral or theological aspect of the case, and we see in it that, as "a missionary Church," the Established Church has been a dead failure, or next to it, that dissent has overtopped it by hundreds of thousands, and that Popery still holds up its head, and scorns to succumb. It is not the spiritual but the temporal view we are called to think of or to review; looked at in the former light, we think that the Irish are wrong, and that the light of the Gospel is clearly on our side; therefore it is that, in our favoured England, we willingly pay for "labour done," and all our anxiety is to see that the labour *is* done, no matter what may be the price. But in Ireland, unfortunately, this state of things does not exist. There are hundreds of parishes in which not a single Protestant is to be found; and hundreds of others in which they are merely nominal. But the Catholic population and the dissenting one have to pay all the same. "Tithes" have changed their title, but, in one shape or other, they must still be paid; the landlord may

take on himself the impost, but if he do, the rent of the tenant is all the heavier; the dissenting churches in Ireland are "voluntary ones; so is that of the Catholics; and in a poor nation, struggling with fortune, it is felt to be an undoubted "grievance," not alone to pay for services you do not call for or require, but to contribute to the sustainment of an establishment which so far from sympathizing with those out of whose pockets the income of its clerical members is accustomed to come, have also to bear the brunt of a controversial opposition which consigns them to an eternity of punishment, unless their faith runs in a particular groove, and no other. It is very true that in Ireland the Protestant clergy have latterly been given a different mission to pursue—or at least their advocates, in and out of parliament, have mapped it out for them. It has been alleged that in every parish the clergyman forms a *nucleus*, around which gentility might assemble, and from which polite civilization might emanate. In the main, there can be no possible doubt that this argument is both true and weak. A clergyman, whatever his grade may be, is a "gentleman" by profession, education, and position; it depends altogether on himself whether he lowers his *status* or elevates it; but, at the same time, it must always be remembered that the Irish call themselves "a nation of gentlemen," and that it is hardly wise or prudent to present to them a certain "model," by which they must regulate their conduct, or the general *savoir faire* *ou vivre* of their ordinary life. Neither is it quite fair to cast upon any body of men such an unprofessional burthen as this. A long-descended Milesian, proud of his birth and bearing, might well hesitate to "take lessons in demeanour" from what he would possibly be disposed to consider an unorthodox source, although, if he were in sickness or sorrow, the man who had pleased him in the pulpit or at the reading-desk would be anxiously looked for and willingly received in the sick-room. But the mere conventionalities of existence should be kept apart from this; men reared in the closet cannot always be adepts in the manners of the court; the archbishop of to-day may have been the tutor of ten years ago, and the farmer or shopkeeper's son of thirty; no one looks to him for the graces of polished life; no one expects that on entering a drawing-room

we are to stereotype his smile or his bow for our own after use as a guide; it is to his life and general course of action we are to look, and not to the elaboration of his manners; and therefore it is, that on placing him on a false pedestal, his Irish admirers insist on too much, and have gone too far, and, by unnecessarily instituting comparisons, possibly originated as unnecessary a distaste.

That in the forthcoming sessions of the new Parliament the Established Church in Ireland will be exposed to assault, is a question beyond doubt; that it has its weak as well as its strong points, everyone must allow. No human institution is perfect, or ever will be so. As a body, the clergymen of the Established Church in Ireland are impeccable and unimpeachable; but they are in a false position; they are willing to work, but have nothing to do; they are driven to stimulants and irritants in order to produce a "sensation;" they reap without sowing; the dissenter tells them to their teeth that they are "false teachers" and doctrinaires; the Catholic crosses his breast and sprinkles "holy water" on his forehead as he passes him by; they are driven into ungracious modes and combinations to make up a show of progress, which melts at the first touch of reality; they meet, and speak, and distribute collections (a great deal of which comes out of English pockets), and in every way they evince a spirit of industry and religious zeal, which, as a matter of course, must have wrought a world of good had it less intractable materials to operate upon, or had it only "a fair field and no favour" on which to act.

It is clear from all this that the Irish branch of the Established Church is rather an incumbrance than a help to the progress of "law and order" in Ireland; and, at all events, that some modification is required which will better assimilate with the spirit of the time. England cannot afford to be taunted with the perpetuation of a "difficulty" which is perennial—upon which Irishmen look as a relic of that fatal ascendancy which has worked evil in so many ways, and which must be extinguished, even to the last fibre, before the "Act of Union" can hope to do all that was expected of it, and which, under happier auspices, it was so well calculated to effect.

There is a third brand of discord flinging its insidious sparks abroad, which our new batch of legislators will



be expected to grapple with, and to extinguish if they can. The question of EDUCATION, denominational or otherwise, is too serious and important a one to be more than hinted at here. That the "National system," however, has done well, and would have done better had it not been tampered with and twisted in many unforeseen ways, cannot be denied. We hope, therefore, that in its present form it will never be given up, no matter who may desire it, or what force or forces may be marshalled against it. It is the idlest of accusations to aver that it meddles with the religious functions of anyone; it never was intended to do any such thing, nor does it; and, when

brought to the test, its most virulent and vehement accusers have always failed in their proof. But the fault to be found with it by its opponents is that it has not reared up a nation of bigots instead of Christians, and that its teachings go to make men fitted for the business of life without making them, at the same time spiritual sycophants without a shadow of free will to enable them to burst the bonds which fetter them, or to think, even in mundane matters, for themselves. This would be by no means a desirable consummation, and we hope that the wisdom of Parliament will "let well alone."

G.

### THE MINNESOTA RANGERS.

MINNESOTA River! stream of nature's perfection! How gorgeous is the picture formed by thy presence! How vivid and fascinating is thy beauty! How the rural lovers flock to thy banks, tired and wearied of the bustle and turbulence of city life, and endeavour to find pleasure and happiness in the vista of thy rippling waters and splendid scenery combined! Nor do they try in vain; thousands are enraptured by the exquisite beauty which surrounds the river, and many, disgusted by the vast comparison between the unsurpassable perfection of the charming scenery on this river, and the dull, rattling, crowded city, have abandoned the latter, and hastened to the vicinity of the Minnesota River, there to dwell the rest of their days.

Yes, the scenery bordering the river is picturesque and sublime. There, upon its banks and for miles away, nature is displayed in all its glory. Many flatter the scenery of Europe, in Italy especially, but nothing can attempt to compare with Minnesota, in the glory of picturesqueness and perfection of nature. In many parts, where the river is not so wide, the graceful branches and umbrageous foliage of the bordering trees stretch over the stream and unite half way, forming arches and arbours truly magnificent.

Upon the right shore of the river, some fifty miles or more from the junction of that stream and the Mississippi, was a

small settlement. This was years ago. The inhabitants of this little hamlet were chiefly hunters and trappers, together with their wives and children.

We mention the settlement as being small, but it was not so small as to be deprived of the natural convenience that every other village invariably contains. No; it was not void of any such advantages. It contained a well-built school-house, a church, and several public-houses.

The hunters and trappers, numbering twenty-five or thirty, had formed themselves into a sort of company or brotherhood, known as the "Minnesota Rangers." They had taken their name from the sparkling river on whose shores they generally remained, in order to protect their beautiful village from the ravages of the inhuman and bloodthirsty Sioux, who frequently roamed in bands along the river, often plundering some little cabin that stood alone, and afterwards burning it, having previously murdered the male inmates. Should there have been any females, they would abduct them into lasting servitude. These outrages had been practised so long that one day the hunters and trappers of the above referred to settlement had a meeting in one of their principal houses, and unanimously protested against farther allowance of any such barbarous incursions. And then, the same day, in the presence

of all the people, the company of the "Minnesota Rangers" was organized.

Ever since the day of their party formation the Rangers had practised many noble acts. More than once some fair maiden had been captured during the night by the Sioux; but with the united efforts of the Rangers the helpless ones were returned to their homes.

They never received the least pay for their kind and efficient service, though they had often been offered a large reward. But, on the contrary, they seemed to take an ardent delight in getting into a "muss" with the savages. They were a bold, daring set of men, and in every fight with their painted foes they were always the victors. As there was a Sioux village but three miles above the settlement, these fights were of frequent occurrence.

Among the young maidens of the settlement was one of great beauty. She was, indeed, very lovely, and possessed the love and admiration of all the others. In fact, she was the belle of the village, perfect in every respect; kind, loving, and affectionate, and mild in disposition. More than one of the young men had sought her hand in marriage, but all had been refused. Many supposed she would remain single the whole of her life: but when they would ask her that question she always replied in a laughing manner, "Ah, no! I remain single? never!" and then she would toss her pretty head in a coquettish manner, and laugh out in a clear, sweet tone, as if the very question was the greatest piece of fun in the world.

For some time past a handsome young member of the Minnesota Rangers had been paying his attentions to her. He, like every other young man of the settlement, seemed half smitten with her faultless appearance, but as yet he had not been courageous enough to ask her hand in the sacred bond of Hymen. But from appearances it was probable he would do so soon.

But where were the Rangers at the time to which our story refers? They were not at the settlement—no, no one was there except the females and a few guards to protect them from any sudden and unprovoked attack by the Sioux. But the Rangers were not there. No: they were out upon a scouring expedition. They had been out all the morning and part of the afternoon, but as twilight encompassed the earth they re-

turned, having in the course of the day dispersed three bands of savages, just as they were about to spring upon a small cabin about two miles above the settlement. In all the fights they had not lost a single man, although three were slightly wounded. They returned in high spirits, bringing with them several trophies, such as knives, tomahawks, &c.

Night was coming on. Just as twilight had obtained full sway Harry Florence, a young Ranger, and the particular friend of Mary Derwent, the young belle of the settlement, came rushing half frantically through the main road, reporting the startling intelligence that Mary was missing from the settlement. A cry of horror burst from every lip. The news spread with amazing rapidity, and with great promptness the Rangers assembled together.

"Where was the gal last seen?" asked a good-natured fellow, greatly excited.

"She was strolling near yonder hill," frantically answered the grieved mother, rushing to the spot. "An Indian has seized her, beyond doubt."

"Me seed Injun," exclaimed a little fellow of six summers.

"Where?" asked a dozen voices.

"Up on hill," replied the little fellow.

"How long ago?"

"One—two—free—ten hours ago!" answered the boy, with a sober face as long as a giant's arm.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed a Ranger; "two, three, ten hours! Definite, ain't it? But, little one, you are excusable. Never mind. It is sufficient to know that a Sioux imp was seen on the hill. So come, boys; get your barkers and slashers, and we'll set off at once. I know what direction the Injun took; he's gone to the village three miles above; howsumever, we'll nab him, and settle up!"

Twenty splendid horses were soon saddled, and as soon mounted by the same number of heavily armed men. Without hesitation they struck off in the direction of the Sioux village, with the greatly excited Harry Florence in the advance.

The night had fairly set in, and a lovelier one is not often seen. The moon was bright and resplendent, casting her silvery rays down upon the vast expanse beneath her luminous eye; and all nature, beautiful as it was, seemed awed into stillness, save the sound of the departing



Rangers. In fact, it was as light as day. And as the Rangers rode on the echo of the galloping horses was audible; but as they became more and more distant the sounds grew fainter, till finally all was still and peaceful.

It was past midnight when the Minnesota Rangers arrived at the Indian village, which was situated in a sort of valley, while on each side rose two large and verdant hills. The summit of each was covered with dense thickets, and an enemy could easily take an advantageous position against the Sioux warriors in the lowly situated village.

It was on one of these umbrageous summits that the Minnesota Rangers had taken their position. As usual, they were in high spirits and anxious for a "scrimmage," as they often termed it. From their masked and supereminent situation they overlooked the Sioux village, endeavouring to devise the best plan for the girl's recapture. One surmised one project and one another, but as yet the programme was not complete.

But suddenly young Harry Florence was missed from their assembly. He had been much excited, and his unceremonious disappearance occasioned some uneasiness among his companions. They made a short search for him, but with no success. Finally they returned to the spot where first they were, and a brief consultation was held. Of course their words were uttered in a tone but little above a whisper, for they were not certain as to their being the only ones in the thicket; no knowing what might be the case. Probably there were some wily Sioux warriors within speaking distance of them; if such were the case, a low-toned conversation was absolutely necessary.

In the course of their consultation it was decided that each man should look out for himself; but should one or several be unfortunately cast into a perilous situation the others would, as a matter of course, be bound to extricate them from it. This former obligation was exceedingly facile with the missing Harry Florence. He was one who was not so rash as to throw himself into immediate danger, but if unavoidably thrown into a hazardous position, was so agile and dexterous as to soon hop from it, if any way possible. Yes, he was as brave a ranger as any of them, and his absence occasioned no little uneasiness.

"Whar do you think Hal's gone?"

asked one of his companions, creeping towards the edge of the hill and gazing down at the village.

"He knows what he's 'bout," replied one; "'spect he's gone som'ers else to take observations."

The night was passing on. The bright, silvery moon was slowly making its way westward, and now it was in such a spot that it did not lighten the Sioux village as it did a short time before. It had travelled so far west that its rays were cast upon the summit of one hill and thrown over vividly upon the other; and as the village was situated down in the valley, between the two rises of ground, the moon's rays were thrown over it, leaving it in one profound shadow.

All was dark; utterly so compared with the state of things but a short distance off. All that remained of anything bright were the remnants of several camp-fires, which were now smouldering embers. Around them were the recumbent forms of many brawny warriors, who were soundly sleeping, resting from their daily reconnoitres of plunder and rapine. We stated that the remnants of the fire were all that was bright; but far off at the extremity of the village, from one of the wigwams there dimly beamed a feeble glimmer of light. That was all that was to be seen in the way of light besides the dying fires. But, notwithstanding, the village was uncommonly secure. Not a soul was moving around the lodges and fires, and all was silent. The wigwams seemed like so many frightful manes, shrouded in coal-black mantles.

Suddenly a dark form flitted swiftly over the recumbent bodies of the slumbering warriors and speeded off in the direction of the feebly illumined wigwam. Many grim-visaged savages were before him, besides other impediments, but all these he leaped with great dexterity, making scarcely any noise by his movements. He was clothed in the garb of a hunter, but carried no rifle; all the arms he had with him was a small tomahawk and a common hunting-knife.

At length he arrived at the illumined wigwam. Here he stopped. Creeping to the side of the lodge he scrutinized it very carefully. Then he made a circuit around it; afterwards he crept to the end and endeavoured to familiarize himself with the interior by placing his eye to a small aperture and peering through.

"Ha!" he thought, "she's there, just

as I expected; but she won't be there long!"

Within the lodge, upon a rude bench, reclined the beautiful captive, Mary Derwent. She was gazing intently at the light, which shone full in her face, revealing her lovely eyes and fascinating features. Her hands were rudely bound behind her back, while from her hopeful expressions one could easily read her thoughts.

He again peered through the opening. This time he muttered a half-smothered ejaculation of anger as his gaze fell upon an old wrinkled squaw who was sleeping near the entrance of the wigwam. She was doubtless posted there for the purpose of guarding the captive, but unable to cope with the unyielding strength of the god Morpheus, she had surrendered to him and fallen asleep. But the lovely Mary was wide awake: too much was on her mind to allow her to give way to slumber.

Taking his knife in hand he silently cut a large portion of the buffalo-skin rear of the lodge in such a manner that when desirable he could remove his hand and allow the whole divaricated portion to fall to the ground. Thus an aperture would be formed large enough for any two persons to go through; then, sheathing his knife, he placed his mouth to the crevice, and whispered—

"Mary—dear Mary!"

She started.

Again he whispered in a little louder tone—

"It's I, Mary—your lover, Harry Florence!"

She uttered a slight exclamation of joy and skipped over to where he was, when he removed his hand from the wigwam, and the lately cut part rolled noiselessly to the ground. She readily stepped out of her hated prison, when her lover cut her painful bonds and liberated her fair little hands which had been so barbarously tied. Then, with loving smiles on their countenances, they met in one fond embrace; their lips were pressed together, and the arms of Harry Florence were twined gently around the form of his lady-love; another loving kiss and then they prepared to depart.

"Come," whispered the noble Ranger, "no time is to be lost. Nearly all the rangers are up on the hill. I left them some time since to recapture you myself, and I suppose they are uneasy at my sudden disappearance."

Gently picking up the lovely girl, he bore her along in the direction of the hill where the rangers were stationed.

"Did you come on your steeds?" she asked in a whisper.

"Yes, Mary."

"I should think that their neighing would be dangerous."

"It would had we not taken the precaution to tie them to trees some distance off, leaving two men as guards."

"But—Sh! Harry, I think the savages are becoming restless."

They had now passed nearly through the village. Scarcely a sound attended his footsteps. Now the recumbent warriors became plenteous. Florence displayed great agility in leaping over them, which he did without noise, as his hunting mocassins prevented it.

Mary seemed to fairly shudder as they passed over each dark form. "Oh, if one were to awaken," she thought, "what a terrible doom would follow! What agony we would have to undergo! What mental sufferings we would for awhile sustain! How our brains would reel as the glittering tomahawk was uplifted to swing us into eternity; or as the stinging flames of the stake-fire rose around our tree-bound forms, scorching us till finally we would no longer be! There are only a few more of the unmerciful beings to pass, and I sincerely hope that we may be happy again. Just think if they should awaken! what a dreadful—"

A piercing yell interrupted her train of thought, for Florence had trodden upon the arm of one of the sleeping Sioux! In an instant he was upon his feet, but the knife of the gallant Ranger was quickly buried in his heart. He fell to the ground without a groan, but his shrill yell had awakened the others, who came rushing after the fugitives, yelling like madmen. Young Florence, placing Mary behind him, seized his knife in one hand and tomahawk in the other, and like the picture fictitiously painted by a well-known author, of Onomoo, the brave Huron warrior, he stood bold and daring. He could not see his foes as easily as they could see him; but it was not until six of them were killed that he was conquered.

Highly infuriated at the loss of so many by a single white man, they led him and his speechless but beautiful charge to one of the camp fires. This was soon replenished, when a "trial by jury" was held. On a rude construction before the



fire sat the chief, Agawam, a large, stout fellow. By his side were the two unfortunate prisoners. Surrounding the fire were seated all the chief warriors of the village. Beyond these were the squaws and papooses, dancing and carrying on at a great rate.

The trial commenced, but it was attended with unlimited disorder and confusion, the general cry being—

"Burn at stake!—Burn at stake!"

With but little more debating it was concluded that such should be the fate of the young ranger, Harry Florence. He received his terrible condemnation with cool and unswerving demeanour. He had looked for such a sentence from the brutal beings, and when it came he received it as only a true hero and Christian could receive it.

"Spare him!" cried the half frantic Mary, turning supplicantly towards Agawam. "Spare, O spare him, and I will reward you!"

But in return came the gruff and concise reply—

"Pale bird got long tongue—keep mouth shut!"

The girl had hardly heard these insulting words when a wild flash gleamed from her dark eye, and as if demented, she rashly seized a loose knife and plunged it into the heart of the unsuspecting chief! He fell from his seat without a groan.

This rash act seemed for a time to utterly confound the congregated warriors. They stood as motionless as so many statues, with their fiendish eyes fixed upon the daring girl. For some minutes not a voice was heard. There lay the chief who only a short time since was in the vigour of life, but now he was claimed by death. Oh, what unearthly looks were directed at the beautiful girl by the enraged savages surrounding the fire. How bitterly their dark eyes gleamed with anger and revenge, as if they were devising the most terrible doom for the girl. Agawam had been a great chief with them, and his loss was deeply felt.

"Mary, oh, Mary!" whispered Florence to his much loved companion, "you have sealed your doom by that rash act!"

"I know it," she replied in a louder tone; "they have sentenced you to die at the stake, and I wanted to die with you, and I will do it!"

Their words were suddenly broken by a series of terrible yells, and the savages

closed in upon the two defenceless prisoners. Their arms were pinioned behind their backs, and in another moment they were being led rudely towards the other end of the village, where a large tree was standing. Several ran on before with flaming torches, and collected a large amount of dry faggots, which were piled near the tree. The captives were then bound to the tree, with their backs towards each other; but before they were thus cruelly tied they embraced each other in the last earthly embrace.

"Oh, Harry! how hard it seems!"

"It is all over now, Mary; the die is cast. But where can the Minnesota Rangers be?"

Soon the dry faggots were ignited, and in a moment a curling smoke arose among the branches of the tree, followed by a bright flame. The demoniac exultations of the savage spectators now became very great. They danced, and yelled, and carried on wildly. Now the crackling flames grew hotter, and as they rose up higher the two unfortunate captives breathed a last "good-bye." Oh, if they could only have seen their dear parents and friends before they were burned! If they could only die with their hands clasped together! But no, that could not be. The flames were now beginning to scorch them, and their anguish was indescribable. Both had closed their eyes, and breathing a short prayer, resigned themselves to their fate, when the sudden reports of rifles broke the proceedings, and six or eight of the savages bit the dust. Another report followed, and the next moment the Minnesota Rangers came charging down the hill at full speed. The savages set up a wild shout and hastened to procure their weapons, but the next moment the Rangers were in their midst.

While some poured their leaden missiles into their midst, several ran to the captives, and with great vehemence kicked away the burning faggots. In an instant water was procured from a neighbouring spring and dashed over them, after which their bonds were loosened, and they were once more free.

Mary was at first unconscious, but by the application of more water she was restored. Fortunately neither was badly burned. The savages were soon discomfited, and the Rangers crowded around the released captives.

"Come, old boy," exclaimed the leader of the Rangers, "this wont do. Here, take a horse each of you, and we'll leg it

towards home. If we'd been a minute later you'd both been roasted."

"Where, in the name of creation, have you been?" asked Florence.

"Soon arter we missed you we seed a crowd of red-skins makin' tracks towards old Grandfather Wigley's cabin. We chased 'em about a mile, an' killed 'em all. Then we heerd the yells of the Sioux over in this d'rection and returned jest in time to save you."

Florence nodded as if satisfied.

"This was a very narrow escape," said he.

"Yes, Hal, kill me if it wasn't. But mount your horse—so; now we'll lift the gal on hers; she must be worn out."

"I am, somewhat," she said; "but the smoke was my worst enemy; it almost suffocated me."

After setting fire to the Sioux village, the Rangers returned home, where the girl was heartily welcomed. She related the whole story, and young Florence was looked upon in admiration. About a week later, the right time presenting itself, he proposed and was accepted by the beautiful Mary Derwent.

About a month after the preceding events a large congregation assembled at the little church in the settlement. All

wore their best garments, for it was an event of great note which was to occur that day within the walls of the church. Everybody seemed to be awaiting something unusual. Oftentimes they looked around, as if expecting somebody or something.

Presently a loud buzz sounded from many lips, and all eyes were turned in one direction. Along one of the aisles came Harry Florence and the lovely Mary Derwent. Indeed they were looked upon with admiration, and well they might be, for truly they presented a fine picture. It is unnecessary to describe their dress, as it was of the best quality.

The ceremony commenced and was soon over, and Harry Florence and Mary Derwent were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The congratulations began and were soon over, when the assembly returned to their homes.

On a beautiful spot, a few miles above St. Louis, now dwell Harry Florence and his wife. Their residence is upon a small hill, and they are surrounded by all the comforts of life. Florence has given up the life of a hunter, and is in a thriving business at St. Louis. But as long as he lives he will never forget the Minnesota Rangers, nor his adventure in the Sioux village.

---



## THE EARLY DAYS OF VOLTAIRE.

In the following sketch of the early days of Voltaire's life, it is our purpose to include a succession of incidents which may throw some light upon the influences which shaped his character, and enable us to distinguish between the man as nature created him and necessity spoilt him.

Voltaire was born at Châtenay, on the 20th February, 1694. Like Fontenelle, who nevertheless attained his hundredth year, he was born dying. A man's future depends a great deal upon his earliest impressions and examples. Voltaire had the misfortune of being the godson of a worldly abbot, who was a friend of his mother, and a lover of Ninon de l'Enclos. Wit and irreligion came to welcome him in his cradle. His careless sponsor taught him to read in the most offensive books. It required, therefore, no gift of prophecy for Ninon to predict that he would become the demon of the eighteenth century. Perhaps she assisted in the fulfilment of this deplorable destiny, by bequeathing him money to buy books with.

At an early age he was placed at a Jesuitical college, where fate gave him a chance to escape from the bad bias of his infancy, in the habits and instruction of his new teachers. Whatever may have been the public conduct of these men—although in the world they may have used the arts of their sect to further its influence and power, among themselves, and within their own walls, there were virtue and good manners. But he was too soon removed into a way of life diametrically different. When only sixteen he passed, through the college gates, among the gay, voluptuous, dissipated scenes of the wickedest of courts. It was worse than only wicked,—it was hypocritical. The king, the king's mistress, all the ministers, courtiers, and titled slaves disguised themselves with the mask of Tartuffe. In this school of licentious gaiety and unbounded voluptuousness, he soon lost every natural virtue in the general impiety. The Abbot de Châteauneuf was again at his godson's side to aid in the complete wreck of any good qualities he had left.

Trusting to that ready wit of his which never failed him, Voltaire affected familiarity with everybody. He had hardly been welcomed among the voluptuaries

when he said to the Prince de Conti, after he had read one of his poems to them,

"Ah, my lord, you will be a great poet; I must solicit the king to give you a pension!"

These new dissipations did not enfeeble his genius. It never ceased to prepare for a flight towards the poetic horizon. A tragedy and a competitive piece at the academy were then, so to speak, the portals of poetry through which every poetic aspirant was obliged to pass. He set about sketching out l'Œdipe, and contested for the academical prize with an ode. The subject was the decoration of the choir of Notre-Dame. He wanted sympathy with it to succeed; no wonder it was rejected. He never forgave his judges, though. Long after he settled the account between them and his feelings, in several sarcastic sketches.

His father now began to look upon him as lost, when he learned he was writing verses and mixing in fashionable company. Poor parents send their troublesome sons to sea; those who can afford it, get them placed under a foreign ambassador. Voltaire, then, was packed off to La Haye, to the French embassy there. The Marquis de Châteauneuf, his new master, reversed the teachings of his younger brother, the abbot. He tried to bring Voltaire back to prose, but in vain. Not only did he continue writing poetry, but he was seized with a fancy for love verses. His heart had been desperately smitten by Pimpette de Noyer, and a new course began in his wonderful life. In vain did the marquis forbid his passion—in vain did Madame du Noyer try to foil it. He contrived to fulfil all the conditions of romance—secret interviews, disguises, surprises, separation, tears, vows, nothing is omitted, not even the customary *coup de théâtre*. "Les lettres galantes" of madame, the mother, have preserved all the incidents of this romantic courtship. Fourteen of Voltaire's letters are included "in order," to use her own words, "that the Parisians, who were so charmed with his poetry, might have a chance of admiring his prose."

These letters are full of excitement, and carried on in spite of every kind of vigilant opposition; every artifice is used, and succeeds, even to Pimpette's admission into the poet's prison in the disguise

of a young cavalier—letters are exchanged and meetings at midnight take place, but the pretty drama has a farcical end after all. Pimpette catches cold—nocturnal rendezvous are not so agreeable or safe at La Haye as at Venice or Seville—and is confined to her bed just when Voltaire has to leave for France, whither he has been returned by the ambassador, who cannot bear to keep such a troublesome page any longer. Pimpette recovers, and finds a consolation and a substitute in his successor to the marquis's livery.

The effect of this contemptuous *insouciance* might have been terrible to a man so vain, if the stronger feeling of selfishness had not been evoked by his father's anger, who refused to see his troublesome son.

Voltaire tried the effect of a final request to embrace the paternal knees before leaving, a self-made exile, for the uninviting shores of America. The scheme proved successful. The outraged father was moved to pardon. "But you must follow the path of your ancestors," said he; "you must forsake the fantastic dreams and profitless work of a poet."

Our poet, dramatist, satirist—for he became all these—promised to please and obey. He actually mounted a stool as clerk in an attorney's office. But all his complaisance was vain. Fate speedily led him again into the wilds of authorship, though it was through the dark doors of the Bastille—without knowing or being told why he was conducted into that grim prison. He afterwards discovered it was for a satire that he never wrote. His imprisonment was not painful nor profitless. He began "*La Henriade*," and finished "*L'Edipe*" there. The regent, who was the friend of every order of ability, soon set him free; and when warned by him not to run the risk of another imprisonment, Voltaire hazarded the reply—

"I thank your royal highness if you are willing to pay for my board, but beg you not to trouble yourself about my lodging."

"*L'Edipe*" was taken from the Bastille to "*La Comédie Française*," where, thanks to good patronage, and its author's talent and youth, it achieved a sure success. Even his matter-of-fact father was moved to tears by its performance, and allowed him the full bent of his genius.

Voltaire, like our Pope, was now the friend and companion of persons of rank

and fame. But a storm of troubles was gathering over him. "*La Henriade*," conceived and commenced in prison, brought him back to it. His preparations for its publication were interrupted by the Jesuits, who took alarm at its semi-pelagianistic tendencies. To frustrate their opposition, it was dedicated to the king. The king refused the dedication. The author at once determined upon open war with royalty and religion, retaining the hope of keeping the favour of nobility on his side. His combative character deprived him of this sole support. One day, at dinner at the Duke de Sully's, he impetuously challenged an opinion of a certain Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot. Furious at the force and justice of Voltaire's arguments—stung by his sarcastic shafts, the nobleman cried out, in a haughty and contemptuous emphasis—

"Pray who is this youth who speaks so loudly?"

"He is," the poet answered, "a man unburdened with the weight of a grand title. I am the first of my house; you, the last of yours."

Here the conflict ended; the excitement of the evening seemed to have effaced it all. The chevalier, however, was too spiteful to forget his failure. The next day one of his lackeys attacked Voltaire with a cane in the street, while the master stood a little way off, watching the effect of the assault, and stopped it with "Hold, that's enough!"

Burning with the justest rage he ever felt, Voltaire went home, shut himself up, called in a fencing-master to prepare him for a duel, and an English tutor to prepare him for a life in England, where he purposed fleeing after the fight. As soon as he knew how to use his sword, he defied his enemy in such scorching terms, that he could not refuse the challenge. The chevalier's family, however, averted the catastrophe by showing to the prime minister a piece of the poet's composition, which combined an epigram against the regent, and a declaration of love to his mistress. The walls of the Bastille a second time enclosed the offender, and made an impassable barrier between him and his foe. Thus, at thirty, Voltaire found himself alone, without defenders or money—opposed to a court which was nothing, to a nobility which was hardly more, and to the Jesuits who were all in all. Had there been weakness or cowardice in him, he would have asked for pardon and pro-



mised change. But he bore their punishment, meditating his own revenge, which he subsequently poured out upon them with terrible vigour and abundance.

Six months afterwards he was sent into exile. He came over to England, "the country of liberty, to think and write." Here he took to the philosophy of my Lord Shaftesbury, poetized by Pope, and commented upon by Bolingbroke. In this free atmosphere, his eyes were opened to the unfortunate state of his country, with its people the slaves of prejudice, the nobles the slaves of the courtiers, the courtiers the slaves of the king's mistress, the king and mistress the slaves of the Jesuits. He made the vow of doing his utmost to overthrow this compound tyranny, which he saw derived all its power from the dread spell of the priesthood. He set about employing his genius to benefit his countrymen, by snatching them from their religious errors. He might not have chosen to display so much patriotism, but that his own glory could be served at the same time as truth.

He now published "*La Henriade*," which was attended with remarkable success and profit. The dedication to the Queen of England proved an uncommonly successful literary stroke. His tragedy of "*Brutus*," which it seems his countrymen could not appreciate when subsequently represented, was suggested to him, and his history of Charles XII. was sketched in the midst of his studies of our philosophers and poets. Three years' stay was all his heart could endure, for it longed to return to France. He stole back to Paris, hiding in an out-of-the-way *faubourg*, where none but a few old friends knew of his presence. On the alert for every chance of wealth, he embarked his English earnings in a local lottery. Chance did more for him than his own cleverness. It quadrupled his means. Succeeding speculations, commercial and casual, proved progressively propitious, proving that Lady Fortune loves men of talent as much as fools.

Paris could not allow a man whom destiny persisted in making rich to be kept out of its society and *salons*. It might have borne the loss of his talent; it forgot the interruption of his fame. His wit was not a mental monopoly, though it was of a very superior order; but his wealth and his luck were ready recommendations to its forgiveness and favour, and obtained for him an universal

welcome to its company and card-tables. He kept in its grace by gallantly losing hundreds of pounds every night. His was now a very restless life. Play after play was written and performed with unsteady success. "*La mort de César*" he did not dare to risk upon the stage, for it had only three acts, and was without any women. "*Eriphile*" proved a dead failure. But determined to win with his pen, though he lost at cards, in eighteen days he finished his tragedy of "*Zaire*," and got it immediately represented. The effect was complete. Never had author a more striking success. Everybody spoke its praises with the warmest enthusiasm. The poet alone was calm and tranquil—he never seemed intoxicated by success, but then he soon forgot his failures. In the present instance, he produced two other tragedies which were both doomed by two sallies from the pit.

Voltaire would have been content to have continued his days in this fluctuating fashion. He was delighted with the amusements of a fashionable life—welcomed everywhere, particularly among the women—he willingly sacrificed the best of his time in paying and receiving copious compliments. Authorship was his private diversion or his public revenge. His facile pen and spontaneous satire led him into publishing productions, the excellence of which is marred and confused by their spite. His motive for writing was as often to damage the influence or reputation of others as to found a fame of his own. He was in this way continually making fresh enemies, who were too subtle to be satisfied with the abstraction of a risible retort. They preferred his removal to his refutation. They shut him up—in the Bastille!

We are now approaching the term in Voltaire's life when, tired of living continually at the door of the Bastille, or on the road to exile—fatigued with play, at which he lost incessantly—disgusted at hearing nothing but the praises of Crébillon's genius and Fontenelle's wit, he resolved within himself to withdraw from the world, not like St. Anthony, but as a poet of whom the world was not worthy. He chose the Château de Cirey for his retreat, and Madame du Châtelet for his companion. Like her lover, she was fond of science and feasting, of the fine arts and play, of philosophy and display. Theirs was love at first sight. Her husband offered no opposition to their attachment—he was

a philosopher too, you see. Voltaire, writing to a friend, soon after their settlement, says, "I have the happiness of being in a terrestrial paradise, where I have an Eve, without the disadvantage of being Adam." How do you think these learned lovers spent their time? In exchanging love verses, or writing amatory madrigals? Nothing of the kind. Madame, who already knew Latin, set about learning three or four living languages; and Voltaire, he took care not to let his mistress excel him. They competed for the prize at the Academy, the subject of which was the nature and propagation of fire. It is rather a curious spectacle this, of two lovers passing their time in metaphysical and scientific disputes. But they found time, for all that, for tenderer themes and softer sentiments. Sometimes, too, they quarrelled; but Voltaire—yes, Voltaire! always put an end to it by conciliation. Monsieur du Châtelet often surprised them both in tears! We see Voltaire, after all, was a human creature.

There is something about this tenderness of his which sets the thoughts astir in search of an explanation of his strange life. It makes us wonder whether his habit of laughing at everything was not a forced and artificial affectation. He never seems to have had a chance of acquainting himself with the generous dispositions and friendly sympathy of persons not spoiled and petrified by conventionalism. Human nature, as he saw it, was an utterly selfish, ungodly cynicism. It was without sensibility, without sincerity. It was a confusion and contention of clever and cunning men, and charming and corrupt women—human beings without a particle of humanity. His intellect and wit came at once to his defence—head and heart prepared for continual war. At twenty he was famous, and surrounded by foes. What had he to defend himself with against them, and

the world which would never be his friend, but his own genius? We may well feel pity for him. Who, in such a situation, would hope to defend himself with his heart?

His love for Pimpette was perhaps sincere, exaggerated as it was. His love for Madame du Châtelet was also sincere, though we may laugh at its dryness, and deem it improper. They are both redeeming features in a life which would otherwise have been grossly caustic and cynical. In these periods of Voltaire's history, we seem to get a glimpse of inner good nature—imperfect and adulterated, it is true, but enough, in common charity, to make us feel more friendly towards the man, and to modify our judgment of his career. His original disposition is concealed by the artificial and affected levity and laughter with which he armed himself against the insincerity which would have betrayed him in every direction. His keenest satire is often inspired by occasions of just provocation—by instances of injustice and cruel wrong. His ridicule is derisive, his sarcasms are charged with the rankest venom, but the cause and object of all his cutting contempt, is chiefly either some social blemish or sectarian iniquity. Let us, in estimating his conduct, bear ever in mind that the age and country he lived in was deeply depraved, and also that his heart was embittered by an early experience of human deception and meanness.

With this suggestion we will close our sketch, which properly concludes with Voltaire's retirement to Cirey. His subsequent return to public life and conduct as courtier and correspondent with the chief courts of Europe would carry us beyond the limits we proposed to observe at the first, and which considerations of editorial convenience compel us to respect. Perhaps we may be privileged to treat thereon at a subsequent occasion.

J. R.



## LITTLE SPIFFINS' PARTY.

LITTLE SPIFFINS had declared that if he passed his examination he would give us a party, and little Spiffins did pass; how he managed it remains to this day a mystery, for his most intimate friend had never seen him in company with a book, though he sometimes turned up at lecture: but pass he did, and was presented, moreover, with a parchment of formidable dimensions, certifying that fact to all the world. Now, a party is a somewhat general term, and capable of more than one interpretation, and we—the friends and admirers of Spiffins—having met together in solemn conclave on the evening of the auspicious day to discuss the prospects of our proposed treat, soon became painfully conscious of this fact, and involved, moreover, in philological difficulties of no light nature. Trowels, for instance, whose saltatory proclivities were well known, declared that a party necessarily included music, dancing, and the company of the softer sex, without which elements it could in no wise exist: whereas Bodger, whose views tended in a somewhat different direction, and who had besides never been under the hands of the dancing-master, upheld that cards, pipes, and whisky-toddy were exceedingly good substitutes for each and all; Sweetebreds was of opinion that a dinner was decidedly the correct thing; and the whole gist of Winckles' reflections on the subject may be summed up in the one suggestive word—oysters! Long and earnest was the discussion of this knotty point, and great the forensic eloquence displayed by the advocates of each particular reading: Bodger was sententious and logical; Sweetebreds, eloquent; Winckles, being the youngest man in the party, was sarcastic; and Trowels lofty and occasionally pathetic; my own part was the ever unthankful one in such cases—of peacemaker, and having suggested a compromise without effect, I retired amid universal disapprobation.

Meanwhile, little Spiffins, as yet ignorant of the interesting discussion his expression had evoked, had fully settled in his own mind how it was to be, and was making his arrangements accordingly: lengthy and mysterious conversations were observed to take place between him and his landlady, and the preparations reported to be in progress in the back

kitchen were vast in the extreme. Nor was the excitement by any means of a partial nature, or confined to his immediate comrades and friends; it had been whispered abroad throughout the neighbourhood of his dwelling that young Mr. Spiffins had passed his examination, and all Cecilia-row (in which it was situated) was evidently affected by the fact. Let me explain at once that Mr. James Spiffins, jun., had long been known about those parts as a medical student, and had now risen from that grade to the lofty rank of surgeon.

It was a peculiarity of Bodger's to be of a somewhat inquiring turn of mind, even as it was of Trowels to be of a slightly supercilious one; it so happened, therefore, that the former was the first person to call upon little Spiffins after he had passed, in order, possibly, to congratulate him thereupon, and, certainly, to sound him upon the subject uppermost in the thoughts of us all. This gentleman, who had disappeared immediately upon receiving the tidings of his success, and not turned up until the following morning—when, as we have seen, the claims of hospitality had occupied so large a share of his attention—was, strangely enough, considerably amused at the general perplexity, and seemed rather gratified than otherwise by the diversity of taste it had served to exhibit.

"You shall have your pipe, Bodger, old boy," he observed, confidentially; "and Trowels shall have his dance; hang me if I don't somehow manage to suit you all!"

Bodger, who could not see exactly how this was to be accomplished, and was yet unwilling to take advantage of his friend's kindly offer to put in force the last penalty of the law, in case of failure, declared in general terms that "it was all right," and forthwith withdrew to communicate the agreeable intelligence to us—a course highly approved of by every one concerned, and which it was agreed reflected the greatest credit on his judgment. Various were the speculations indulged in during all that day, and many the conjectures hazarded as to the means by which Spiffins' somewhat ambitious programme was to be faithfully carried out, and a certain degree of doubt is infused into the question through the determined

scepticism of Trowels; but a further advance of time clears up all—it becomes generally known towards the evening that there is to be a dinner; that ladies are to be invited in for tea; and that an oyster-supper, followed by pipes, songs, and grog *ad libitum*, is to wind up the entire performance in one blaze of triumph. A circular, not to this effect, addressed severally to those already here named, sets to rest all doubt on the matter, finally; and the hour is named for the very next day.

It would be impossible to tell what preparations were not made for little Spiffins' party, or with what persistent heroism he vainly endeavoured to appear calm amid the accumulated distractions by which he was encompassed; never, during the course of a short and not eventful life, had it devolved upon him to play the part of host—at all events, to the reckless extent that he now contemplated—and the load of so great a responsibility sat heavy upon his heart. The sudden acquisition, too, of rank and dignity, unexpectedly conferred upon him by that important document before alluded to, was something, which in his dreams, truly, he had often contemplated, but which, neither in that or in any other state of being, he had yet realized, and his mind was sorely puzzled to decide precisely how it would be his duty to appear before his former fellow-students, to whom in point of position he was now so immeasurably superior. How should a full surgeon welcome mere tyros in the profession? and what mode of condescending amiability would it best befit him to adopt? True, he had often himself been in the presence of divers luminaries of the healing art, and he might form his manners upon any one of the models thus afforded, but then it had always been his fate to meet them in a professional way, and this was no guide to their bearing in the domestic or social circle. He also had a secret consciousness that an oration would be expected—he had heard and read that such was the universal practice upon great occasions—and this was not among the least of his perplexities. Sweetebreds was known to be great at an after-dinner speech, and he, a professional man, must not be outdone by Sweetebreds. He felt that it would devolve on him to say a great deal, to be strong on the point of application, stern upon that of duty, perhaps to administer a little wholesome advice, and

yet give a word of encouragement; but how all this was to be done, that was what puzzled him. His landlady, too—Mrs. Slitters by name—who fully appreciated the gravity of the occasion, but viewed it in a somewhat grosser and more practical light, was continually breaking in upon his meditations, and persistently offering suggestions and advice as to the various articles of consumption required, and the necessary steps to be taken to ensure everything “going off smoothly;” now it was a question of dessert which agitated her bosom, and now some awful discovery, such as the absence of a sufficient number of plates, or the dilapidated condition of the cruet-stand, brought her trembling to his presence. The wondrous amount of comestibles ordered in under her able direction from neighbouring shops, and the vast quantities which still seemed absolutely necessary, was positively startling, the more especially as they appeared all to be of the less satisfying and digestible kind, whereas the more solid portions of the repast being few, seemed to sink into comparative insignificance. Where all these luxuries were to be stowed away, and what numbers would be necessary to demolish them all in one evening, I would not dare to assert, but it is possible that Mrs. Slitters, being a thrifty housewife, had an eye to the future, and reflected that such dainties might still be useful, even after her lodger had departed from her.

Great were the anticipations of all those invited to little Spiffins' party, and variously did they spend the intermediate time between the receipt of the decisive note and the matter on which it bore. Sweetebreds, it was known, had sat up for an entire night in company with two quires of foolscap and a large dictionary, preparing a speech to do honour to the occasion; Trowels had embarked capital in a new cravat; and it was currently reported that Winckles had put himself upon short commons for many hours previous to that named for the commencement of dinner, in order to do fuller justice to it when the time came. On all sides it was agreed that Spiffy (the name by which he was familiarly known to his friends) was determined to do the “plucky thing,” and much curiosity as well as interest was excited by the fact. It was evident that if his performance was equal to his promise, universal gratification must be the result, as every taste seemed provided for in the general scheme.



But at last the hour has indeed arrived, and we are all seated at table—little Spiffins and I at the top and bottom, Bodger and Sweetebreds on one side, and Trowels and Winckles on the other; the cloth is of a spotless white, the knives and forks—borrowed for the occasion—dazzling in their brightness, the fish has already been done full justice to, and a huge turkey borne in with a proud and triumphant air by the landlady herself, sends a thrill of pleasure through every heart. Spiffins, who at first has been somewhat patronising in his tone and reserved in his manner, though truly hearty in his welcome, begins gradually to resume his own self, and to melt beneath the combined influences of his proud position as host, and his somewhat novel and warm one of carver. With anatomical precision he fixes on the joints of the majestic bird before him, and smiles benignly upon the well-worn jokes of Bodger and others upon the subject; and well indeed was it upon that occasion that Spiffins was possessed of that professional knowledge, happy indeed for him that a dissective skill was among his many attainments, for surely such a patriarchal and perversely tenacious bird was never yet set before mortal till then, and surely so muscular a limb as that handed to me for consumption has rarely graced the festive board, or been seen anywhere without the circle of the winged P.R., if indeed the feathered tribe boast of that ennobling institution. But still it was a great sight that dinner, and one that did the heart good to look upon—Sweetebreds was in ecstasies, Winckles uproarious, and every one talked at once. It was pretty to observe the accuracy with which Mrs. Slitters—who insisted upon doing all the waiting herself, to the despair of the handmaid upon whom that duty generally devolved—poured out perpetual relays of beer from a certain tin can into a certain elaborately decorated jug, and thence transferred it to the glasses of the several guests; it was pretty to observe the assumed nonchalance with which she offered a very brown sherry and a very black port at intervals to every one in turn, and to note the reckless way in which Winckles mixed all and each of these liquors, to the evident disgust of Trowels, who considered that the port had made its appearance much too soon. It was further interesting, if not absolutely agreeable, to speculate upon the causes of the con-

tinual skirmish which ever and anon took place between that respected lady and some persons or person unknown outside the door, to mark the dreadful frown with which she encountered their presumed misdoings, and the amiable and unconcerned smile with which immediately afterwards she faced her lodger's guests; that this unseen minister to our wants was guilty of the most flagrant misdemeanours seems evident, for Mrs. S. never ceased throughout the whole time of dinner abusing her in an under tone, and accusing her of the most terrible errors of judgment and good breeding.

Well and bravely did little Spiffins struggle through the task assigned to him as carver, glorious and triumphant was his wrestle with the drumsticks, and mighty his contest with the back-bone. No one but a surgeon, or one whose wrist was accustomed to the most vigorous exertions, could have accomplished the deeds which he accomplished upon that turkey, and no one but little Spiffins could have accomplished them with such grace. His idea of a helping, too, was something princely, and his zeal in the search for concealed stuffing only equalled by his success; the very table-cloth bore testimony to his prowess, and resembled a battle-field strewn with dismembered limbs and blood, while he himself was literally up to the elbows in his work, and when every one was at last helped, sat down, covered at once with glory and with gravy. Those who severally held command over the vegetable departments and such like, exerted themselves with equal ardour, and nothing could surpass the harmony that prevailed among the guests. It cannot be said that the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" were conspicuous features in the entertainment, but most decidedly the flow of beer was, and as for reason, no one was half far enough gone for that yet. By this time a discussion, which had originated in anxious murmurs from the other side of the door, answered by corresponding ones on the part of Mrs. Slitters, and which for some little while back had been increasing in intensity, reached a pitch of vociferation which could not fail to attract the attention of the company; as if by common consent every one suddenly paused in his mastication, and little Spiffins, in the excitement of the moment, nearly choked himself with a wing-bone. The apple pie, ordered from a neighbouring cook-shop,



had, it seemed, not arrived, and the consternation of the household was the result. What was to be done? True, there were other good things prepared by the fair hands of Mrs. Slitters herself, and it would be possible to go on with these; but then, would that be fair to the pie? Would it be treating that deservedly popular dish in a becoming manner to make it a secondary consideration? These were important difficulties, and the only chance of solving them was to put the matter to the vote: those who were for it were to hold up one hand, those who were against it the other; and as no one did anything of the sort, the demonstration was considered decidedly favourable. Accordingly, the produce of Mrs. S.'s industry was brought up from regions below and displayed to our admiring gaze. This produce chiefly consisted in little puffy agglomerations of paste, with a teaspoonful of jam in the middle, and certain strange combinations, facetiously called creams, resembling nothing with which I have yet become acquainted; there were also divers confections from neighbouring cake-shops, and a confused mass of mutton-pies, though why these last were introduced at this stage of the repast was, and still remains, a mystery to me. Of course, when every one had declared he was quite done, the apple-pie made its appearance, and of course every one, after a little comedy of persuasion, fell to again as if nothing had occurred. Of course the architectural beauties of the same pie so remarkable upon its entrance, were soon reduced to a heap of undistinguishable ruins, and, but not necessarily, of course, all were satisfied.

But the cloth is cleared from off the table, the dessert replaces it, the wine circulates, spirits and hot water are spoken of, and it becomes manifest that Sweetebreds is preparing for an effort. It may be seen in his rapt expression, in his determined air, in the suffering look of Bodger, and the terrified appearance of poor little Spiffins, who knows it will be his turn next. Conversation slackens, all eyes are upon him, a dead silence supervenes, and Sweetebreds is upon his legs.

"Gentlemen,—We have met here in social brotherhood (applause), and at the invitation of our old chum, Spiffins (hear, hear), to celebrate an occasion which, both as regards its importance to him and its significance to us, may be considered—a very great one indeed (hear, hear). I have been selected, gentlemen, to tell you what that occasion is; and

although I am aware that you know it as well as I do myself, yet I shall endeavour to acquit myself of my duty in as brief and yet as satisfactory a manner as possible (hear, hear). Gentlemen, why should I occupy your valuable time in panegyrics upon our host? Why thrust myself for a lengthened period upon the attention of this festive gathering? Wherefore—(hear, hear—a voice, 'Go it, Sweetebreds')—wherefore should I preface my toast with an elaborate eulogium (applause) upon one who—(hear, hear)—upon one who, I may say (hear, hear), is superior to such testimony? Or why (cheers)—rather let me come at once to my point, rather let me deliver myself of my sentiments in as few words as may be—Spiffins, gentlemen, has passed his examination (cheers). The health of Spiffins!" (great cheering).

We all rise, glass in hand; the speech has evidently been a hit. Trowels proposes "for he's a jolly good fellow," and although it is generally considered too early in the evening for that superlative mark of esteem, an exception is voted in this case: the venerable air is sung in the usual doleful manner, each voice in a different key, and it and the glasses are finished simultaneously, to the great benefit, doubtless, of Spiffins' corporeal well-being. But although it is of course well known that such is the natural result, it must be confessed that this happy effect is not immediately visible—far from it; our host, on the contrary, seems to be suffering intense agony; he is deadly pale, exceedingly warm, decidedly moist, and is observed to pull violently at his neck-tie; the awful moment to which he has looked forward in terror for a whole day has arrived, and in the presence of so dread a trial he all but loses his accustomed presence of mind. But not quite: Spiffins, who has passed an examination in the presence of delegates from the entire College of Surgeons, who is now himself a member of that august body, and actually has his diploma lying within easy reach, neatly rolled up in a tin box, is not the man to be frightened at a trifle, is not the man to shrink from the path of duty; 'tis true he has never before essayed a speech, but what of that? 'tis but an extra reason for making a commencement now; who knows what he is capable of doing till he tries? May he not unconsciously be possessed of an eloquence, silent until now, for want of an opportunity for its display, but



which is but waiting that opportunity to burst forth in all its magnificence? and may not this be the destined moment? He springs to his feet, victory already beaming in his glance; he wildly brushes the hair from off his brow; he gracefully bends forward; resting upon his knuckles, he addresses a breathless audience:—"Gentlemen, allow me to return my best thanks to you, and to my friend Sweetebreds for the—eh—the, for my health" (loud applause). Spiffins is flushed with triumph and determines to go on—"It is with much pleasure that I see you here (hear, hear), and I feel as I—(a pause)—as I see you, that—(hear, hear)—that I hope—(a pause)—hope that I feel—no, feel that I hope—(hear, hear). Gentlemen, I am not accustomed—" (cheers). Spiffins considers this the opportunity to say something professional; "but allow me to say that ours is a profession in which (hear, hear), in which—everything depends upon industry (with a sudden remembrance of a passage in some 'introductory') and conduct; yes, gentlemen, conduct is the rule which guides—which guides—(a dead silence; this portion of the speech not being popular)—which guides, I may say, the whole course of life, and permit me to observe (cheers) and to return my best thanks (loud applause); and having now attained to the rank of a professional man, to—to—especially my friend Mr. Sweetebreds—and to—and, I think I'll sit down" (prolonged applause, and cries of "no, no," cheers and counter cheers).

No one gets up to make another speech, and it is proposed that all that are in course of preparation be reserved till after supper; this is done chiefly to suit the arrangements of the evening, which ordain a tea-party after dinner, for which sufficient time must be allowed. Spiffins is a gallant man, a man of fashion, and so is Trowels, and they know what is right in such cases. Meanwhile the wine goes round in a perpetual circle, the teddy steams from more than one merry glass, conversation becomes more general, and articulation more indistinct; suddenly a gentle tap at the door breaks in upon the general contentment, Spiffins is called mysteriously aside, and returns to tell us that the ladies have arrived, that tea will be served in the first-floor front, and that our presence is requested; a motion of adjournment is proposed, seconded, and carried, and in another moment we are upon our way.

The ladies, invited by Mrs. Slitters to

do honour to little Spiffins, were five in number, and varied considerably in the important items of age and personal attractions; two, for instance, were old cronies of her own, to whom the early years of the nineteenth century were probably not quite unknown, and of these one was an old maid, Miss Blinker, and the other a matron, Mrs. Gouger. There was also a Miss Gouger, daughter to the above, who was Spiffins' particular flame, and upon whose account I believe, if the truth were known, it would be found that this portion of the party had been mainly planned: she was a well-featured little girl, possessed, perhaps, of a somewhat soapy complexion, not over particular in her grammar, and labouring under a strange misapprehension of the force of the English aspirate, but still a well-featured little girl, and so Spiffins thought. The other two ladies, who finally made up the company, were two sisters, the Misses Blunoz, of German extraction, daughters of a respectable tailor in the vicinity: they were remarkable for their height and muscular development, as also for the prominence of certain features, such as the chin and nose upon the countenance, the elbows and shoulders upon the trunk. It was commonly said by their acquaintances that these prominences grew annually, and that the respective ages of all the Blunoz family might be judged from the length of the nasal organ. Whatever real grounds there were for this theory, it is of course impossible for me to say, but as far as my acquaintance with the family extended it certainly seemed to be borne out by facts, for the younger Miss Blunoz, while resembling her sister greatly, fell far short of her in these characteristics; the elder Miss Blunoz could not, in truth, by any stretch of polite metaphor, be called a beauty, whereas the younger was at least very far removed from the opposite.

The after-dinner entrance of gentlemen into a drawing-room is always a somewhat momentous event, and is used to cause generally no small stir among its fair occupants, disturbing them, it may be, in many a pretty act of feminine grace, or catching them perchance in many an unstudied attitude replete with natural beauty. It so happened thus upon this occasion, and our approach being evidently unsuspected, several charming tableaux were disclosed to our view; the two Misses Blunoz, lovingly entwined in each other's arms, were found earnestly gazing upon a picture, and Miss Gouger,



reclining upon a couch in Oriental fashion, carelessly fanning herself with a fire-screen; the more elderly portion in prominent positions were disposed to the greatest possible advantage, smiling blandly upon everything, and regarding the young people especially with an amiable benignity altogether affecting. It had been understood between little Spiffins and his landlady that this portion of the evening's entertainment was to be entrusted to her, it being evidently more correct for there to be the appearance of a hostess on such an occasion; and besides, "how could a young gentleman like him know about receiving company?" and the consequence of this arrangement was, that not only had each and every one to be introduced severally to the other by Mrs. Slitters herself, but had also to be forthwith paired off as she directed, for reasons imparted in a stage whisper to the world generally—"there, Mr. Spiffins, I know where you'd like to sit—eh, Miss Gouger?" "Mr. Trowels, we will confide Miss Jane Blunozé to you; you are sure to get on, for you are both such talkers, you know." "Mr.—(myself) here is Miss Blunozé, dying to make your acquaintance," &c.; which act of genteel policy being accomplished, and everyone rendered exceedingly uncomfortable thereby, the good lady hurried away to look after her domestic arrangements.

I have been present at many a tea-party in my life, and have been, I confess, in the habit, for the most part, of regarding them as slow, but anything approaching the snail's pace of this one I have never before or since experienced. The ingenious means then and there adopted by our hostess of putting us all at our ease, may indeed, as was doubtless her opinion, be that universally adopted in fashionable life, but is one which always proves most effectual in thwarting its own objects, and it certainly had this effect upon us—Spiffins being so markedly pointed out as the chosen cavalier of Miss Gouger, and that, too, in the presence of her mother, was so upset by the distinction as to be incapable of uttering a single word, and after one or two inconsiderable efforts to get up his courage, sank into a state of abject helplessness. Trowels, who felt that something very brilliant was required of him, and had already prepared several pretty sayings, could not see his way to an outlet upon a first introduction, and with universal attention directed towards

him, and subsequently was overawed. Bodger, who had been inimical to the whole thing from the first, sulked in a corner alone, and Sweetebreds and Winckles, displeased at not being selected for the amusement of the young, or being left to the tender mercies of the older ladies, and perhaps labouring still under the combined effects of turkey and pie, remained hanging about the door, from which post of vantage they criticised the rest of the company in whispers, thereby adding much to the general discomfort. Accordingly none was altogether pleased, and everyone altogether uncomfortable; silence reigned supreme in the first-floor front—a dreadful silence, whose intensity increased every moment, and whose depressing influence became more and more distinctly visible upon the faces of the suffering guests—a deep gloom settled upon all—a vast melancholy oppressed every heart, and I know not what fearful event might not have occurred, or what terrible deed have been done, had not the opportune arrival of tea exerted a distracting influence and introduced a new train of thought. And such a tea! I have said all the shops in the neighbourhood were ransacked for dainties; but I am inclined to think that this estimate is considerably below the mark, and that two or three neighbourhoods at least must have been exhausted. We had seen great things done that night already, but not anything that could compare with this. Piles of crumpets literally swimming in butter, ramparts of muffins positively soaked in same, tier upon tier of thin-sliced bread and butter cut many hours previously, every possible variety of the genus cake, ditto, ditto, very much repeated of the genus biscuit, pots of best Scotch marmalade, jars of raspberry jam, square boxes of sardines, round ones of anchovy paste, an entire plantation of watercresses. These are not half the wonders that the arrival of successive trays disclosed to our astonished gaze, there seemed no end, no cessation; Sweetebreds was quite upset by the sight, and even Winckles aghast. How it is managed I know not, but in process of time all is deposited, and the assault begins—Mrs. Slitters officiating as general in chief, Mrs. Gouger as second in command, and Miss Blinker as leader of the forlorn hope. Greatly did Trowels distinguish himself that evening by the grace with which he assisted in distributing the delicacies, and many



were the flattering comments his performance called forth; most imposing, too, was the demeanour of little Spiffins, who, suddenly remembering his recently-acquired rank which the chilling ceremony inaugurated by Mrs. Slitters had almost caused him to forget, devoted himself to the comfort of his guests in a manner altogether professional, and with a dignity worthy of himself. Nor, in all fairness, must Sweetebreds be forgotten, who, coming forward at this critical juncture, ably assisted in spilling several cups of tea, and otherwise adding to the harmony of the evening. For my own part I conceived I would best perform my duty upon this occasion by concentrating my attention upon her to whom it had been more particularly directed, and accordingly devoted myself to Miss Blunozé with unremitting ardour. This young lady's ignorance upon mere commonplace topics of conversation was great in the extreme, almost as great as her knowledge of the more complex and abstract phenomena of human nature. Her mind was not one of those given to trivial things, far from it; talk about anything extraordinary or incomprehensible, and she was ready at once to meet you upon equal ground; but the occurrences of everyday-life—the frivolous amusements of the unthinking—the proverbial weaknesses of her sex—the petty pleasures of the hour—all these she could not appreciate—no, not even understand. Enconce in a far-off and shady corner we talked of things lofty and sublime, completely severed from the rest of the company. In the society of a being of so high an order of intellect, it is no wonder that I became absorbed, and can give but a meagre account of what was going on around me meanwhile. Not taking any tea myself, I was enabled to pay undivided attention to her discourse, and soon became wholly wrapt up therein. That Winekles had overthrown the crumpets, and that Bodger had sneaked out to smoke, were, under these circumstances, events of but little moment to me; the room was at once so warm, and my companion's conversation so interesting, that from very fixity of attention and the muscular exertion of gradual but repeated nodding, I by degrees became oblivious even of it, and it was not until (tea having been long since disposed of) a dance was proposed, and preliminary and noisy steps taken towards its accomplishment, that I became

fully conscious again of mere external things.

Who knows the resources of a first-floor front till they set about the discovery? or who can tell what wonders perseverance and industry will not accomplish when backed by youth and a good will? Had anyone told me that a sane person would have contemplated dancing in such an area as was apparently disposable for that purpose here, and further that the various miscellaneous articles of furniture, and the *débris* of the late repast, could possibly have been stowed away in so short a time as that which I witnessed, I would assuredly have laughed that person to scorn: but it is ever thus we presume upon past experience, forgetting that from morals to men, and from men even to furniture, nothing is stationary in life. Almost before one can realize the fact, the whole aspect of the first-floor front undergoes a vital change, and while I am yet speculating thereupon the change is complete. A hitherto unsuspected piano is disinterred from an obscure corner; tables, apparently possessed of elastic properties, are disposed of anyhow; chairs disappear as if by magic; and in that presumed short space of time represented by a "twinkling," Miss Blinker is making a furious onslaught upon a popular valse, and little Spiffins and Miss Gouger are whirling about in rapid circles to the great damage of everyone-else's toes. Mrs. Slitters and Mrs. Gouger have gone out with the tea-things, and we are left to the uncontrolled gaiety which the freshness of our spirits and the joyous nature of the occasion necessarily induce. It may be remarked of this latter lady that she belongs very much to the Gamp order of architecture, and is troubled with a suspicious trembling of the hand, probably the effect of nervousness. But the dance is a failure! It is discovered at the last moment that the Misses Blunozé will only essay the slow dances, their education not having been sufficiently rapid to include an acquaintance with the more exciting kind, Spiffins is checked in wild career, and a decorous quadrille of three couples—one, of course, doing double duty—is substituted for the more athletic performance contemplated.

Oh! the wretchedness of that hour or so—oh! the misery, the cruel misery of that quadrille; well for Bodger that he has sneaked out to smoke, happy for Sweetebreds that he has followed his ex-



ample, happy even for Winckles that he is not very well, and is reclining outside upon the mat. In the course of a life, not yet it is true prolonged exactly to the extremity of old age, I have suffered many hardships, I have known misfortune, and disappointment has not been quite a stranger; it has been my fate to take part in many scenes it had been better to have shunned, and more than one has been forced upon me I would most willingly have avoided; I have borne much, patiently in some cases, far too impatiently in others, but never have I gone through anything which for chilling wretchedness could equal what I went through that night, and never have my spirits been so gradually but so surely reduced from blood-heat to freezing point as upon that occasion. I shall never forget it! The wheezy tinkling of the piano, the funereal solemnity of the dance again and again repeated, the futile efforts at conversation, the ghastly attempts at mirth: existence for the time seemed but to consist in "setting to partners" under the most depressing circumstances possible, and in performing perpetual "lady's chains" in a mechanical and openly low-spirited manner. Occasionally Trowels or Spiffins, apparently seized with a spasmodic desire for movement, whirled the unfortunate Miss Gouger (by reason of her Terpsichorean talent, now in great request) about and around the room in a frantic and unexpected manner, overthrowing all obstacles and completely reckless of results; and then sometimes both the Blunoze fall to my share to entertain, and the attempts I make are positively [deplorable; sometimes Miss Blinker in an occasional interval of repose playfully rallies us upon our inactivity, and then again comes the solemn torment of the quadrille, and the well-known figures are mournfully struggled through. Some one proposes a song, and the younger Miss Blunoze sings it; some one proposes another, and we are favoured by Miss Gouger; which of these two performances is the more painful it is impossible to decide, which style of oral torture—the nasal trombone of the one, or the sheep-like bleat of the other—is the farthest removed from music let no one dare to say. Miss Blinker plays us a "piece," attacking the piano in a manner familiar to pugilists, and the elder Miss Blunoze, not to be behindhand in contributing to the universal wretchedness, lets off several of her own conun-

drums, and a few venerable ones, property of the late Mr. Joseph Miller.

If anything can beat the dance it is the conundrums, if anything can beat the conundrums it is the company: would that persons would learn by experience in the arrangement of their pleasures, would that they would submit their schemes of enjoyment to the test of a little reasoning by analogy.

About this time the gradual return of Sweetebreds, Winckles, and Bodger, and a certain expression of satisfaction upon their respective countenances, announce to my watchful gaze the approach of a better order of things; anxious to discover what this may be, I approach their group, formed as usual in the immediate vicinity of the door, and endeavour with all the art of which I am possessed to insinuate myself into their confidence. Nor long without success. Winckles, who seems even more flushed than the others, beckons me mysteriously aside, and in a voice husky with emotion, communicates the glad tidings which have brought the colour back to his cheek, which have impressed the volatile Sweetebreds and stoical Bodger alike, which have restored them to our presence, and which portend so glorious a revolution in the evening's entertainment—

"The oysters have come!"

A ray of hope irradiates my heart; it is the beginning of the end! Oysters and polite society have evidently nothing in common; oysters have arrived, therefore polite society must depart. This deduction is logical, and the Misses Blunoze are far too intellectual not to see its force, Miss Blinker has too strict an idea of propriety not to take the same view, and Miss Gouger, whatever her private opinions on the subject may be, is of no account, her mother being naturally the mouthpiece of her feelings. Such are my immediate reflections, nor happily do they prove deceptive. Mrs. Slitters and Mrs. Gouger make their appearance, and it becomes generally known that a break-up is imminent; the latter lady, who has, I am inclined to think, been having her supper on the sly, points with horror to the advanced hour, and everyone remarks how quickly the time has gone. Let me draw a veil over our parting—let me hurry over the remaining details ere I finally lose sight of the being who has so deeply impressed me, ere Trowels has said his last sweet thing, and Spiffins bid his tenderest adieu; they are gone, those bright ones



who have so effectually extinguished the spark of joviality in us all, who have changed our pleasure to a mournful pomp, our gaiety to a vain thing: even Trowels cannot quite deny that their presence has not materially contributed to the general happiness, and little Spiffins is sadly conscious that it has done very much the contrary: the Bodgerian principles are for the time triumphant!

And now once more the hospitable board is spread, and we are seated as before; two huge dishes at the top and bottom contain the staple commodity of our repast, and the intervening space is cunningly devoted to the reception of those habitations from which the unoffending mollusca are so mercilessly expelled: mustard, pepper, vinegar, lemons, and various aromatic condiments are at hand for those whose palates desire stimulation, and small mountains of bread and butter ready cut loom heavily around. Our attendant now is the handmaid, *vice* Mrs. Slitters resigned; and this circumstance, so far from producing the sorrow naturally to be expected, seems not even to be deplored, and rather, as it were, to give general satisfaction; Winckles especially, now quite recovered, seems to regard the circumstance in this light; he applies endearing epithets to her, and when calling for beer addresses her always as Hebe, which classical witticism meets with deserved success. Winckles indeed becomes for the time being the choice spirit of the party, and delivers himself of a number of facetious observations, hitherto quite unexpected from him; he is exceedingly sarcastic upon the subjects of dancing and female society, and in some of his remarks even cynical; he quotes Byron in support of some of his most unorthodox views, and thereby draws out Trowels, who "flatters himself he knows a thing or two about that;" a most interesting and instructive discussion between these two is the natural result, and the consumption of beer in the intervals is extreme. Gradually Bodger joins in, then Sweetebreds, and the conversation becomes more general: a cloud which has been resting upon the expressive brow of little Spiffins clears bit by bit away, and he addresses himself to his oysters in a manner altogether worthy of his high reputation; upon this point indeed a wonderful unanimity prevails, and the contest seems to be who shall get through the greatest number in the shortest possible time, a contest

at once amicable and refreshing. There is evidently an honest desire in the company not to waste valuable time, and this feeling may partially account for the singular rapidity of swallow exhibited by many of its members; Bodger, who bears the character of being exceedingly skilful with a knife and fork, makes astonishing progress even in the absence of those utensils, and Winckles, in the pauses of his argument, nobly seconds his friend; as for myself, who am not used to be behindhand on such occasions, suffice it to say that I earnestly perform my part. The supper goes off gaily, and nothing whatsoever occurs to impair its success; 'tis true we have not now the stately magnificence of the dinner, or the vast display of the tea to startle us into admiration, but we have a remarkably good meal to satisfy appetite, and in many cases in life I am not quite sure if that is not preferable; 'tis true we have not the very brown sherry and the very black port administered to us by the fair hands of Mrs. Slitters herself, but, if not, the foaming glasses of ale can well replace them, and the ministrant supplying it is considerably younger, and not altogether unprepossessing. As supper approaches its termination, indeed, this young person occupies almost an undue share of public attention, and Winckles becomes more and more particular in his attentions and remarks; it may be observed of Winckles, parenthetically, that he is not generally a lady's man, and that whenever he endeavours to shine in that capacity it is universally understood among his friends that he has dined, or supped, or both, which last being his case upon this occasion, it is acknowledged by all that he surpasses himself; the maiden nothing loth, takes all his playful badinage in good part, and occasionally returns him a portion thereof in a manner which shows her to be a consummate mistress of the art. But what of Mrs. Slitters all this time? and has she suffered her mind to wander from her lodger and his guests to the consideration of mere selfish aims? Far from it; that excellent lady has determined that nothing shall be wanting to render our happiness complete, and having taken a primary step thereto by absenting herself from the supper-table, now takes a final one by appearing at the moment of its termination, radiant with smiles, and having for companion a huge soup-bowl, from which an aromatic perfume is exhaled, from which a fragrant

steam rises gratefully to the nostrils, in which a soup-ladle is artistically stuck—a bowl of punch!

The cloth is removed, the oyster shells are swept away, the glasses are handed round, we draw our chairs closer together, and contentment sits smiling upon every face—our happiness is complete! Little Spiffins is something tremendous! "Bodger, my boy, you're not drinking—Sweetebreds, your glass—Winckles, I'm ashamed of you!" No host, whether of mediæval times, of Arab descent, or of any other time, place, or nation, has ever surpassed—no, not equalled him; the surgeon is quite forgotten in the boon companion, the dignity of the professional man gives place to the hearty good nature of the friend; not a trace of his former melancholy rests upon him, the dreadful ceremony of the tea-party, the tender parting with the object of his adoration, the last few words whispered on the steps, all are for the moment forgotten; he seems absolutely bursting all over with good nature, and his mouth is more than elastic in its capacity for smiles. We all take to our liquor kindly, and under its influence my spirits begin to revive; every fresh glass infuses fresh life into me, and gradually I feel myself recovering from the awful depression to which I have been a victim. All hail to Mrs. Slitters! her brew is excellent; I take my fourth glass. Bodger tells us a comic story, which is exceedingly comic, and gains unanimous applause; it is only at a supper party that Bodger can be seen to advantage, and if he ever has his photograph taken it ought to be immediately after such an event; there is an unctuous relish about everything he does, an oleaginous appreciation—if I may be allowed the expression—of the several good things provided, and his countenance is twenty per cent. more amiable than at any other time. Trowels tells us a story which has a dash of sentiment in it, and which recalls to my mind the elder Miss Blunze—cruel recollection—let me drink! I do drink; everyone drinks, and the utmost hilarity prevails. Spiffins is complimented again and again upon his success, and with a confused idea of his former difficulties, and a present determination to be jovial, receives all such observations in a semi-modest, semi-satisfied manner, delightful to witness; he looks as though saying audibly "I know my worth, my dear sir, and the splendour of my attainments; I know the difficulties I have overcome,

and the altitude I have reached, but what of that? It was to be expected from a man like me." But as in reality he scarcely says anything in return, the flatterers have it all to themselves; nevertheless, Spiffins is a worthy fellow—let me drink. The punch is good—I may say excellent—I am fond of good punch, and being of a lymphatic temperament, require stimulants occasionally; I am aware of the consequences of indulging a taste for good punch over-night; morning reflections have not been without their effect upon me, but then that is the future. "A bird in the hand"—"Sufficient unto the day," &c., &c. I fill for the sixth time. Somehow these glasses are very small, or the ladle is very big; which is it? or why else does the precious liquor spill? What is to be done when this bowl is finished? I address this question to the company generally, and am referred to the side-board and fireplace for an explanation; on the former are bottles labelled "real Scotch whisky," "Jamaica rum," in conjunction with a heterogeneous mass of sugar, lemons, and spices; on the latter is a kettle simmering pleasantly—I comprehend their dumb show—it is possible to make more; I take my seventh glass! Bodger has commenced to smoke a pipe, Trowels a cigar, and the rest are evidently preparing to follow. If there is anything especially capable of producing the phenomenon of inebriation it is tobacco-smoke upon the top of strong drink—I hope the clouds now ascending will not have that disgraceful effect—I hope no one here will so demean himself. What is Sweetebreds doing? By Jove! a song. Let us listen:—

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The—(something else)—the ever free."

Sweetebreds is possessed of a high tenor voice—counter-tenor, I am inclined to think—and nautical ballads do not suit him. This does not appear, however, to be his opinion; so perhaps I am wrong. How curious he looks with his mouth open that way! Ha, ha! I discover myself laughing aloud, and am rebuked by the company for making a noise—'tis true I had forgotten some one was singing. I take my eighth glass. There is always a great warmth of atmosphere in a room where a supper party is going on, whether from the supper itself, from the amount of caloric it communicates to the company, or from the general warmth of sentiment of these individuals



themselves, it is difficult to say. A supper in a cold room would be a wretched mockery, and could not, I believe, even exist; either the room would have to be warmed, or the party to be dispersed, but both could not certainly subsist together. Our party is a peculiarly warm one, and I find myself gradually undoing the buttons of my waistcoat for air. Winckles has already undone four of his, but I can't say it looks well; I have a general feeling of expansion all over, and that both mentally and bodily: it seems to me now that I can detect things which hitherto I have been unable to perceive. I feel as though possessed of more than usual acuteness of vision, and the comic aspects of things are especially distinct; more than once I catch myself smiling at the volubility of my comrades, which now has become very great—I have a suspicion that the punch has something to do with it—and I take my ninth glass. Trowels sings a song about some lady who "elopes by a ladder of ropes," and who, her former lover indignantly declares, may "go to Hong-Kong for me," in consequence of her misconduct; Winckles sings a song in which he perpetually asseverates that some one or something "is so near, and yet so far," at one and the same moment, apparently unconscious of the mathematical absurdity involved in the statement. Poor Winckles! he is evidently very far gone. Spiffins sings a song in which "cigars and cognac"—the latter word pronounced in the hurry of the moment Colney-hatch—play a conspicuous part, and which, as far as I can hear, appears an ingenious mixture of English and French, or some other foreign language; and finally, I am called upon to sing a song, and not being able, meet with universal condemnation. It is a fact that I know of no song to sing, and it is a fact of which I am very much ashamed. I fully agree with Trowels that "every fellow ought to be provided with a song for an emergency;" but what is to be done? The indignant sarcasm of Sweetbreds and the outspoken disapprobation of Bodger sit heavy upon my heart, and I feel myself relapsing from the height of good humour into a state of bitter grief; little Spiffins even, who is wont to stick by me on all ordinary occasions, shakes his head in a disparaging manner, and my spirit presently touches the very depth of despondency. The fun goes on fast and furious, but sorrow has taken up her abode in my heart; while all others are boisterous in their mirth,

I only am the miserable exception; the tears start to my eyes, a crushing sense of injury oppresses me; I feel that I am, pariah-like, cut off from the sympathy of my fellow-creatures. There is a conviction in my mind that I have deeply sinned; there is another that I have been deeply sinned against: the general contentment is to me a ghastly mockery. How can they be jovial and I in their very midst? What would I not give now to be far away from here! What desire more than to find myself alone in some desert isle, where, Robinson Crusoe-like, I might wander uncontrolled, and defy the opinion of my kind. I am the skeleton at the feast, but with the extra disadvantage of being conscious of the little influence I exercise. In my grief one of two courses alone remains—either I must make the effort, and give from memory whatever snatches of divers melodies I can recal; or explain, in a manly and straightforward manner, my difficulties, and throw myself upon the general compassion. I choose the former, and rising full of my subject, strike boldly into the middle of one once familiar song, careless of harmony, and utterly reckless of results—

"With your gun upon your shoulder and your bayonet by your side,

You'll be taking some fine lady and——"

But here a remarkable event occurs. The table, which hitherto has appeared to me sufficiently solidly placed upon its legs, suddenly shifts its position, and, taking an almost horizontal direction, appears bearing straight down upon me from the ceiling; in my astonishment I gaze wildly around; the floor is approaching the table, some dreadful catastrophe is imminent, and at the same time confused shouts, which in the terror of the moment sound almost like laughter, prove that the sight of the phenomenon has not been confined to me only. Anxious to escape the doom which is evidently awaiting me, I step quickly aside, and in another instant find myself quietly stretched upon the floor, with my head resting upon my arm, and one leg upon that of the table. I then become conscious for the first time that Winckles has been similarly circumstanced for some time previously, and I smile compassionately upon his plight.

I remember very little more of what occurred that evening. I was restored to my seat; I was congratulated upon the danger I had escaped, but my recollections from this point are misty in the

extreme. I believe more punch was made—I believe more punch was drunk. I have an indistinct remembrance of having made a speech, which was loudly applauded; of Spiffins having made one in which medical terms predominated. I am nearly sure that Trowels wept about something or some one; that I myself was similarly touched. I must have smoked from the wrong end of a cigar, for my lips were badly burned next day; I must have run against some post, for my eyes were exceedingly black. I have a confused remembrance of being led into

the open air between two other individuals, and of joining in a chorus cut short by an unmusical policeman. All that followed is an unfathomable mystery. Latch-key—candle—boots—bed—these are familiar objects which rise to my memory from out the deepest mental obscurity. Next morning all was forgotten; not a thought of the past presented itself to my mind, and it is only bit by bit that I have been able to recall even a portion of what occurred at little Spiffins' party.

R. W. C. T.

### “DUM SPIRO SPERO.”

(AN APOLOGUE.)

My soul was restless, and I sought  
The elf's wild haunt, and breath'd sweet airs:  
I track'd the river's devious route:—  
In vain!—my heart was vex'd with cares.

I wander'd from the noble park,  
The trimly gay parterre to view;  
Thence pluck'd a rose, without one mark  
To rob it of its faultless hue;

And, home returning, quaintly placed  
My trophy in a tiny tray  
Of antique silver curious traced;  
Then, charg'd with odour, turn'd away.

\* \* \* \* \*

I enter'd yesternorn the room  
Where, all forgotten, dwelt my flower.  
Unhappy fate! that tender bloom  
Fell, fainting for the genial shower.

Vanish'd all vigour had; and now—  
The perfume fled—the tints grown dull—  
It had been sin, I did allow,  
For this so choice a bud to pull.

Then, with sore heart, I brought a stream  
Of clearest water to its cup.  
What wonder if new life 'gan gleam,  
And care restor'd what Hope gave up?  
Lo! leaf by leaf was slowly raised,  
Till olden flashes came at length:  
Each plaintive petal oped, and gazed,  
And thank'd me with its growing strength.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our hearts are like thee, little Rose;  
They quicken what time love-beams shine;  
But under dismal clouds of woes  
How can they choose but droop and pine?

If sympathy with lute attend  
To lull with some resistless psalm,  
Misfortune's darts can never rend:  
Friends soothe, hope cheers, and heaven anoints with balm!

R. EDWYN MILLROY.



## LIFE AMONG THE KALMUKS.

No sooner has the traveller left Sarepta, on the Volga, than on both sides of that majestic stream, with its multitude of islands, clothed with alders and aspens, he will see the boundless Steppes which stretch away as far as the eye can reach, the black masses of Kalmuk and Kirghis encampments, dotting the surface here and there; and as he proceeds on his way, he will encounter numerous herds of camels going to drink the clear water of the Volga, and he will find himself wandering among the Kalmuk kibitkas scattered over the Steppes.

The Kalmuks, all of them nomades, are exclusively engaged in rearing cattle, and know nothing whatever of agriculture. They breed camels, oxen, sheep, and, above all, horses, of which they have an excellent description, small, but strong and agile, and of great endurance. I have ridden, says a South Russian traveller, Hommaire de Hel, a Kalmuk horse often eighteen and even twenty-five leagues without once dismounting. The Russian cavalry is mounted chiefly on horses from the Caspian Steppes; the average price of a good horse is from 80 to 100 roubles.

The Kalmuks, like most other nations, are divided into three orders, nobles, clergy, and commons; the members of the aristocracy assume the name of *white bones*, whilst the common people are called *black bones*. The priests belong indifferently to either class, but those that issue from the ranks of the people do not easily succeed in effacing the stain of their origin. The prejudices of noble birth are, however, much less deeply rooted at this day than formerly, a natural consequence of the destruction of the power of the khans and the princes, and the complete subjection of the hordes to the laws and customs of the empire.

Among the Asiatic races there is none whose features are so distinctly characterised as those of the Mongols. Paint one individual, and you paint the whole nation. In 1815, the celebrated artist, Isabey, after seeing a great number of Kalmuks, observed so striking a resemblance between them, that having to take the likeness of Prince Tumene, and perceiving that the prince was very restless at the last sittings, he begged him to

send one of his servants in his stead. In that way the painter finished the portrait, which turned out to be a most striking likeness, as I myself can testify. All the Kalmuks have eyes set obliquely, with eyelids little opened, scanty black eyebrows, noses deeply depressed near the forehead, prominent cheek-bones, spare beards, thin moustaches, and a brownish yellow skin. The lips of the men are thick and fleshy, but the women, particularly those of high rank, have heart-shaped mouths of no common beauty. All have enormous ears, projecting strongly from the head, and their hair is invariably black. The Kalmuks are generally small, but with features well rounded, and an easy carriage. Very few deformed persons are seen among them, for with more good sense than ourselves, they leave the development of their children's frames entirely to nature, and never put any kind of garment on them until the age of nine or ten. No sooner are they able to walk, than they mount on horseback, and apply themselves with all their hearts to wrestling and riding, the chief amusements of the tribes.

Like all inhabitants of vast plains, the Kalmuks have exceedingly keen sight. An hour after sunset they can still distinguish a camel at a distance of three miles or more. Very often when I perceived nothing but a point barely visible on the horizon, they clearly made out a horseman armed with his lance and gun. They have also an extraordinary faculty for wending their way through their pathless wilderness. Without the least apparent mark to guide them, they traverse hundreds of miles with their flocks, without ever wandering from the right course.

The costume of the common Kalmuks is not marked by any very decided peculiarity, the cap alone excepted. It is invariably of yellow cloth trimmed with black lambskin, and is worn by both sexes. I am even tempted to think that there are some superstitious notions connected with it, seeing the difficulty I experienced in procuring one as a specimen. The trousers are wide and open below. Persons in good circumstances wear two long tunics, one of which is tied round the waist, but the usual dress consists

only of trousers and a jacket of skin with tight sleeves. The men shave a part of their heads, and the rest of the hair is gathered into a single mass, which hangs on their shoulders. The women wear two tresses, and this is really the only visible criterion of their sex. The princes have almost all adopted the Circassian costume, or the uniform of the Cossacks of Astracan, to which body some of them belong. The ordinary foot gear is red boots with very high heels, and generally much too short. The Kalmuks, like the Chinese, greatly admire small feet, and as they are constantly on horseback, their short boots, which would be torturing to us, cause them no inconvenience. But they are very bad pedestrians; the form of their boots obliges them to walk on their toes, and they are exceedingly distressed when they have not a horse to mount.

They never set out on a journey unarmed. They usually carry a poniard and a long Asiatic gun, generally a match-lock. The camel is the beast they commonly ride, guiding it by a string passed through its nostrils, which gives them complete command over the animal. They have long quite abandoned the use of bows and arrows; the gun, the lance, and the dagger being now their only weapons. Cuirasses, too, have become useless to them. I saw a few admirable specimens at Prince Tumene's, which appeared to be of Persian manufacture, and were valued at from fifty to a hundred horses. In spite of the precepts of Buddhism, which forbid them to kill any animal, the Kalmuks are skilled sportsmen with hawk and gun. They almost always shoot in the manner of the old arquebusiers, resting the gun on a long fork which plays upon an axis fixed at the extremity of the barrel.

The Kalmuks, like all pastoral people, live very frugally. Dairy produce forms their chief aliment, and their favourite beverage is tea. They eat meat also, particularly horseflesh, which they prefer to any other, but very well done, and not raw, as some writers have asserted. As for cereal food, which the natives of Europe prize so highly, the Kalmuks scarcely know its use; it is only at rare intervals that some of them buy bread or oatcake from the neighbouring Russians. Their tea is prepared in a peculiar manner. It comes to them from China, in the shape of very hard bricks composed of the leaves and coarsest parts

of the plant. After boiling it a considerable time in water, they add milk, butter, and salt. The infusion then acquires consistency, and becomes of a dirty red-yellow colour. We have tasted the beverage at Prince Tumene's, but must confess it was perfectly detestable, and instantly reminded us of Madame Gibou's incredible preparation. They say, however, that it is easy to accustom oneself to this tea, and that at last it is thought delicious. At all events it has one good quality. By strongly exciting perspiration, it serves as an excellent preventive against the effects of sudden chills. The Kalmuks drink their tea out of round shallow little wooden vessels, to which they often attach a very high value. I have seen several which were priced at two or three horses. They are generally made of roots brought from Asia. It is superfluous to say that the Kalmuks, knowing nothing of the use of tea-kettles, prepare their infusion in large iron pots. Next to tea there is no beverage they are so fond of as spirituous liquors. They manufacture a sort of brandy from mare's or cow's milk; but as it is very weak, and has little action on the brain, they seek after Russian liquors with intense eagerness, so that to prevent the pernicious consequences of this passion, the government has been obliged to prohibit the establishment of any dram-shops among the hordes. The women are as eager after the fatal liquor as the men, but they have seldom an opportunity to indulge their taste, for their lords and masters watch them narrowly in this respect. The Kalmuk kitchen is disgustingly filthy. A housekeeper would think herself disgraced if she washed her utensils with water. When she has to clean a vessel, no matter of what sort, she merely empties out its contents, and polishes the inside with the back of her hand. Often have I had pans of milk brought to me that had been cleansed in this ingenious manner. However, as we have already remarked, the interior of the tents by no means exhibits the filth with which this people has been often charged.

Among the Kalmuks, like most Oriental nations, the stronger sex considers all household cares derogatory to its dignity, and leaves them entirely to the women, whose business it is to cook, take care of the children, keep the tents in order, make up the garments and furs of the family, and attend to the cattle. The men barely condescend to groom their



horses; they hunt, drink tea or brandy, stretch themselves out on felts, and smoke or sleep. Add to these daily occupations some games, such as chess, and that played with knuckle-bones, and you have a complete picture of the existence of a Kalmuk *paterfamilias*. The women are quite habituated to their toilsome life, and make cheerful and contented housewives; but they grow old fast, and after a few years of wedlock become frightfully ugly. Their appearance then differs not at all from that of the men; their masculine forms, the shape of their features, their swarthy complexion, and the identity of costume often deceive the most practised eye.

We twice visited the Kalmuks, and the favourable opinion we conceived of them from the first was never shaken. They are the most pacific people imaginable; in analysing their physiognomy, it is impossible to believe that a malicious thought can enter their heads. We invariably encountered the frankest and most affable hospitality among them, and our arrival in a camp was always hailed by the joyful shouts of the whole tribe hurrying to meet us. According to Bergmann's book he seems not to have fared so well at their hands, and he revenges himself by painting them in a very odious light.

A very marked characteristic of these tribes is their sociability. They seldom eat alone, and often entertain each other; it is even their custom, before tasting their food, to offer a part of it to strangers, or, if none are present, to children; the act is in their eyes both a work of charity, and a sort of propitiatory offering in acknowledgment of the bounty of the Deity.

Their dwellings are felt tents, called *kibitkas* by the Russians. They are four or five yards in diameter, cylindrical to the height of a man's shoulder, with a conical top, open at the apex to let the smoke escape. The frame is light, and can be taken asunder for the convenience of carriage. The skeleton of the roof consists of a wooden ring, forming the aperture for the smoke, and a great number of small spars supporting the ring, and resting on the upper circumference of the cylindrical frame. The whole tent is light enough to be carried by two camels. A *kibitka* serves for a whole family; men, women, and children sleep in it promiscuously without any separation. In the centre there is always a trivet, on which stands the pot used

for cooking tea and meat. The floor is partly covered with felts, carpets, and mats; the couches are opposite the door, and the walls of the tent are hung with arms, leathern vessels, household utensils, quarters of meat, &c.

Among the most important occupations of these people are the distillation of spirits and the manufacture of felts, to which a certain season of the year is appropriated. For the latter operation the men themselves awake out of their lethargy, and condescend to put their hands to the work. They make two kinds of felt—grey and white. The price of the best is ten or twelve roubles for the piece of eight yards by two. The Kalmuks are also very expert in making leathern vessels for liquids, of all shapes and sizes, with extremely small throats. The women tan the skins after a manner which the curious in these matters will find described by the celebrated traveller Pallas. The priests, moreover, manufacture some very peculiar tea-caddies; they are of wood, their shape a truncated cone, with numerous ornamental hoops of copper. In other respects industry has made no progress among the Kalmuks, whose wants are so limited that none of them has ever felt the need of applying himself to any distinct trade. Every man can supply his own wants, and we never found an artisan of any kind among the hordes. At Astrachan there are some Kalmuk journeymen engaged in the fisheries, and many of them are in high repute as boatmen. On the whole, it is not for want of intelligence they are without arts, but because they have no need of them.

We frequently questioned the Kalmuks respecting their wintering under a tent, and they always assured us that their *kibitkas* perfectly protected them from the cold. By day they keep up a fire with reeds and dried dung; and at night, when there remains only clear coal, they stop up all the openings to confine the heat. Their felts, besides, as I know from experience, are so well made, as to shelter them completely from the most furious tempests.

We have little to say of the education of the Kalmuks. Their princes and priests alone boast of some learning, but it consists only in a knowledge of their religious works. The mass of the people grovel in utter ignorance.

The habits of private life among the Kalmuks are of course in accordance

with their state of civilization and religious belief, and are strongly marked by all their gross superstitions. Yet certain of their customs are serious and affecting, and cannot fail to make an impression on the traveller. Others are curious for their patriarchal simplicity. When a woman is in labour, one or more priests are sent for, and whilst the husband runs round the tent with a big stick to drive away the evil spirits, the ghelungs stand at the door reciting prayers, and invoking the favour of the deity on the child about to be born. When the babe is come into the world, one of the relations goes out of the tent, and gives it the name of the first object he sees. This is the practice among all classes. I have known a Prince *Little Dog*, and other individuals bearing the most whimsical names. The women remain veiled for many days after their delivery, and a certain time must elapse before they can be present at the religious ceremonies.

The customs observed in marriages are more interesting, particularly when the young couple belong to the aristocracy. The preliminaries consist in stipulating the amount of horses, camels, and money which the bridegroom is to pay to the bride's father; this being settled, the young man sets out on horseback, accompanied by the chief nobles of his Uluss, to carry off his bride. A sham resistance is always made by the people of her camp, in spite of which she fails not to be borne away on a richly caparisoned horse, with loud shouts and *feux de joie*. When the party arrive at the spot where the kikitka of the new couple is to stand, and where the trivet supporting their great pot is already placed, the bride and bridegroom dismount, kneel down on carpets, and receive the benediction of their priests: then they rise, and, turning towards the sun, address their invocations aloud to the four elements. At this moment the horse on which the bride has been brought home is stripped of saddle and bridle, and turned loose for any one to catch and keep who can. The intention of this practice, which is observed only among the rich, is to signify to the bride that she is thenceforth to live only with her husband, and not think of returning to her parents. The setting up of the kikitka concludes the whole ceremony. The bride remains veiled until the tent is ready, and her husband, taking off the veil, hands her into her new home. There is one curious

incident in the marriages of the wealthy which deserves mention. The bride chooses a bridesmaid, who accompanies her in her abduction; and when they come to the place for the kikitka, the bride throws her handkerchief among the men: whoever catches it must marry the bridesmaid. For a year after marriage the wife must confine herself to the tent, and during all that time can only receive visits on its threshold. Afterwards she is free to do just as she likes.

All marriages are not conducted in this peaceable manner among the Kalmuks. When the relations cannot agree on the terms, which is no unusual case, the question is very often settled by force. If the young man is really enamoured he calls together his comrades, and by force or cunning carries off the girl, who, after she has once entered his tent, cannot under any pretext be reclaimed by her parents.

Llasmism seems in the beginning to have forbidden polygamy and divorce, but these prohibitions have long become obsolete, and both practices are now legalised among all the Kalmuks. In case of infidelity on the wife's part, the repudiation takes place publicly if the husband requires it. The most broken down horse that can be found is brought out, its tail is cut off, the guilty woman is mounted on its bare back, and hooted out of the Uluss. But these scenes occur very rarely; for the offended husband usually contents himself with sending his wife away privately, after giving her a few head of cattle for her support. The Kalmuks of the Caspian indulge very seldom in polygamy; indeed, I never heard of more than one individual who had two wives. The condition of women among them is very different from what prevails in Turkey and great part of Asia; the restrictions of the harem are unknown, and both wives and maids enjoy the greatest independence, and may freely expose their faces to view on all occasions.

The first encampment of Kalmuks visited consisted of a score of tents. All the men came out to meet us: they took the camels from the britchka, and would not allow our people to lend a hand; then having pitched our tent a little way off from their own, at the foot of a tumulus, they began to dance with their women, in token of rejoicing. One of the latter went down on her knees and begged some tobacco, and when she had



got it she became an object of envy to her companions, before whom she hastened to display and smoke it.

When night had fallen the camp was lighted up with numerous fires, which gave a still more curious aspect to the kikitkas, and the dancing figures of the Kalmuks and Cossacks, whose exuberant gaiety was in part owing to an extraordinary distribution of food and brandy. The women advanced in their turn, and several of them forming a circle, danced in the same manner as the ladies of honour of the Princess Tumene. But they all seemed extremely ugly, though some of them were young.

Two days afterwards we arrived at the edge of a pond, where we arranged to pass the night. The sight of the water, and the thousands of birds on its surface, afforded us real delight; there needed but such a little thing, under such circumstances as ours, to constitute an event, and occupy the imagination! All that evening was spent in shooting and hawking, bathing, and walking round and round the pool. We could not satiate ourselves with the pleasure of beholding that brackish mud and the forest of trees that encompassed it. No landscape on the Alps or the Tyrol was probably ever hailed with so much enthusiasm.

Beyond this pond the appearance of the Steppes gradually changed: water grew less rare, the vegetation less scorched. We saw from time to time herds of more than five hundred camels, grazing in freedom on the short thick grass. Some of them were of gigantic height. I shall never forget the amazement they manifested at beholding us. The moment they perceived us they hurried towards us, then stopped short, gazing at us with outstretched necks until we were out of sight.

The eighth day after our departure from Huiduk our fresh water was so sensibly diminished that we were obliged to use brackish water in cooking. This change in our kitchen routine fortunately lasted but a few days; but it was enough to give me a hearty aversion for meats so cooked; they had so disagreeable a taste that nothing but necessity and long habit can account for their ordinary use. The Kalmuks and Cossacks, however, use no other water during a great part of the year.

That same day we had a very singular encounter, which went near to be tragical. Shortly before encamping we saw a very

long file of small carts approaching us; our Kalmuks recognised them as belonging to Turkmen, a sort of people held in very bad repute, by reason of their quarrelsome and brutal temper. Every untoward event that happens in the Steppes is laid to their account, and there is perpetual warfare between them and the Cossacks, to whom they give more trouble than all the other tribes put together. As we advanced an increased confusion was manifest in the convoy, and suddenly all the oxen, as if possessed by the fiend, exhibited the most violent terror, and began to run away in wild disorder, dashing against each other, upsetting and breaking the carts loaded with salt, wholly regardless of the voices and blows of their drivers. Some moments elapsed before we could account for this strange disaster, and comprehend the meaning of the furious abuse with which the Turkmen assailed our escort. The camel-drivers were the real culprits in this affair, for they knew by experience how much horses and oxen are frightened by the sight of a camel, and they ought to have moved out of the direct line of march, and not exposed us to the rage of the fierce carters.

The moment immediately after the catastrophe was really critical. All the Turkmen, incensed at the sight of the broken carts and their salt strewed over the ground, seemed, by their threatened gestures and vociferations, to be debating whether or not they should attack us. A single imprudent gesture might have been fatal to us, for they were more than fifty, and armed with cutlasses; but the steady behaviour of the escort gradually quieted them. Instead of noticing their hostile demonstrations, all our men set to work to repair the mischief, and the Turkmen soon followed their example; in less than an hour all was made right again, and the scene of confusion ended much more peaceably than we had at first ventured to hope. All parties now thought only of the comical part of the adventure, and hearty laughter supplanted the tokens of strife. To seal the reconciliation, a distribution of brandy was made, which completely won the hearts of the fellows, who a little before had been on the point of murdering us.

The more we became accustomed to the stillness and grandeur of the desert, the better we understood the Kalmuk's passionate love for the Steppes and his kikitka. If happiness consists in freedom, no man is more happy than he.

Habituated as he is to gaze over a boundless expanse, to endure no restriction, and to pitch his tent wherever his humour dictates, it is natural that he should feel ill at ease, cribbed, cabined, and confined, when removed from his native wastes, and that he should rather die by his own hand than live in exile. During our stay at Astrakhan, every one was talking of a recent event which afforded us an instance of the strong attachment of those primitive beings to their natal soil.

A Kalmuk chief killed his Cossack rival in a fit of jealousy, and instead of attempting to escape punishment by flight, he augmented his guilt by resisting a detachment which was sent to arrest him. Several of his servants aided him, but numbers prevailed; all were made prisoners and conveyed to a fort, where they were to remain until their sentence should have been pronounced. A month afterwards an order arrived for their transportation to Siberia, but by that time three-fourths of the captives had ceased to exist. Some had died of grief, others had eluded the vigilance of their gaolers and killed themselves. The chief, however, had been too closely watched to allow of his making any attempt on his own life, but his obstinate silence, and the deep dejection of his haggard features, proved plainly that his despair was not less than that which had driven his companions to suicide.

When he was placed in the car to begin his journey, some Kalmuks were allowed to approach and bid him farewell. "What can we do for thee?" they whispered; the chief only replied, "You know." Thereupon one of the Kalmuks drew a pistol from his pocket, and before the bystanders had time to interpose, he blew out the chief's brains. The faces of the two other prisoners beamed with joy. "Thanks for him," they cried; "as for us, we shall never see Siberia."

I have not yet spoken of the Kalmuk's *satzas*, and the desire we feel to become acquainted with them. From the moment we had entered the waste, we had never ceased to sweep the horizon in hopes to discover one of these mysterious tombs, from which the Kalmuks always keep aloof, in order not to profane them by their presence. These *satzas* are small temples erected on purpose to contain the remains of the high priests. When one of them dies his body is burned, and his ashes are deposited with great pomp in the mausoleum prepared to receive

them, along with a quantity of sacred images, which are so many good genii placed there to keep watch eternally over the dust of the holy personage.

Before we left Astrakhan we had taken care to collect all possible information respecting these *satzas*, in order to visit one of them during our journey through the Steppes, and rifle it if possible of its contents. But as the religious jealousy of our Kalmuks had hitherto prevented us from making any researches of the kind, we determined at last to trust to chance for the gratification of our wishes.

It was at one day's journey from Selenoi Sastava that we had, for the first time, the satisfaction of perceiving one of these monuments. Great was our delight, notwithstanding the difficulty of approaching it, and eluding the keen watch of our camel-drivers; nay, the obstacles in our way did but give the more zest to our pleasure. There were precautions to be taken, a secret to be kept, and novelty to be enjoyed; all this gave enhanced interest to the *satza*, and delightfully broke the monotony that had oppressed us for so many days. All our measures were therefore taken with extreme prudence and deliberation. We halted for breakfast at a reasonable distance from the *satza*, so that our camel-drivers might not conceive any suspicion; and during the repast Anthony and the officer, who had received their instructions from us, took care to say that we intended to catch a few white herons before we resumed our march. The Kalmuks, being aware of the value we attached to those birds, heard the news as a matter of course, and rejoiced at the opportunity of indulging in a longer doze.

The *satza* stood in the midst of the sands, five or six versts from our halting-place. To reach it we had to make a long detour in order to deceive the Kalmuks, in case they conceived any suspicion of our design. All this was difficult enough and extremely fatiguing; still I insisted on making one in the expedition, and was among the first to mount.

After two hours' marching and countermarching over the sands, in a tropical temperature that quite dispirited our beasts, we arrived in front of the *satza*, the appearance of which was anything but attractive, and seemed far from deserving the pains we had taken to see it. It was a small square building of a grey colour, with only two holes by way of



windows. Fancy our consternation when we found there was no door. We all marched round and round the impenetrable sanctuary in a state of ludicrous disappointment. Some means or other was to be devised for getting in, for the thought of returning without satisfying our curiosity never once entered our heads. The removal of some stones from one of the windows afforded us a passage, very inconvenient indeed, but sufficient.

Like conquerors we entered the satza through a breach, but we had not thought of the standard, which was indispensable for the strict accomplishment of the usual ceremonies. Instead thereof we had recourse to a silk handkerchief, and planting it on the summit of the mausoleum, took possession of it in the name of all future and present travellers.

This ceremony completed, we made a minute inspection of the interior of the tomb, but found in it nothing extraordinary: it appeared to be of great antiquity. Some idols of baked clay were ranged along the wall. Several small notches, at regular intervals, contained images half decayed by damp. The floor of beaten earth, and part of the walls were covered with felt: such were the sole decorations we beheld.

Like generous victors we contented ourselves by taking two small statues and a few images. According to the notions of the Kalmuks, no sacrilege can compare with that of which we were now guilty. Yet no celestial fire reduced us to ashes, and the Grand Lama allowed us to return in peace to our escort. But a great vexation befel us, for one of the idols was broken by the way, and we had to supplicate the Bukhans of the Steppe to extend their protection to the other during the rest of the journey.

It is not every one who can penetrate into the sanctuary of an Iluthyan or Mongolian princess, and Madame Hommaire de Hell was indebted to her introductions at Astrakhan, and her friendship with Prince Tumene, at that epoch one of the wealthiest and most influential of all the Kalmuk chiefs, as also with Madame Zakarevitch, to an opportunity then presented to her, and which she describes in lively graphic language.

At an early hour Madame Zakarevitch came to accompany us to the prince's sister-in-law, who during the fine season resides in the kikitka in preference to the palace. Nothing could be more agreeable to us than this proposal. At last,

then, I was about to see Kalmuk manners and customs without any foreign admixture. On the way I learned that the princess was renowned among her people for extreme beauty and accomplishments, besides many other details which contributed further to augment my curiosity. We formed a tolerably large party when we reached her tent, and as she had been informed of our intended visit, we enjoyed, on entering, a spectacle that far surpassed our anticipations. When the curtain at the doorway of the kikitka was raised, we found ourselves in a rather spacious room, lighted from above and hung with red damask, the reflection from which shed a glowing tint on every object; the floor was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and the air was loaded with perfumes. In this balmy atmosphere and crimson light we perceived the princess seated on a low platform at the further end of the tent, dressed in glistening robes, and as motionless as an idol. Some twenty women in full dress, sitting on their heels, formed a strange and particoloured circle round her. It was like nothing I could compare it to but an opera scene suddenly got up on the banks of the Volga. When the princess had allowed us time enough to admire her, she slowly descended the steps of the platform, approached us with dignity, took me by the hand, embraced me affectionately, and led me to the place she had just left. She did the same by Madame Zakarevitch and her daughter, and then graciously saluted the persons who accompanied us; she motioned them to be seated on a large divan opposite the platform. No mistress of a house in Paris could have done better. When every one had found a place, she sat down beside me, and through the medium of an Armenian, who spoke Russian and Kalmuk extremely well, she made me a thousand compliments that gave me a very high opinion of her capacity. With the Armenian's assistance we were able to put many questions to each other, and notwithstanding the awkwardness of being obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, the conversation was far from growing languid, so eager was the princess for information of every kind. The Armenian, who was a merry soul, constituted himself, of his own authority, grand master of the ceremonies, and commenced his functions by advising the princess to give orders for the opening of the ball. Immediately upon a sign from the latter, one of the ladies of honour rose and per-

formed a few steps, turning slowly upon herself; whilst another, who remained seated, drew forth from a balalaiha (an Oriental guitar) some melancholy sounds, by no means appropriate to the occasion. Nor were the attitudes and movements of her companion more accordant with our notions of dancing. They formed a pantomime, the meaning of which I could not ascertain, but which, by its languishing monotony, expressed anything but pleasure or gaiety. The young *figurante* frequently stretched out her arms and knelt down as if to invoke some invincible being. The performance lasted a considerable time, during which I had full opportunity to scrutinize the princess, and saw good reason to justify the high renown in which her beauty was held among her own people. Her figure is imposing and extremely well-proportioned, as far as her numerous garments allowed me to judge. Her mouth, finely arched and adorned with beautiful teeth, her countenance, expressive of great sweetness, her skin, somewhat brown but remarkably delicate, would entitle her to be thought a very handsome woman, even in France, if the outline of her face and the arrangement of her features were only a trifle less Kalmuk. Nevertheless, in spite of the obliquity of her eyes and the prominence of her cheekbones, she would still find many an admirer, not in Kalmukia alone, but all the world over. Her looks convey an expression of the utmost gentleness and good nature, and like all the women of her race she has an air of caressing humility, which makes her appearance still more winning.

Now for her costume. Over a very rich robe of Persian stuff, laced all over with silver, she wore a light silk tunic, reaching only to the knee and open in front. The high corsage was quite flat, and glittered with silver embroidery and fine pearls that covered all the seams. Round her neck she had a white cambric habit shirt, the shape of which seemed to me like that of a man's shirt collar. It was fastened in front by a diamond button. Her very thick, deep black hair fell over her bosom in two magnificent tresses of remarkable length. A yellow cap, edged with rich fur, and resembling in shape the square cap of a French judge, was set jauntily on the crown of her head. But what surprised me most in her costume was an embroidered cambric handkerchief and a pair of black mittens.

Thus, it appears, the productions of our workshops find their way even to the toilette of a great Kalmuk lady. Among the princess's ornaments I must not forget to enumerate a large gold chain, which, after being wound round her beautiful tresses, fell over her bosom, passing on its way through her gold earrings. Her whole attire, such as I have described it, looked much less barbarous than I had expected. The ladies of honour, though less richly clad, wore robes and caps of the same form; only they had not advanced so far as to wear mittens.

The dancing lady, after figuring for half an hour, went and touched the shoulder of one of her companions, who took her place, and began the same figures over again. When she had done the Armenian urged the princess that her daughter, who until then had kept herself concealed behind a curtain, should also give a specimen of her skill; but there was a difficulty in the case. No lady of honour had a right to touch her, and this formality was indispensable according to established usage. Not to be baffled by this obstacle, the Armenian sprang gaily into the middle of the circle, and began to dance in so original a manner, that every one enthusiastically applauded. Having thus satisfied the exigency of Kalmuk etiquette, he stepped up to the curtain and laid his finger lightly on the shoulder of the young lady, who could not refuse an invitation thus made in all due form. Her dancing appeared to us less wearisome than that of the ladies of honour, thanks to her pretty face and her timid and languishing attitudes. She, in her turn, touched her brother, a handsome lad of fifteen, dressed in the Cossack costume, who appeared exceedingly mortified at being obliged to put a Kalmuk cap on his head, in order to exhibit the dance in all its nationality. Twice he dashed his cap on the ground with a most comical air of vexation; but his mother rigidly insisted on his putting it on again.

The dancing of the men is as imperious and animated as that of the women is tame and monotonous; the spirit of domination displays itself in all their gestures, in the bold expression of their looks and their noble bearing. It would be impossible for me to describe all the evolutions the young prince went through with equal grace and rapidity. The elasticity of his limbs was as remarkable as the perfect measure observed in his complicated steps.



After the ball came the concert. The women played one after another on the balalaika, and then sang in chorus. But there is as little variety in their music as in their dancing. At last we were presented with different kinds of kumis and sweetmeats on large silver trays.

When we came out from the kikitka, the princess's brother-in-law took us to a herd of wild horses, where one of the most extraordinary scenes awaited us. The moment we were perceived, five or six mounted men, armed with long lassoes, rushed into the middle of the *tabun* (herd of horses), keeping their eyes constantly fixed on the young prince, who was to point out the animal they should seize. The signal being given, they instantly galloped forward and noosed a young horse with a long dishevelled mane, whose dilated eyes and smoking nostrils betokened inexpressible terror. A lightly clad Kalmuk, who followed them on foot, immediately sprang upon the stallion, cut the thongs that were throttling him, and engaged with him in an incredible contest of daring and agility. It would be impossible, I think, for any spectacle more vividly to affect the mind than that which now met our eyes. Sometimes the rider and his horse rolled together on the grass; sometimes they shot through the air with the speed of an arrow, and then stopped abruptly, as if a wall had all at once risen up before them. On a sudden the furious animal would crawl on its belly, or rear in a manner that made us shriek with terror, then plunging forward again in his mad gallop he would dash through the tabun, and endeavour, in every possible way, to shake off his novel burden.

But this exercise, violent and dangerous as it appeared to us, seemed but sport to the Kalmuk, whose body followed all the movements of the animal with so much suppleness, that one would have fancied that the same thought possessed both bodies. The sweat poured in foam-

ing streams from the stallion's flanks, and he trembled in every limb. As for the rider, his coolness would have put to shame the most accomplished horsemen in Europe. In the most critical moments he still found himself at liberty to wave his arms in token of triumph; and in spite of the indomitable humour of his steed, he had sufficient command over it to keep it almost always within the circle of our vision. At a signal from the prince two horsemen, who had kept as close as possible to the daring centaur, seized him with amazing quickness, and galloped away with him before we had time to comprehend this new manœuvre. The horse, for a moment stupefied, soon made off at full speed, and was lost in the midst of the herd. These performances were repeated several times without a single rider suffering himself to be thrown.

But what was our amazement when we saw a boy of ten years come forward to undertake the same exploit! They selected for him a young white stallion of great size, whose fiery bounds and desperate efforts to break his bonds indicated a most violent temper.

I will not attempt to depict our intense emotions during this new conflict. This child, who, like the other riders, had only the horse's mane to cling to, afforded an example of the power of reasoning over instinct and brute force. For some minutes he maintained his difficult position with heroic intrepidity. At last, to our great relief, a horseman rode up to him, caught him up in his outstretched arm, and threw him on the croup behind him.

The Kalmuks, as the reader will perceive, are excellent horsemen, and are accustomed from their childhood to subdue the wildest horses. The exercise we had witnessed is one of their greatest amusements: it is even practised by the women, and we have frequently seen them vieing with each other in feats of equestrian daring.

## THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE.

IN a market-town about twenty miles from London lived a young tradesman, to whom I will here give the name of Unwin. His father before him had for many years occupied the same house in which the son now lived, carrying on a thriving business, from the profits of which he had brought up a family in respectability. When the concern came into the hands of the son it was in a flourishing state, and no sooner did he find himself the master of it than he married, and for some time was prosperous.

At the period, however, when the family, consisting of himself, his wife, and several children, first came under our observation, their circumstances began to decline. Mr. Unwin might oftener be seen lounging at his shop-door than busied behind his counter, or engaged with his ledger and day-book; while his shop-window was thickly strewn with dead flies, undisturbed dust and cobwebs, and the panes of glass scarcely admitted the daylight for want of cleaning; yet he would spend his time during the afternoons in sleep, or amuse himself with a newspaper, and if at such seasons a customer came in he was served with carelessness, or if an order arrived it was often neglected or forgotten.

Meanwhile the wife appeared as if determined that she would not be more active than her husband. To the disgraceful habit of late rising she added negligence of her family, her house, and her person. Mr. and Mrs. Unwin were not quarrelsome—they loved each other, and were tenderly attached to their children—but indolence prevailed over their many valuable points of character.

"My good neighbour, excuse me," said an old friend to Mr. Unwin one day, "your premises (gazing round the warehouse) would be much improved by your cleaning and arranging your stock. I have received several articles from you lately in a condition so spoiled by neglect as greatly to lessen their value." (The old gentleman was an excellent customer to Unwin.)

"Why, sir," said the latter, glad of an excuse for his fault, "we have had sickness and trouble in the house, and I confess that many duties have been neglected,

but I intend—oh, I do *intend*—to set all in order now very soon."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the friend. "I know that you have lost a child lately; but, believe me, if you and your wife can make an effort, and rouse yourselves to activity, it will have a good effect on your spirits, and is far more your duty—considering that you have other children still living and looking up to you for every want to be supplied—than to cherish feelings which enervate you thus. And my good friend Unwin," said the old gentleman, "allow me to say, that before the affliction of which you have just spoken, you were not an active man in your calling. Pardon me, I was your late father's intimate friend, and I feel deeply interested for your welfare, or believe me I should not thus take upon me the very unpleasant task of offering advice."

Poor Unwin shook his head mournfully. "When a man has a burdened mind, sir," said he, "it crushes his spirit. I am discouraged; and though I purpose clearing and setting to-rights, I shall go about it with no energy."

"How so?" said the other. "Your father was not of your mind; he was all promptitude, activity, and attention."

"My father had money to carry on his business," was the reply; "but somehow or other I have not been successful, and the property I embarked in this concern, so far from having increased, has dwindled to nothing; and as you are an old friend to my family, sir, I will confess to you that I am on the brink of ruin."

"I had my fears that such was the case," said the customer, becoming interested and grieved at these words. "Young man, your father was never caught sleeping in the afternoon—was seldom seen with a newspaper in his hand—was always in his shop betimes—never left till to-morrow what he could do to-day. Did you ever know him delay a duty, or neglect an order? No; you must well recollect his diligence in business, and I may add, his fervency of spirit in the service of God. I see your seat often vacant at the house of God. I fear that you are not so early a riser as to enable you to call your family around you at the domestic altar before the toils



of the day begin. But I forbear to reproach you—you are in trouble, and I will endeavour to help you. Come, let us go to your counting-house—show me where your difficulties lie, and as ‘thy friend and thy father’s friend,’ I will make any effort in my power to save you from deeper distress.”

Unwin was touched with the good man’s sympathy, while he felt the justice and force of his reproof. They sat down together, and the friend was shocked when Unwin laid before him the entangled state of his concerns: his books displayed the most slovenly neglect; the involved condition of his affairs required not only time and a clear understanding, but also a large supply of cash for their re-establishment on a fair footing. Unwin’s kind benefactor did not shrink from these calls—he devoted his time, gave his most judicious advice, and opened his purse liberally.

Relieved from the pressure of his difficulties, Unwin, instead of immediately throwing off his habitual indolence and expending his energies on vigorous efforts to make his friend’s kind assistance the foundation of future success (though he made some show of exertion), satisfied the suggestions of his conscience with the thought of the great anxiety and fatigue he had lately undergone; fancied he now required rest; and determined, not perhaps in words, but tacitly and practically, to take a little rest before he began in earnest “to put his shoulder to the wheel.” He really would rise early, but not *this* morning,—he fully purposed to break through his habit of sleeping and lounging away the afternoon, but would indulge himself till he had got rid of a kind of nervousness, as he said, which had been induced by his recent over-close attention to his labyrinth of intricate money concerns; and as for the newspaper, he would only take it in until his term of subscription ended, and then he would give it up altogether. He would regularly attend divine worship, and be an altered character. But nothing of all this was to be done *directly*; the design would have required resolution, and entailed a system of perseverance to act it out, of which he was incapable. Alas! to seek strength from the right source formed no portion of his plan.

Unwin constantly looked forward; he was always intending, but never performed; and the transient show of im-

provement manifested was like the morning cloud and early dew.” An incredible number of excuses were constantly at hand with which to deceive himself, though they did not satisfy the injured, disappointed individual, who had come forward so nobly to avert the ruin of this ill-fated family.

A smutty-faced servant-maid—the hopeful Sally—who was generally to be seen with slipshod heels and gilt eardrops, contributed her full share, during these events, towards the downfall of the household. Her custom was to rise from bed just in time to prepare breakfast, if preparation it could be called. The kettle was set over a fire to which the wind of the bellows had been furiously applied; the crumbs of last night’s supper were swept off the tablecloth, which had not been removed; and, the cups and saucers being set forth, the task was completed.

Meantime the children, unwashed and only half-dressed, became clamorous for food. This usually brought Mrs. Unwin from her room, to send out for bread, which was often cut up hot from the baker’s oven, no store having been provided.

“Mother, give me some drink!” or, “cut me another slice!” was allowed to be repeated time after time, till the patience of the little creature was worn out—(how likely this to spoil the temper of a child!)—while Mrs. Unwin, unmoved and perfectly inattentive to the request, was chatting with her husband on some trivial subject, or perhaps lost in musing.

The tea was lukewarm before it was poured into the cups, and when the lengthened and disorderly meal was over, Mrs. Unwin would often sit doing nothing for a long time before she ordered Sally to clear the table.

It was now Sally’s turn to take her leisure in imitation of her mistress, at her own breakfast, beside the kitchen fire, which was always nearly extinct by this time.

Duties thick and threefold now pressed: the work of two hours must be accomplished in one. The morning’s confusion and neglect caused the delay of dinner, which was generally ill-cooked, worse served, extravagant, and unsatisfactory.

“I nearly fell over a bucket of dirty water, which had been left on the middle of the stairs!” said Mr. Unwin, one day,

to his wife. "I wish, my dear, you would reprove Sally for this."

"Indeed," said the wife, "Sally is so saucy that I have not courage to say a word to her. I put up with all kinds of faults rather than disturb my peace."

"Very true," replied the husband; "I dislike noise and confusion exceedingly in the house, and I suppose you might be always reproving her, so that it would do little good."

Thus, instead of "ruling with diligence," one error after another was overlooked till every domestic arrangement bore marks of neglect.

"Dear little Anne!" said the mother, one evening, as she gazed upon her youngest child, who was lying in its crib very ill; "how restless she is! I fear she is much worse!"

"Has she taken her medicine regularly?" inquired the father, looking with equal love and anxiety on the little sufferer.

"No, indeed!" replied the mother; "I have so much trouble to induce her to swallow it."

"How is this?" said a medical gentleman who was in attendance, and entered at the instant; "No more of this mixture given to the child?" taking up the phial and examining its contents.

The mother excused herself, and was answered with—

"Well, ma'am, I can do your child no good by looking at it. I had hoped to see the salutary effects of the several doses which should have been taken by this time, and which I hoped would have arrested the progress of these very alarming symptoms, which I observe have increased instead of abated."

Roused to her duty, the mother now forced herself to encounter the exertion of overcoming the reluctance of the little patient. But whether the disease was inveterate, or the neglect of the mother had allowed the disorder to gain fatal victory, it is not for us to say; but poor little Anne was cut down like a flower, and a second time the family were deeply distressed.

When Mrs. Unwin saw the coffin carried from her door, in the bitter woe of a mother's feelings of bereavement this thought afflicted her beyond all others: "If I had taken the trouble to train her to obedience, medicine might have been administered, and she might have been living now!"

Sorrow, which generally enervates the

mind, was found to sink poor Mrs. Unwin far deeper in inactivity than ever: in her inconsolable regret for her two lost children she seemed to lose all concern for the surviving ones, for her husband, and for her general interest.

One afternoon, soon after the death of little Anne, Mr. Unwin was sitting with both his elbows leaning on the table, the newspaper spread out before him, and thrusting the wide-spread fingers of one hand through his straggling locks of untrimmed hair, and drumming idly with the others—a loud yawn at intervals showed that he was on the verge of his afternoon's nap. His wife had an old stocking on her hand, and a skein of tangled cotton lay beside her; but she had gone fast asleep over her work. If any one had taken the trouble to go into the kitchen, Sally might have been observed standing on the upturned bottom of an old tub, to enable her to look over the low wall which divided Mr. Unwin's yard from his neighbour's. Leaning her fat red arms on this support, and much at her ease, she was making the following observation in reply to the next door neighbour's servant:—

"Oh, no, never fear; missus won't come! I dare say she is asleep by this time, and even if she does she would say nothing—she never does."

Having thus quieted the misgivings of her more timid companion, we leave them to finish an idle gossip, or perhaps worse.

Returning to the shop, we observe a respectably-dressed man enter, and, after making some inquiries, the boy from behind the counter showed him into the little back parlour or counting-house, by pushing the door suddenly open and uttering the usual appeal to his master—"Worsted!"

Unwin started from his doze, and the wife pushed her hand through a large hole in the stocking; something was muttered about the weather being close and making one drowsy.

"Mr. Unwin," said the visitor, "I came to read you a letter from some of our emigrant friends and relations. There is a particular message for you, and most flattering accounts of success, as you will hear. Mr. Tindall wishes you to entertain the idea of emigrating seriously—he fancies that it would be the best thing that you could do."

Some very cheering accounts were then read aloud of the opportunities a new



country offered, and a description of the substantial property now possessed by a most industrious young couple who began life at about the same time as Mr. and Mrs. Unwin.

A vista of hope now opened before the mental vision of Unwin: he would like of all things to do just as Tindall had done in Canada. How delightful to have everything at hand of your own providing, and really to require little or no money—land so cheap—and what a prospect for his children! the idea was charming. Ah, that was it! He should never do any good in the old overstocked country, whose resources were worn out, that was the truth: and there lay the great secret, he said, of his want of success. He would try—that he would: he had friends, and they would surely lend him a helping hand. Splendid aerial palaces were that evening built by poor Unwin and his pretty, good-natured, but indolent wife. Already they saw themselves in possession of all that heart could wish. Friends, however, were not quite so ready to see things through the golden medium which encircled all their views. The business was known to be neglected; everybody said that it might, with attention, yield a handsome income; and, in fact, its sale realized a considerable premium. Those relations and friends who had perpetually been called upon to assist Unwin, out of first one dilemma, and then another, thought that perhaps the advance of a few pounds would buy off all future encroachments and be well laid out. The worthy old gentleman who had already done so much, carried out his earnest wish to benefit Unwin by completing the sum of money which, by calculation, was supposed to be about sufficient for removing the family and enabling them to begin life afresh in a distant land, in the hope that new impetus would thus be given to exertion. But, alas! the style in which preparations were made for the voyage and for their requirements in the new home they contemplated, discouraged the hopes of their best friends, and forbade the expectation of better success there than in England.

The ship was to sail on a certain day, of which notice was given, allowing ample time for suitable arrangements; but the old habit of procrastination prevailed over Mr. and Mrs. Unwin: "*Oh, it is time enough yet!*" was ever on the lips of both; deaf to the urgent entreaties of those who were interested in their well-doing, they

would neglect the most pressing business or forget important engagements.

A very few days previous to their embarkation, Mr. Unwin, on meeting a casual acquaintance, requested his company home to supper, where a fattened goose was in course of preparation, together with some very fine late peas. On entering upon the temporary abode they were to occupy after quitting their shop, a goose had been purchased and carefully fed for the table, and in the midst of unpacked goods and great confusion sat the wife shelling peas with as much *sang-froid* as if the very last packet had been safely conveyed on board ship and everything duly prepared; or as though such an idea as removal had never entered their heads. Valuable presents from friends were lying here and there, subject to injury. A large sack of biscuits, which a generous but not wealthy relation had contrived, by economizing his own expenditure, to provide them with, had been opened, and one-quarter of the contents consumed: Agnes and little Jack were crunching them almost all the day. A supply of wine and spirits, given by another person for medicinal or particular cases of need, was offered freely to every person who happened to call; causing the waste of as much valuable time as would have sufficed to accomplish all which was needful to be done. The very morning on which the family were to embark, the immovable parents lay late in bed, and the hopeful Sally was sent to change some slices of ham for others of higher and better flavour "*for master's breakfast;*" while during that very time a near relative was pleading with an industrious brother to leave his own business undone, and come and "*lend a hand*" to get Unwin and his family off, or it would never be accomplished.

Such a scene of confusion as their last two hours before starting presented, bankrupts all description. Greatly also were the parties dismayed, when the unexpected prospect was revealed to them, of having to forego all comfort and convenience but what could be made available within the limited dimensions allowed for passengers on board ship: they had trusted almost implicitly to report, never having taken the trouble to examine for themselves. Arriving at the very latest time for embarkation, they found that their bedding and much of their furniture, which ought to have been properly packed, so as to protect it from injury, had been set down

in the midst of a heavy shower, and as there was no one to receive and attend to it, or stow it away, it was in an almost useless state.

Time and tide, however, wait for no man. The ship sailed, and the place which knew them—knew them no more.

An active man of business soon rendered their old shop a scene of busy buying and selling and getting of gain. Time passed on, and after a considerable period the following letter was received by his old and valued friend:—

“— Canada.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Pardon my long silence. I am sure you would not wonder at it if you knew the miseries we have had to encounter. They began on board ship and have never ceased. To be cooped up in rabbit-hutches, with sea-sickness upon ourselves and children and all on board, is the climax of wretchedness. Of course, when we arrived, it was needful to rest and recover the voyage; so we made up our minds to remain at a very good inn in the city of Montreal. All here was well enough in its way, but very dear. Our money did not hold out, or we could have been contented to stay; but it was imperative that we should push forward to the plot of ground which had been purchased for us. But, my dear sir, how shall I describe our discouragement, when we arrived, at finding the wretched state of things: there was everything to be done. My wife is even more unhappy at our prospects than myself, and we both determined to ask our kind friends if they would once more throw out the rope to save us from sinking. I would sooner be a shoe-black in England than the owner of a fine farm here. Our money will very soon be all expended, and we shall then be unable to procure even a bit of sugar or soap without making it. The friend over here to whom you introduced me by letter is a prosperous man and has every comfort around him. How lucky he must have been! for he came here very poor. ‘*Some are so much more fortunate than other some,*’ as the saying is. I asked him if he could put me into the way of getting on as he had done; but he only laughed and shook his head. What could he mean? I am sure I do not know.

“The neighbours here are very kind, or I believe we should have starved; for it is not possible to buy things ready to your hand: they must be made at the

proper time and kept in store. But it is all in a rough rude way. And some folks, because my wife and I cannot work as they do—which is like horses—make ill-natured, coarse observations, calling us drones in the hive.”

The letter concluded with an earnest entreaty that friends would enable them to come back to England.

The epistle was carried round and read to each of those who had kindly assisted Unwin to emigrate, and it was agreed that, after thinking over the request, all should meet together and state their opinion upon the matter. “Now,” said the worthy old gentleman who had first befriended them, “Unwin and his wife are still young people, they are healthy, and the only impediment to their doing well is their indolence. If even without injustice to your own families you could join me in sending a sufficiency to bring them back, I believe we should be doing them an injury. ‘Experience is a dear school, but some fools can learn in no other,’ as poor Richard says; and depend upon it that when Unwin finds that ‘to work is the only way to eat,’ if any practical lesson can cure his bad habits, *that one will.*” Ali agreed that these observations were wise and true. Some of the tender-hearted wives and mothers who recollected the good-natured idle family, could not forbear expressing their pity; but common sense obliged them to acknowledge that it would be best to keep them where they were. A letter was consequently despatched, in which they were assured of the continued goodwill of their relations and friends, and that a package of useful articles should be procured and forwarded by a certain ship, which was specified. A handsome sum of money was also put into their hands, not indeed sufficient to bring them home to England, but quite enough to help them forward very comfortably, if backed by their own industrious efforts. A few forcible observations on the past were all that was offered in the form of advice—long lectures had always been worse than useless; they frequently irritated the conscience-stricken man, who felt that he was in the wrong road, but had not resolution enough to get into the right one.

Time passed on; now and then a letter was received: and at no very distant period these letters began to show an improved state of things. It was very



evident that a change had taken place, and that both Unwin and his wife were very different in character to what they were when they left their native shores. The following letter will manifest the altered tone of their feelings and conduct: with it we must conclude this sketch from real life. It is addressed to his kind old friend:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—The deep obligations I owe you on so many accounts render it a pleasure as well as duty to reply to you. You are most kind to express the satisfaction which encourages us so much at our altered views and mode of life, with which our letters and those of friends around us have made you in some degree acquainted; and I will now freely confess to you that, no sooner did we put our own shoulders to the wheel in right down earnest, than God helped us. It was hard struggling at first to get rid of confirmed habits, but we did our best. I resolved to earn all I could, and my dear wife (dearer to me than ever, now) set herself to make the most of what I obtained. This simple rule acted upon constantly, has rendered our home happier and more truly comfortable than ever before. We married young, and may hope by the time that labour shall become burdensome to take things more easily. Our eldest son Thomas is a well-grown youth, and of a strong constitution; he is very useful indeed; he is my foreman on the farm, and you would be pleased to see how well and punctually he goes about his work: better than I do. For you must know that Mr. Medley, the prosperous farmer to whom you gave me letters of introduction, allowed Thomas to come regularly and obtain a knowledge of his excellent ways of managing. The boy thus early acquired good habits. He used to return home from time to time full of interest respecting some improved method or clever contrivance. I, of course, was glad to encourage his efforts, and by de-

grees we succeeded in conducting the business of the farm on a very different footing to that upon which I began.

"Ellen, my eldest daughter, is the chosen friend and companion of Miss Medley, whose example has been most beneficial; she is a clever and very active young person, and my daughter first admired and then imitated her. The younger children are healthy and bid fair to add to our comfort. We have a young Scotchwoman as domestic servant—a hardworking, honest creature; very different from our old helper Sally, of smutty memory. I never saw my wife look so well or appear so really contented. I often wish—when sitting down of an evening, or at our early breakfast table, supplied with comforts, and even luxuries—that you, my dear sir, and some few of our other old friends, could see us. What a contrast would meet your eye to the scenes of idleness, waste, and sorrow you sometimes witnessed when we were in England! We are up as soon as it is light in winter, generally contrive to get forward with our work before breakfast, and therefore sit down to that meal with keen appetites. Even my wife, who never used to enjoy her first meal, is tempted by our fine butter fresh from the churn, early-made cakes warm from the oven, and pure home-made bread; not to speak of cold chicken and cured tongue.

"Tom and Ellen are as full of merri-ment as two young leopards, and Jack and Bessy, William and Lucy, with the youngest, seventeen months old, bid fair to spread our name far and wide. I have all things and abound, and never was so happy during my previous life. I thank you, my good sir, for all your past kindness, and beg you to accept, in token of gratitude, the package, partly of home produce, which you will receive by the ship *Albatross*; and whenever you or any of my friends and relatives meet with a man whose indolence is the barrier to his prosperity, tell him the history of

"THOMAS UNWIN."

## THE LITTLE FISHERMAN :

A NARRATIVE FOR BOYS.

DAVID EVANS, was scarcely six years old when he had the misfortune to become an orphan. His father, who worked in the pits at Swansea, was killed by a terrible explosion, in which many other colliers lost their lives; and the shock to David's mother was so great that she died six months after her husband, commending poor little Davie, her only child, to the care of her brother, John Rees, more commonly called Old John the Fisherman, who, with his wife and children, lived in a small cottage on the banks of the Neath.

Uncle John was very kind to his poor little nephew—took him out in his boat, taught him to swim, showed him how to fish, and instructed him in the making of osier baskets.

The little boy took so much pains to please his uncle that he soon became very useful to him, and learned to be a skilful fisherman. A good many tourists came to the neighbourhood, so there was always a ready sale for any trout he caught; and now and then he was able to sell a basket.

I have not yet said anything about Martha Rees, little Davie's aunt. The poor boy was very much afraid of her, for she was harsh to him, and did not treat him as well as she did her own children. She was naturally an ill-tempered woman, and had become still more soured by much trouble and having to bring up a great many children. The family were very poor, and she looked upon Davie as another mouth to feed and another creature to clothe; for though the poor child did what he could, he was yet too young to earn enough for his maintenance. The big boys, his cousins, often teased him and tyrannized over him. It was only little Mary Ann who always took his part, and so he loved her dearly. He never came home from his day's fishing without bringing her something: sometimes it was a little basket he had made, sometimes a nosegay of flowers, sometimes a bird's nest; and she was always ready to welcome him, and to take a lively interest in his fishing.

Unfortunately, fish, like children, are capricious. One fine day, little Davie had baited his hook and thrown his line with

praiseworthy patience; but not a fish would bite, though he had been at the work for hours. When he came in with his hands empty, his Aunt Martha, who happened to be out of humour, as was frequently the case, instead of exercising her sense to reflect that fish will not always come to be caught, took it into her head that Davie had been idling away his time playing with other boys, and without listening to a word the child said, gave him a slap and sent him off to bed without his supper. Poor Davie was sitting on the edge of his bed, feeling very hungry and miserable, when he heard a light, quick step, and Mary Ann put her head in.

"Look, Davie! here is my supper. I have managed to smuggle it off to you. I could not eat it while you were alone and hungry."

*Davie.*—You are very kind, Mary Ann; but, perhaps, later on you will be hungry. Stop! let us divide it. I shall have quite enough with half.

*Mary Ann.*—Very well, and I will sit by you and eat mine. I am sorry mother was so cross to you. I am sure you must be angry with her for scolding you so, and sending you off to bed without anything to eat.

*Davie.*—Angry! I was so at first; because, do you see, it was not fair that I should be punished. It was not my fault that I did not take any fish. I did not play at all; and I did all I could to catch some. So, I said to myself that Aunt Martha was very unjust and harsh upon me, and that I could not bear her; but, just now, I knelt down to say my prayers, and when I came to the words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," I remembered that if I kept on being angry with my aunt, God would not forgive me my faults; and I thought to myself, Aunt Martha is poor, she has many things to vex her, so, perhaps, it is no great wonder she is sometimes in a bad humour. Besides, she has been kind to me; for if she had not taken me in, I must have gone to the workhouse, as so many poor orphans do. In thinking of all this, my anger went down; and when you came in, I had just been praying God to bless my aunt.



*Mary Ann.*—You are very good, Davie; much better than I am, for I always feel furious with those who torment you, especially my brothers. If I were strong enough, I think I should fight them.

*Davie.*—I am not good; but I wish to become so, that God may love me, and make me a skilful fisherman, able to earn a good deal of money.

*Mary Ann.*—And what would you do with this money?

*Davie.*—Buy a pretty little cottage for myself.

*Mary Ann.*—What! you would leave me, would you?

*Davie.*—No, no! you don't let me finish. I was going to say, that I should ask you to come and live with me, to look after my house and cook my dinner.

*Mary Ann.*—Oh, how nice that would be! and there would be no one to scold us. Make haste to grow big and earn money.

*Davie.*—Meanwhile, I must try and catch a good many fish, to put your mother in a good humour. There, she is calling you. Good-night, dear Mary Ann.

The next day, Davie again went out to fish; but it was in vain he chose the best spots, and put on the most taking bait, the fish were as bad as yesterday, and would not even give him a nibble.

"Oh, dear!" said he. "I shan't get anything to-day; and perhaps Aunt Martha will be as cross as she was yesterday, and send me off to bed without any supper; and this after I have taken so much trouble."

As he was thus talking to himself, he heard the sound of merry singing, and looking he saw an elegant pleasure-boat, painted red and white, which was coming up the river; it was rowed by gentlemen, and there were gaily-dressed ladies in it, and a little boy, younger than himself, wearing a blue velvet tunic and a hat with a large feather. A lady was sitting by his side and fondling him.

"How happy he is!" said David, "*he* is not obliged to fish all the day; and, instead of a harsh aunt, he has a kind mamma, who loves him dearly. Ah! the rash fellow, how he leans over to reach that water-lily. Good God! he is in the water! Quick, quick! Perhaps I can save him."

Davie could swim like a fish; and in two minutes he was up with the boy, just as he was beginning to sink; and seizing him with one hand, he struck out with the other, till the boat, which the current

had rather carried from them, now came to their assistance; they were taken in, and the party quickly rowed to land. The pretty little boy, who was called George, had not even lost consciousness. His mother, who was wild with joy at his recovery, never tired of thanking Davie for saving her son's life.

She asked him how he, so young, could already swim so well, and many other questions; so that he was obliged to tell her all his history.

When she learned that he had no longer any parents, and that his aunt did not make him very happy, she said to him—

"My dear boy, you shall come with us to our house, which is close by; there you shall get dried, and your clothes changed; and then you may go and tell your uncle, that I, Mrs. Wynne, will take you into my service, and provide for you, if he is willing and you like to come."

"Oh, ma'am! I should like it very much. I would far rather live with you than with Aunt Martha."

Little David was quite dazzled and bewildered when he got inside Mayne's Court, Mrs. Wynne's seat; he had never imagined any place so splendid; and, after his uncle's poor cottage, it seemed like a fairy palace.

His own clothes were hung to dry, and he was dressed in some of little George's, and then seated before a good fire, which was to do away with any ill-effects from his late wetting; he enjoyed an excellent supper; after which he set out for his uncle's cottage. As he entered, John Rees was just going out to look for him, having got rather uneasy at his being later than usual in coming home. When he heard of little David's adventure, he said—

"God has, indeed, befriended you, my boy, in sending you this good fortune, which is more than you could ever have hoped for. The Wynnes, I know, are kind, charitable, religious people; try, then, to make yourself worthy of their protection, by doing all you can to please them, and prove your gratitude."

His aunt also congratulated him on his good fortune. But Mary Ann, sitting in a corner, said nothing; and when David went up to kiss her, he saw that she was in tears.

"What shall I do without you?" said she; "I shall be very miserable."

*David.*—The Wynnes live close here, dear Mary Ann; so I can often come and

see you. It's true the family are going soon to London; but they come down here every summer; and then I shall bring you a pretty present; and I shall have so much to tell you.

*Mary Ann.*—Oh! but you are going to live among other people, and you will quite forget us.

*David.*—How can you think so, you silly girl? If I were to become a king, I should never forget you; and you will always be the person I shall love best in the world.

Soon after David went to Mrs. Wynne's, the family left Mayne's Court for London; and poor Mary Ann had to take leave of her cousin for some time. The winter passed sadly enough for her; for David had always been so kind to her, that she missed him sadly. However, summer came at last, bringing the Wynnes into the country, and with them David, much grown and improved in appearance.

"How tall you are getting," said Mary Ann; "and how nice you look in your good clothes; tell me if you are happy, and what you have been doing."

*David.*—Oh, I am very happy! Mrs. Wynne has been sending me to school, and I am getting on very well in writing and ciphering. Everybody is very good to me; and I like the servants. I go errands for them, and help the coachman and grooms; and in a year or so I am to be Master George's groom. Mr. Wynne has promised me that, and I shall like it so much; for Master George is a very nice young gentleman. But, dear Mary Ann, I must not forget to give you my present. See! here it is.

*Mary Ann.*—Oh, David, what a pretty brooch; how did you manage to buy it?

*David.*—Oh! Mr. and Mrs. Wynne and Master George each gave me a Christmas-box; but your brooch is not all. Look at this handkerchief; don't you think Aunt Martha will like it? I chose the gayest I could find. And here's a snuff-box for Uncle John. I knew he would be pleased with that. Next year I shall bring you still prettier things; for my master says, that if he continues to be pleased with me, he will give me

wages. And now, tell me what you have been doing. Did you go to school in the winter?

*Mary Ann.*—Yes! and I thought it very tiresome. But now I hear that you are getting on with your schooling, I will be more industrious; for I should not like you to think me very ignorant.

Next year Mary Ann had the pleasure of seeing David, who looked very spruce and handsome in his groom's dress, attend Master George in his daily rides.

Every year he came, bringing presents for her and her parents; and she always found him as good and affectionate as ever. His master and mistress had never had so good a servant; he rose from one step to another, and as he possessed the full confidence of his employers, and had received a good education, Mr. Wynne thought he could not do better than choose him for his steward, when the faithful servant, who had held this office for the last thirty years, died.

That year David Evans went as usual to see Mary Ann, who had now grown into a comely young woman; but, instead of offering her any present, he said to her—

"My dear cousin, when we were little children, you promised me, that when I had a cottage of my own you would come and keep it. Now, instead of a cottage, I shall have a nice house; and I come to ask you if you will be my wife."

Mary Ann answered—

"I should be very willing, dear David; for there is no one I love so much as you; and I am sure I could not have a better husband; but I cannot leave my mother, who is now poor, old, and ill. My father is dead, you know; my brothers married and scattered; so there is only myself to look after her."

"Oh! if it is only that," replied David, "you need not leave her. You remember how severe your mother was with me in other days. Well! I mean to take my revenge. She shall come and live with us; and I will make her so happy, that she will not be able to think without sorrow of all the cuffs and scoldings she gave me when a child."

L. W.



## A WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS.

LADY mine, thou biddest me  
 Sing some plant or flower to thee :  
 Surely I may not refuse,  
 But I know not which to choose,  
 For I love them, lady, all,  
 Branching shrub and floweret small.  
 Shall I, then, to please thee, sing  
 Of the flower, that in the spring  
 Star-like beams in every dale ?  
 Shall I sing the primrose pale ?  
 Or that which, while the year is young,  
 Swings like a little bell, uphung  
 By fairy hands to call the sprites  
 To revel through the moonlit nights ?  
 Or the violets, that low  
 Hidden in the herbage grow,  
 Often culled for village maid,  
 By their own sweet scent betrayed ?  
 Lady, shall I sing to thee  
 Of the frail anemone,  
 Sprung from tears that Venus shed  
 When she wept Adonis dead ?  
 Shall I sing the rose, so long  
 The theme of every poet's song,  
 Chiefly, though, to poets here,  
 As emblem of their country dear ?  
 Or the shamrock, owning part  
 Of each joyous Irish heart ;  
 And the thistle, emblem good  
 Of old Icolia's hardy brood ?  
 Brightly in the summer's heat—  
 Brightly, too, mid snow and sleet  
 Blooming doth the furze appear,  
 Constant throughout all the year.  
 Well I love the foxglove tall,  
 Rooted by some ancient wall,  
 Tossing all its bells on high  
 As the zephyr passes by.  
 Mark the quaint, peculiar grace  
 Dwelling in the orchid race ;  
 Insect-like, their flowerets gay,  
 Ready, seem to flit away.  
 Think not I have thee forgot  
 Blue-eyed, fair forget-me-not ;  
 Gladly, too, a strain I'd trill  
 For the child's own daffodil,  
 Or the daisy, humble wight,  
 Ever welcome to our sight,  
 Or the poppies bright, that show  
 Through the corn with crimson glow.  
 These and others would I fain  
 Sing of in a sweeter strain ;  
 But, since 'tis not mine to treat  
 On small flower with honour meet,  
 Kindly these plain verses take,  
 Lady, for the writer's sake.

CAHILL.

## THE MYSTERIES OF HAWLEY.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A GLOOMY EVENING.

It was evening, and Helen Batherley sate at a window looking out. Her father had returned from his expedition to Calais that day, late in the afternoon, but he was not at home just then, having been called away almost as soon as he arrived, to see a particular patient. Let me review the year, as it had passed with her and with her lover, Edgar Sinclair.

I have before said how fascinated with the beautiful girl, Sinclair had become. Her sentiments towards him, I have also said, were to me unknown, nor do I profess to unfold them now. If Helen were ambitious, then did it seem as though her ambition might be gratified; for Sinclair grew more and more into her toils day by day. Yes, the man of intellect and of the world, who could see into her very heart and probe it, bowed meekly as a slave unto the wondrous powers of this girl's charms.

She knew it, too, and used her power. Her wit would sometimes sparkle with him, sometimes at him. And yet he was her slave. To have heard the stream of eloquence which he, with all the strength of manly love, would pour into her ear, would have won most women's hearts, and made them his for ever. And was not Helen moved? Why, yes; a glance of triumph would kindle in her eye, and flash a gleam of joy when his were not upon her. To cut the story short, Helen and he were soon engaged, to all intents and purposes.

But in the early part of spring, Sinclair received a letter informing him that his father was dangerously ill, and desiring that he would return to Devonshire without delay. Though Sinclair had scarcely fortitude to tear himself from the smiles of the girl to whom he had so repeatedly plighted his troth, and who from some cause—perhaps a want of natural feeling—did not particularly urge him to comply; yet, stung with fear that his father might die without seeing him, Edgar suffered parental duty to prevail, and, after renewing his vows of fealty, and extorting the same from Helen, he had obeyed his father's commands.

About a fortnight after his departure, Helen received a letter from him announce-

ing the unexpected recovery of Sir Godfrey, his father. That letter was full of love and hopeful plans for the future, how he meant to get his father's consent to their marriage—how that marriage should then be brought about, and how his greatest care and joy would be to make her happy. For he had told her how, until his father's death, he was dependent on his bounty, how to marry against that consent would be to marry penniless, therefore how necessary it was that it should be obtained. Helen admitted this, as true and reasonable.

Perhaps, had she known Sir Godfrey better, and his plans, she would have been more anxious still to keep her lover by her side and under the influence of those charms whose strength she knew so well.

In fact, Sir Godfrey Sinclair was a thorough sporting gentleman of the old school. Fox-hunting had been his hobby and his only care in all his life, and he clung to it tenaciously in his old age. Obstinate as a mule, he said a thing and he did it. He made up his mind to a purpose—often enough a foolish, dog-headed one—and nothing could turn him from it. A Squire Western in later days, in short, was he. And, when I have said this, his character is explained.

Now, Sir Godfrey had a neighbour of the same tastes as himself. Sir Arthur Slater was his name, the father of a daughter who was certainly more remarkable for her amiability (though her good temper was not proverbial) than her beauty. But she was Sir Arthur's only child, and the Slaters had property and estates nearly as large as those of the Sinclairs. It had been the darling object of the parents' lives that the fortunes of the families should be consolidated into one. In fact, it had long been arranged, determined, and fully settled between them, that Mary Ann Jemima Slater should—when that sharp-scented hound, old Time had brought the fox-hunters to the death—become Lady Edgar Sinclair. Sir Godfrey had said it, had sworn it with many a stout fox-hunter's oath, and so he had resolved it should be. Edgar Sinclair went down to Pengallon Hall to see his sick sire, as I have said. Sir Godfrey did not die, as expected, but recovered his health in double quick time, and went



fox-hunting as lustily as ever. And Edgar went fox-hunting with him, and that hale old baronet Sir Arthur, who could still keep his seat as jockily as any sportsman in the land. With them we leave him, and return to Helen Batherley once more.

Helen sat at a window looking out; and the red sun, sinking over the house-tops, shone on the golden hair of the girl in a softened beam, lighting it up with its mellowed glow. It was the drawing-room in which we have so often heard her soft, low, mocking laugh, her dry and caustic ridicule flashing forth. Her chin was resting on her hand, for she was musing, and her tiny foot would mark out figures on the carpet, and sometimes stamp impatiently upon the floor. One hand held a letter, which seeming disregarded, lay reposing on her lap; but when her eyes fell on it, her lips would kindle in a scornful smile.

Oh, time! which passeth in hope and changeth to despair, in dreary hope and fretful watching; in the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, let me record thee, as thou spreadest thy black mantle over this poor girl!

That letter was the last she had received from Sinclair. To say that it was a cold one would be not to tell the truth. It was full of passionate love as ever, but it contained words which jarred discordantly on Helen's ear. It spoke of fortitude and hopes which might never be fulfilled—as though their writer thought they would not. It spoke of overruling fate, and weary lives which some must undergo, and painful duties which they must suffer. This missive she had received about six months before, and often and often since then she had read it, and asked herself what it could mean.

"Fool! False and faithless, I thought it would be so!" burst hissing from her lips, as she cast the letter from her.

Who, to have seen that sweet, angelic face, looking, as the sunbeams fell across it, like the upturned countenance of the Virgin Mother, so full of meekness and melancholy beauty, as you see it depicted in the stained glass-windows of our old cathedrals on such a night as this, when the sun shines through them? who to have seen that face, I say, could have ever thought that words like these would have been uttered of the man she would have made her husband?

At length she arose and took her work,

and strove to occupy her thoughts with that. But her mind would not be relieved by the motion of her fingers, and so she flung it fretfully aside.

Several newspapers were lying on the sofa, and on the top of them a copy of that morning's *Times*. She would try if *that* could amuse her.

I know, my worthy politician in spectacles! what part of the *Times* is interesting to you; and *you*, my money-grubber, of Mincing Lane! will find little to attract you, save the quotations of the markets and the mining shares. I, who am a mere *homo librorum*, with but little politics and, alas! less money, find a literary review the most interesting of all. A woman, however, takes no delight in these. All she cares for in a paper is the date, the scandal that is retailed, and the births, deaths, and marriages.

Helen looked at the date—the glance was satisfactory. The births. Pish! What did she care that Lady Fitzbobtail had a daughter? Deaths. It made no difference to her that Sir Andrew Under-shaft was defunct, unless he had left her his fortune, in which case she would have gone into very decent mourning in his memory. Marriages. Look you, my friend, the case is different here.

"On the 17th instant, at Pengollon, Devonshire, by the Rev. H. Snawley, Edgar, only son of Sir Godfrey Sinclair, Bart., of Pengollon Hall, to Mary Ann Jemima, daughter of Sir Arthur Slater, also of Pengollon."

These were the first words she saw. No sound escaped her as she read them, but her cheek blanched, and her pearly teeth became compressed together. She read the paragraph once more, and as she finished, crumpled the paper between her fingers, and flung it from her as though it were a serpent which had stung her.

A fierce, unnatural light flamed in her eye. She took her little writing-desk and opened it; then she lit a taper and stood it on the table by her side. She touched a secret spring in the desk, and a hidden drawer flew open, from which she extracted a small bundle of papers. These were letters which Sinclair had sent her from time to time, and poetical effusions he had written in her praise. Amongst them was a tiny packet carefully folded up. This she undid with a scornful sneer. It was a lock of Sinclair's hair, which he had given her at parting. Next she gathered the letters,

the verses, and the lock of hair together in a heap, and burnt them, one by one, in the taper's flame.

"Thus let all memories of thy perfidy perish!" she muttered, in a low, harsh voice, as much unlike her own as the croak of the raven to the song of the lark. "Base slave! to think how I have been deceived! Fool, fool! that I have built my hopes upon the sand, and find them scattered to the air."

"Helen, my dear, what are you doing?" said a voice behind her. It was the voice of good-natured Miss Jane, who came into the drawing-room to express her wonder that her father had not yet returned home. He was expected an hour ago, and so fatigued as he must have been after his long journey that day, his absence from home so late was all the more surprising, and was quite enough to make such a simple, kindly heart as Miss Jane's flutter with anxiety. But Miss Jane had other things that evening to make her anxious. The fact was that Mrs. Batherley, in her husband's absence, had been at the wine-decanter again, and Miss Jane had only just succeeded in getting that lady to sleep. Having disposed of that trouble, she had come into the drawing-room to talk to Helen, and fret her little heart about the other.

"Helen, my dear, what are you doing?" said she, and when she caught sight of the girl's colourless face, she added, "Good heaven, my child, what has happened?" And she took Helen's passive hand between her own.

"Read that," said the girl in a hollow voice, and she pointed to the marriages in the *Times*.

"Lord sakes, child, what is it?" replied Aunt Jane, taking the paper, and with a certain amount of curiosity mingled with her wonder, trying to peruse it upside down. When she succeeded in finding out the place, and had read the lines, she put the paper down upon the table, and a tear of loving kindness stood in her eye as she took once more her niece's hand.

"My child," said she, "such blows as these are sent in Heaven's mercy, and we must learn to bear them. I know how hard it is, and that the pang is doubly keen when those we love are they who deal it——"

Helen snatched her hand impatiently away from the gentle clasp which held it.

"But still, my dear," continued Jane, "where often in the deepest wounds like

these, only ill appears, good may be gathered. Think, Helen, how much better now to know this man, how weak and little worth he is, than to be linked with him in bands that death can only sever, and *then* to learn it! In time a girlish love like yours will soon be healed, and let the recollection of his broken vows be the balm to do it."

"Love!" repeated Ellen, scornfully. "I love him not; I never have. I despise and scorn him. False, weak-minded craven, he scarce even merits that! Love!" and then her mocking laugh trilled out and filled the room. It seemed a fiendish laugh at such a time, or like the noxious perfume of some poison flower.

"Helen!" exclaimed her aunt, in horror.

"You talk of love to me," the girl replied, her face now flushed, her bosom heaving, and her eyes flashing with weird-like fires. Love? "I have no heart to love, and he knew that as well as I. He knew the bargain, and he has broken it. Think you I care that he is false and base, and though he loved another, but that he has cast down the schemes that I have planned, and every plot and prospect of my life? Bah! were it not for this, I could attend his marriage feast and smile upon his bride!"

And Helen, with a sneer and look of rage that was but half subdued, and made her beauteous face distorted with its mockery, swept up her garments round her, and left the room.

Poor Jane watched her retreating form with wonder, fear, and dread. She rubbed her eyes as though she could not yet believe their evidence. Even then she could not understand it.

"Poor heart! so hard, so hard! may heaven soften thee!" she murmured, sorrowfully. "I trust to God, poor erring child, that thou mayest have no lesson yet more hard to learn, no fruit to taste more bitter! I fear—I fear me much!"

Shaking her head mournfully, the speaker went to the window at which Helen had been seated, and there anxiously awaited the return of her brother.

"He, too, poor man, has a heavy load to bear this night," Jane thought aloud. "I suppose I must break the news to him about his wife, though I declare to goodness that I would sooner cut my finger off than be even the indirect means of making him unhappy. Whatever he



did marry that woman for *I* can't think; she's been a drag upon him all his life, and now I trust in Providence that she may not bring him in his old age in sorrow to the grave! Well, he wouldn't have done it if he'd taken somebody's advice that I could name; but men will have their own way as well as women, and so it is no use. *I* never was married, thank goodness, nor yet in love, and, what is more, I don't suppose I ever shall be, and I think I'm about the best off after all."

Ha, ha! Miss Jane, you little know what is in store for you.

But with this self-congratulation, the natty little woman, who never suffered grief to interfere with her household duties, began to bustle about and put the newspapers out of the way, also Helen's writing desk, with the lighted taper, which was now almost consumed, and to replace the chairs which had become removed into their proper position, with scrupulous regularity.

Then she seated herself once more at the window, and looked out again. It was now quite dark. She could see the people passing and re-passing along the street, but whether they were men or women, girls or boys, she could not tell. The solitary lamp on the opposite side of the road shone dim and gloomy. Even the crescent moon looked murky, as though she had a dirty face, or were undergoing a self-imposed eclipse.

"Dear, dear, why doesn't he come home?" Miss Jane exclaimed, in the state of mind which is vulgarly called the "fidgets," and which had caused her every now and then to rise from her seat and re-arrange the hindmost part of her dress, as though the seat were uncomfortable to rest on.

Scarcely had the words fallen from her lips when, as if responsive to them, a hackney-coach drove to the door. Some one alighted, and rang the bell.

"Thank goodness, here he is at last," exclaimed the maiden-sister, hastening to be the first to greet her brother at the door.

"Name of Batherley, ma'am?" said the person who had rung the bell.

Poor Miss Jane's heart misgave her when she heard a stranger's voice.

"Certainly," she faltered. "*I—I* thought this was Mr. Batherley himself."

Then the gentleman began to beg the lady that she would not be alarmed,

and this entreaty only served to alarm her all the more.

"Great heaven! sir, what does all this mean? Where, where is my brother?" she cried.

The gentleman presently told her that her poor brother was then in the hackney-carriage at the door, and explained how he had fallen down in a fit in Russel-square, how, upon taking him to the nearest surgeon's and searching him, they had ascertained from the papers about his person who he was, and how that he—the said surgeon himself—had accompanied poor Mr. Batherley home, and that that gentleman was now quite insensible and in a very dangerous state.

The gentleman spoke in such a kind, sympathizing tone, as caused poor Jane's fortitude utterly to give way.

"My brother—my poor, dear brother!" she cried; "let me go to him. Oh, sir, pray bring him in; my own dear brother! God help me!"

They brought the corpse-like body in, and the kind surgeon attended to him. The boy in green with the golden buttons, blubbering to see his master thus, was dispatched to another medical man in the neighbourhood, who was an old friend of the family's.

While they were waiting, and when the gentleman, who was unable to remain, had taken his departure, it was then that the little of Jane's courage gave way, and she burst out into tears afresh.

"What shall I do? what shall I do?" she kept crying. "There is no one here to help me; what shall I do? Oh, how I wish that Charles would come!"

"I will go and fetch him," said a quiet voice at her elbow. It was Helen's. There was no passion in her face then. It was as pale as though it were hewn in marble. Her lip trembled. She seemed awed, as well she might, poor girl!

Verily, a little chastening does good to us sometimes. Bear witness, Helen Batherley.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A DEATH-BED SCENE.

WITH fretful anxiety and impatience, Warren meanwhile awaited the return of Mr. Batherley from his expedition, and the result of his discoveries, if any such he had made. Day after day went by,

and his excitement increased rather than diminished.

One morning, however, he informed Mrs. Evans that he should not be at home to tea as usual that afternoon, for he was going round to see Mr. Charles Batherley. He had indeed promised Charles that he would. For, be it known, that the baby was to be christened on the following Sunday, and Frank, who was to be one of the sponsors, ought naturally to be consulted on the divers domestic arrangements prior to that important event.

The official transactions of the Little Western being closed for the day, Warren directed his steps towards the Borough; but it was curious to observe the singular method he took of getting there. First on one side of Gracechurch Street, then on the other, till at last by dint of turning about, he got into Cornhill. But the most remarkable thing of all was the way he kept stopping and looking earnestly into the shop windows of every silversmith he passed. Presently, after a scrutiny, longer and more severe than any he had yet bestowed, he went into one of these shops. The polite young man behind the counter, in accordance with some order received, placed a large and handsome silver tankard in Warren's hands, and Warren, after surveying it minutely, and nodding his head with approbation, returned it to the young man, to whom he also gave instructions that the word "Francis" should be engraved upon it in monstrous capitals, and that it was positively necessary it should be ready by Sunday next.

The payment of the money for this purchase gave our hero, I do believe, more pleasure than the receipt of twenty times as much would have brought. He left the shop quite chuckling at what he had done, resolving he would keep it a secret in his own breast till the day of presentation, and that he would tell neither Charles nor Mary, on any account. In fact, so light-hearted did he become, that by the time he had reached his friend's house, he had almost forgotten the cares and anxieties which an hour ago had oppressed him.

He marched into the shop, which smelt profusely of the drugs, and into the little surgery, the glass-door of which was screened by a green gauze blind. Here he found Charles with his never-absent long clay pipe and good-natured face, which had still looked so hopeful

when there was only threepence half-penny on the mantelpiece. Mary, with her *nonpareil* of a baby in her arms, was also in the surgery, and was very delighted to see him, you may be sure. That baby was held up for his future godfather to kiss, and Warren, excellent young man! actually did it.

"And what do you think, Mr. Warren, that naughty Eliza" (Eliza was the puerile nursemaid to whom allusion has been made) "has done to him?" said the mother, in a soothing tone. "She's been and let a nasty pin scratch its little arm, she has! But isn't he a darling fellow, Mr. Warren—doesn't he look intelligent?"

Mr. Warren fully assented to all this, and really believed it, though, I dare say, most single gentlemen a score of years older than he might have demurred at the "darling," and thought that the projecting foreheads of very young babies would preclude the aspect of great intelligence.

As the three—I beg the baby's pardon for not counting him as one—sat down together in that cosy little room, a pleasant group they made, for Warren felt himself a partaker in all their trivial joys and sorrows, their hopes and disappointments. Their animation as they chatted of the approaching ceremony was charming to witness. The baby's robe, which was a present from its grandmother, was truly a wonderful thing in its way, and formed a theme for unceasing discussion and admiration.

At this point out came all about the silver tankard. When Warren had bought it he had said to himself, "I won't mention a single word about this till the very day comes, I'll be hanged if I do! I'll be as mute as a fish!" But he couldn't help himself, and so out it all came; and when the others thanked him, the tears of joy, which spring only from a kindly heart, were quite ready to come with it. He did manage, however, to stifle them up with a kind of mongrel laugh, which seemed as though it were ashamed of itself. His friends joined him in a laugh of the same doubtful *genus*, and they all fell at it together, like three honest pretentious creatures as they were.

One thing that evening gratified Frank beyond measure. He had often seen halfpence and sometimes even silver on the mantelpiece, which sums of money he knew were the receipts of the day. But on that particular evening he beheld



a bright new sovereign, glittering tantalizingly, in the accustomed place. So expanded did his spirits become at the sight, that he ventured to inquire how business was getting on? fully expecting a favourable answer. But his elation considerably collapsed upon learning that the sovereign in question was not the earnings of the day, but the savings, perhaps of weeks, for the tax-gatherer, who was expected to call.

Charles troubled himself not about money matters, and greeted our hero's mistake with all the hilarity such a joke deserved. So Frank soon recovered from his mortification, and the rest of the evening passed quickly and pleasantly away.

The supper—a frugal meal of bread and cheese—was finished, and the welcome guest was about to take his leave, when the little group were startled by a vehicle drawing up at the shop-door.

"It can't be a patient at this time of night for me," said Charles, arguing like many do, that since a thing has never been, it never will be.

"You had better go and see, hadn't you, my dear?" suggested his wife, arguing, like another class of reasoners, according to her wish, and that it might be a patient nevertheless.

A lady came into the shop, and Warren, who had been peering over the green gauze blind, set all their doubts at rest.

"It is your sister," he said, hastily, turning away. He had never seen her since that little episode in the garden.

Charles Batherley opened the door, and the next instant Helen was in her brother's arms, her head resting on his shoulder. Her face was pale, and her voice was hollow and wavered somewhat when she spoke, but her eye was dry and tearless.

"Charles," she said, "papa is very ill. They brought him home to-night in—in a fit. I saw his face as they carried him upstairs, and—and—" here a shudder passed across her frame,—“and he looked as though he were quite dead.”

A minute of silence then ensued. The young surgeon said never a word, but the blood forsook his cheek, and his hand trembled violently. He loved his father; he had ever been his father's favourite child.

"I will get my hat and return with you directly," he said. "It is disease of the heart. I knew he had it."

The young man got his broad-brim, which he had sported since he had been "in practice," and asked her if she were ready to go back.

Helen had not spoken to Warren yet; but now she held out her hand to him, and he took it. It was cold to the touch as snow.

"Mr. Warren," she said only to him, in a low, almost inaudible voice. Her eyes were cast upon the ground; she felt just then as though she could not look him in the face.

Helen and her brother went arm-in-arm towards the hackney-coach, which was still waiting for them in the street.

Frank also took his hat, and followed them quickly to the door.

"I will go with you, shall I?" he said; "I may be of some use."

His friend pressed his hand, and Helen said, "Thank you," quietly, as though she whispered. And that was all that passed.

They entered the carriage, Helen sitting at her brother's side; so they went lumbering along to the house of desolation and woe.

"How is he now?" Charles demanded of the startled servant who let them in.

"The doctor is with him now, sir," the girl replied, in hushed accents, and her face as it were struck with amazement.

The medical gentleman whom they had called in came downstairs whilst she was speaking. Miss Jane was with him, and the new-comers read in the countenances of both the worst.

It was a touching sight to see how the good little woman ran to her nephew as it were for help and consolation; and how she strove to give him hope and comfort also, when she saw that he needed them as much as she.

The kind doctor was affected, and shook the young man warmly by the hand. It was small comfort, however, he could give.

"We must hope for the best, my dear sir," he said; "while there is life there is hope, you know. I will come round the first thing in the morning; I do not apprehend anything till then. Should there be any change in the night, mind, Mr. Batherley, that you send for me." Saying which, and once more shaking hands kindly with those around, the sympathising gentleman took his leave.

As they approached the room in which the sufferer lay, the clock struck eleven. The tones fell slow and solemn on the stillness of the night, like a warning

bell, deep and sonorous, prophetic of the future.

The unfortunate man was lying on the bed utterly unconscious, and scarcely seeming to breathe. The light fell upon his face, which the son beheld with a shudder—it *did* look corpse-like!

"Where is my mother?—why is she not here? I have not seen her," said he, noticing his mother's absence for the first time.

His aunt made no reply, and interpreting her ominous silence, the truth flashed across his mind.

"It is horrible to think of," he groaned. "Mother, mother, you have a bitter cup in store!"

"Hush, my poor boy," returned Jane, mildly. Let us not think of that now. Shall we go downstairs—at least will you? I will sit and watch."

"No, no; go you downstairs. I will remain and watch."

"Let us take it by turns," interposed Warren, imploringly. "Charles, I am not so excited as you. You want rest more. Let me remain."

"God bless you, Frank," said Charles, falteringly.

So he went down, and Warren sat by the sick man's couch while the night sped on.

No one went to bed that night, but Jane and Helen and Charles rested themselves on the couch and the easy chairs in the room beneath, trying to get a little sleep, and sometimes actually dosing off, only to wake up again presently with a start and a vague consciousness that something was wrong.

The hours dragged slowly and drearily along. Each could hear the other's breathing, which seemed to keep pace monotonously with the ticking of the clock on the sideboard. The minutes crept like hours, the hours like ages. It was as though the longed-for morning never would come round. Sometimes, too, they could hear Warren tread across the floor above them, and this only served to keep their anxious thoughts alert, if by chance for a brief space they strayed to other matters.

The clock had long since clinked out the fifth hour, and the hand was rapidly nearing another. The day had broken; the east had brightened in a faint streak, and the nameless dread which appertains to night was over.

Warren's voice was heard softly calling Charles to come upstairs. Charles at

once complied, the ladies following on tip-toe, and scarcely daring to breathe.

They found the patient had just returned to consciousness, but he was speechless still. When they entered the room, it was evident he recognised them, and was pleased. A faint, inarticulate sound escaped his lips; it appeared as though he wanted something. The eye of young Batherley met that of his aunt, and it was with a sensation akin to horror that they thought it was perhaps his wife he wished to see. If, indeed, it were so, that desire was to be gratified. Mrs. Batherley had before this slept off the effects of her last night's intemperance. She had heard of her husband's perilous state, and awoke to all the natural feelings of her situation. The revulsion was remorse and bitter self-upbraiding.

It was a sight I know not whether more to soften the heart of a cynic or to give him fresh cause to rail at his fellow-creatures, the despair of the wife at that death-bed scene. For it soon became clear that the return to consciousness of the sufferer was but the last flare of the mortal lamp before its final extinction. Just prior to the last flicker, the glance of the dying man fell upon our hero's face, and a gleam of intelligence spread over his own. He appeared to make a futile effort to speak, and, failing, sank back upon his pillow. It was then only that Warren thought of his own affairs, and that his expiring friend wished to make some communication as to the result of his late expedition. But if he had words to speak, they were never spoken, for the death-rattle sounded in his throat, and Mr. Batherley, the good man, the kind father, the unfortunate husband, and the true friend, was dead.

I do not care to linger on the week which followed. It was a time of deep mourning and genuine grief. Perhaps poor Charles felt the blow the most of any, for he had not the fortitude and strength of mind which Jane had; besides, he was away for the most part from the immediate scene, and, therefore, became awake to the affliction the earlier.

As for Warren, having once broken his resolution of keeping away from his charmer's presence, it was wonderful how quickly he fell into his old ways. He had good excuses to satisfy himself, certainly. He felt how much his friends wanted help, assistance, and counsel in their calamity, more especially since Charles was so little



able to take an active part. Was it not, then, his duty to do all for them that *he* could? Assuredly; and so he became their staff to lean on, their very right hand.

Mr. Batherley had made his will; but though it had been predicted by all his friends during the last ten years that when he died he would leave a comfortable little fortune behind him, yet when that will was read it was found that the sagacious world in this case, as in many others, was woefully mistaken, and that the whole of his personal estate was the furniture of the house he lived in, an annuity of fifty pounds for his wife, and one of half that amount for his sister Jane.

As early as the Batherleys were able to look the changed aspect of their affairs in the face, it became pretty evident that they must leave the house which was so endeared to them by the familiarity of many years. It was at first suggested that Mrs. Batherley, her daughter, and Jane should take up their residence with Charles; but then it was remembered that the house was not large enough, nor did Charles himself, for his wife's sake, appear to relish the idea. Warren next proposed that a little house or cottage should be taken on the outskirts of the town. This proposal, after much discussion, was agreed to, as being the best which could be hit upon, and Warren and Charles were commissioned to discover a suitable place.

One day the latter called upon Frank at his office, and told him that his researches had at length been crowned with success. He had found the very place of all others the best adapted for his mother, aunt, and sister to live in, and requested Frank to accompany him that evening to look at it. This Frank agreed to, and upon making inquiries as to its whereabouts, and receiving the information as explicitly as Charles' rather confused notions of locality enabled him to give it, he was tolerably convinced that it must be near the pretty little cottage that Mr. Grantham dwelt in.

The result proved as Warren had anticipated, and the house which the young surgeon had selected was not only in the same quiet lane as Mr. Grantham's, but actually the very next door.

"If they come here, they'll have a neighbour who will protect them from robbers and foot-pads, at all events," said Frank, smiling. Whereupon he recounted

the adventure which resulted in his acquaintance with the eccentric soldier.

"There is Mr. Grantham in his garden now," said Frank. "Shall I speak to him? I may as well; he's a jolly old chap. Hem! Mr. Grantham!"

Mr. Grantham was furiously digging up a flower-bed with all the vigour of an irritable man, and swearing as furiously at his spade for having knocked it against his foot. Hearing his name called, his red head bobbed up defiantly, as though it were ready to quarrel with anybody. But as soon as he perceived our hero, he stamped his foot violently on the ground, as though the pain *should not* ruffle him, and limped forward, spade in hand, and calling in a stentorian voice for Katie to bring the key of the garden gate.

"Gad, Mr. Warren, but I'm pleased to see you!" cried he, thrusting his hand through the iron bars for Frank to shake. "This gentleman a friend of yours? St. George, sir, but I'm glad to see him also. Come in, gentlemen, come in. Why, Katie, you puss, what have you been doing all this time? You must have been making the key, I think, eh, puss, eh?"

The gate was unlocked, and Warren with his friend went through it. Introductions between the latter and Mr. and Miss Grantham took place; Mr. Grantham talking and chuckling, and his daughter curtsying and smiling, looking pleased and blushing, with all the prettiness of seventeen.

All at once the two young men were startled by the spade which Mr. Grantham held in his hand making a prodigious sweep right round that gentleman's head, while his red hair, positively flying up with the energetic shake he gave it, reminded one forcibly of a whirlwind in a desert.

"Ha! ha! Those rascals, you know, Mr. Warren! Ha! ha! the rogues! They have been caught in their tricks by some one who wouldn't let 'em off so easily as we did. Caught 'em the other day, sir, and locked 'em up. By George, it served them right, though."

Warren expressed himself gratified at this piece of news, and presently his fingers went fumbling at his watch-guard, and he quietly took off from it the little golden locket.

"By-the-by, Mr. Grantham," said he, carelessly, "that reminds me; did you happen to lose anything that evening when, in your scuffle with those gentle-

men, I was so fortunate to arrive to your assistance?"

"Lose anything?" Mr. Grantham repeated, with a wonder that was clearly unfeigned.

"I thought perhaps you might know something of this, sir; that is my only reason for asking," returned Frank.

As he spoke, he placed the trinket in Mr. Grantham's hand, and watched that gentleman's face closely, to see if he could detect any change. Not the slightest emotion, except curiosity, was, however, perceptible, nor could Warren believe that any was felt.

"No," said he, turning it over curiously, "it is certainly not mine. What made you suppose it was, sir, pray? Dear me, what a pretty face!" he added, scrutinizing the miniature. "The initials are an 'E' and a 'W,' I think. Gad, sir, but whoever it belongs to, you may depend upon it, is vexed enough at the loss."

He returned it, thereupon, to our hero, who hung it again on his guard, and related how he came by it, suppressing, however, all mention of his subsequent exploit with Manning, who he now felt reassured, was the owner of the locket.

The conversation here changed, Charles explaining the object of their visit to that neighbourhood, and that his mother and sister thought of occupying the next house.

"I was, therefore, agreeably surprised," continued he, "to find that should they do so, they will have for their neighbour a gentleman who is not wholly a stranger to my friend."

"A stranger? I should think not indeed!" Mr. Grantham roared. "Here, Katie, my dear; mind that you call upon Mrs. Batherley as soon as she comes, and make friends with the young lady, d'ye hear?"

Shortly after this, the two friends took their leave; Warren "chewing the cud of his sweet and bitter fancies."

There is no doubt that the catastrophe of this book was somewhat delayed by the death of Mr. Batherley, with the communication he desired to make unuttered on his lips. But we are now approaching the time when the links were gathered together by Warren, and welded into the great chain which led unto the end.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### A LETTER FROM THE DEAD.

THE little cottage was taken, and the Batherleys, in the course of two or three months, removed into their new abode.

A pretty scene of bustle, worry, and confusion that removing was. Poor Mrs. Batherley, since the reverse of her fortune, had become despondent, fretful, helpless, seeking now unrestricted consolation in her old lust; therefore, it may be presumed she was of but little active service. Helen withdrew herself from society as much as possible, preserving a sullen reserve, and passing much of her time in her own chamber. Helen was not well understood.

How they would have got out of that house and into the other, had it not been for the superhuman exertions of Miss Jane, I cannot think. She was the one to put her shoulder to the wheel, and no mistake! She seemed to be everywhere and doing everything. Boxes, trunks, baskets of linen and china, and packages of every description, sprang up around her as thickly as dandelion by the road-side. The ribbons in her neat cap appeared to flutter ubiquitously. Red-hot in the face from exertion and excitement, and her tongue nearly red-hot, I should think, from very friction, Miss Jane seemed as though she had been used to removing all her life, and had come at length by practice to regard it as a matter of course.

But when the waggon arrived at the door, and the furniture and those boxes, trunks, baskets, and packages had to be committed to the charge of the men with the great hob-nailed boots which scattered the straw about the passage so dreadfully, *then* was the moment of heart-strung anxiety and suspense for Miss Jane. She stood at the door or at the windows, and watched them taken from the house and hoisted into the van with all the breathless excitement which a middle-aged hen, who has been hatching duck's eggs, may be supposed to feel when she sees her new-fledged brood take to the water.

At length, however, every article of furniture, from the piano to the knife-board, was despatched to its destination. Miss Jane saw them off from Clapham, and by the time they had arrived at Hampstead, Miss Jane was at Hampstead to receive them. Whether she went in the waggon with them, and got out to



run so that she might be there first; whether she went in a hackney-coach or the Lord Mayor's carriage—which I shouldn't think very likely, considering the proverbial slowness of its pace; whether she ran, walked, swam, or flew, I know not; but there she *was*!

The writer of this history lays it down as an axiom that when people have been removing and have got located in the four barren brick walls which are to constitute their new home, whether they have been doing nothing save allowing themselves to be passively removed with the other goods and chattels, as was the case with Mrs. Batherley and Helen, or whether they have been doing everything, as was the case with Miss Jane, I lay it down, I say, as an axiom that they want their tea.

With the Batherleys, however, a little difficulty here arose: the tea-pot could nowhere be found. When I say the tea-pot, I mean the common earthenware tea-pot, you must understand; the best silver one Miss Jane had carefully packed up with her own hands so there could be no question as to the safety of that; but it was the brown earthenware one with the apoplectic spout, and which always reminded the beholder of a fat turkey sitting, was that which had become mislaid. Everybody was horrified at the idea of going without, so there was no help for it, and the silver tea-pot was called into requisition.

"Well, I'm sure I gave it to Charles, so as to have it handy. I remember that quite well," said Jane, pouring out the steaming beverage.

A new light here broke over the face of Charles, and after furraging amongst a heap of baggage the missing utensil was found. He had placed it for security, I believe, in a saucepan, or in some such an out-of-the-way place.

On the whole that tea, though perhaps as much enjoyed, was taken under the most unpropitious circumstances that the Batherleys had experienced in their lives. But discomfort even has an ending, and when in the course of a few days the carpets were laid down and things set straight, they were no longer reduced to such extremities, and their new little home, indeed, looked more cozy and pleasant, if not more grand and imposing, than their old great one.

In their neighbours, the Granthams, they found agreeable acquaintances. The hot-tempered but generous soldier

speedily gained the liking of all; to adopt a military phrase, he completely took them by storm. His daughter, with her quiet, winning ways, was also a favourite, though she found Helen a little above her simple comprehension. But even Helen liked her, and the two girls, so different in their characters, spent much of their time in each other's company.

Helen soon became herself again—quieter, perhaps, as was natural she should; but the same smiling, witty creature that she was when we first saw her.

As for Frank, his old flame, which his self-imposed banishment and the little stoicism he possessed had kept down, now quickly flared up again as furiously as ever, and he became a very frequent visitor at Hampstead. In some measure to palliate his weakness we must, however, inform the reader that he did not know the extent to which her connexion with Sinclair had been carried. He knew there had been something of a flirtation, but this was all. So, in short, he became Helen's slave once more, and Helen laughed at him as heartily as ever.

In these frequent visits which he paid to the Batherleys, Frank Warren increased his acquaintance with the old soldier and his pretty daughter. It was certain that he got into high favour with the former, and the acute observer who had remarked how the young lady always decked herself out with some spicy new ribbon round her neck, or with some harmless fascinations, whenever our hero was expected to make his appearance, might have shrewdly suspected that he had progressed in the good graces of the latter also.

Since it may be interesting to know what were the opinions the Granthams had formed of their neighbours, I will introduce the reader into their pleasant little parlour, which looked, as I think I have before stated, upon the grass plot in front of the house.

It was advanced spring, and therefore several months after the Batherleys' immigration Kate was trimming the leaves of some flower, precious in the sight of her parent from its being a cutting from a plant which he had brought years ago from Portugal, and which plant had long since gone the way of all things. Mr. Grantham was complacently looking on.

"Do you know, father, I think Mrs

Batherley gets very excited sometimes?" said the girl, confidentially.

"No doubt of it, my dear," answered Mr. Grantham, in such a dry, sarcastic tone that it made her look up inquiringly; but as he volunteered no explanation she went on—

"To hear how she talks sometimes would make one almost suppose she were out of her mind."

"That is very true also, my dear. It is said in the school-books that anger is brief madness; and there are other things, Katie, I suspect, besides anger to which the saying will apply."

"She seems a very different sort of a person to Miss Jane, father."

"Gad so—yes my dear," responded Mr. Grantham, energetically, and placing the thumb of his maimed hand in the arm-hole of his waistcoat; "she's a good-natured soul, by St. George, and will make a man a hearty comrade, my dear, in the great battle of life, and wont desert her colours. But how do you get on with your friend, Miss Batherley?"

"I can't quite understand Helen, somehow; she puzzles me rather."

"Very likely, my dear; so she does me."

"I sometimes think she is in love with—with Mr. Warren," replied the girl, with hesitation, and bending closely over the leaves of the plant she was trimming.

Mr. Grantham shook his head, and coughed dryly.

"There, Katie, I think you have shot a little wide of the mark, my dear; but I think there is not much doubt that Mr. Warren is in love with her. God bless me, girl—there it goes! Smashed to atoms—scattered like a thousand Frenchmen, the rascals! at Salamanca! How could you be so careless, my dear?"

For Kate *had* been so careless as actually to knock that cherished plant from the window-sill, whereon it had been standing; and on the ground beneath it lay, with the pot which held it, shattered into a score of fragments.

I dare say the impetuosity of her parent frightened the girl, and that she was also filled with remorse at the catastrophe. She stood a moment very pale, and with quivering lip, and the next fell on her knees and buried her face in her now repentant father's bosom.

"There, now! who in the name of conscience would have thought the girl was going to act like that?" he ejaculated, regarding his daughter with depre-

cating wonder and helplessness. "Why, puss!—why, Katie, my dear girl!—why, d—n the flower! Get up, you silly child; never mind what your wicked old father says; you know he doesn't mean it. Devil take the flower!" added the irate gentleman, stamping his foot furiously; "I wish I had a hundred of 'em, I'd throw 'em every one out of the window with my own hand, I would!"

Finding this of no avail, Mr. Grantham, who felt perfectly horrified at himself for what he had done, began stroking his daughter under the neck as he would have stroked a mewling kitten whose claws he had trodden upon.

"Gad, my dear, come get up now, do," he pursued entreatingly, "and I'll tell you what Wellington said to me at Salamanca—hum! no, no, I'll tell you," he added, remembering that his anecdotes about Salamanca were *very* old ones for Kate, and therefore scarcely calculated for an exciting bribe, "I'll tell you of a little plan I was thinking about this very morning. There, there, don't be angry, you minx; your father's an old fool, and he always was one. I thought I was a fool when I must needs get my fingers—I wish it had been my tongue—shot away when there was no call for it; but if I was a fool then, what am I now? Well, well, that's right then."

Kate kissed her sire, and assured him that she wasn't angry with him in the least. He shook his head doubtfully, and proceeded to explain his plan, which was nothing else than a pic-nic party in which they, the Batherleys, including Charles and his wife, Warren, and any others they might subsequently call to mind, were to bear their parts.

Miss Grantham appeared to take vast interest in this proposal, for she saw that the other had set his heart upon it, and he being a man of promptitude, presently accompanied the maiden into the house of their next door neighbours, to ascertain what they thought of it.

Here they encountered Warren, with whom it was no unusual circumstance to be at the Batherleys now. Mr. Grantham gave his general hearty greeting, but Miss Grantham, to the young man's surprise, merely honoured him with a prim and somewhat distant curtsy.

"You do not look very well, Miss Grantham," he said with interest, observing her colourless cheeks; "I hope you are not ill?"

"She is angry with her old father—



that is what it is," replied that gentleman ruefully.

This, however, the girl denied, but she drew herself up majestically as she looked at Warren—though she was a very little girl, it must be confessed, and there wasn't much of her to draw up—that it might have been true had the observation applied to *him*.

"There now! what do you make of that?" whispered the soldier in our hero's ear; and holding out both his hands in a way of argumentative remonstrance, "Gad, sir! but I think she is angry with you too. If she is angry with *me*, why she should be so with other people is what I *can't* make out. Ah, these rascally women, they've always been a trouble to me. There, look at this mutilated hand of mine! That was done about one of 'em, I think, in some drunken brawl when I was a young hair-brained scamp. Ah! Warren, Warren, you'll know all about it when you and I know who make up matters together, eh, you dog?"

Mr. Grantham looked knowingly at Helen, who was quietly working at the further extremity of the room.

"There's but little hope of that," said Warren, with a dismal smile.

The proposition of the pic-nic was as eagerly snapped at by the Batherleys as even its hot-headed proposer could wish.

"Bravo! That's right, boys! charge!" he exclaimed, insanely rubbing his hands with delight. "When shall we go—to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" repeated Miss Jane, in horror at his precipitation. "Good-gracious, Mr. Grantham, who's to make all the pies and things and get everything ready in one day?"

"Well, the next day then, ma'am. Ask your nephew and his wife, and have 'em all ready by the next day. Gad, ma'am, but that is long enough, I should think. I'd make fifty pies in the time!"

It was, however, ultimately conceded that the pic-nic should take place the day after that, and Warren promising to convey the invitation to Charles, presently took his departure, and Mr. and Miss Grantham also took theirs.

If the reader supposes that Miss Jane Batherley was a person to sit talking with her hands before her doing nothing, I beg to say that he but little understands that lady's character.

During the whole of the above conversation the hands of Miss Jane had been

very busy. If the reader desires to know what she was busy about, it was with a needle and thread and an old coat of poor Mr. Batherley's, the one he had worn on the day of his last attack.

The fact was that on the last occasion Charles Batherley had been over to Hampstead, she had remarked that the coat he had on was remarkably shabby, and with feminine instinct she inferred that a coat which was less so might be very acceptable to the young surgeon, especially if it could be obtained without the requirement of cash. In short, the habit of his deceased father had presented itself to her fruitful mind, and she was now industriously mending little slits and rents which that habit evinced about the button-holes.

"Button-holes must have a peculiar attractiveness for each other, I should think," she observed, deprecatingly: "they do seem to want to run into each other so. Lawk! now, what can that be?"

"What can what be, aunty?" said Helen, looking up from her work, which was of a more ornamental, but less useful kind.

"Something rattled, my dear, just for all the world as if it was a piece of paper in the pocket of this coat which belonged to your poor father," replied Jane, twisting the coat in all manner of ways, tail upwards, tail downwards, and then neither the one nor the other, in the vain attempt to discover the pocket in question.

"Very likely it *is* a piece of paper, aunty, dear; there would be nothing particularly astonishing if it were so, would there?"

"But, my dear, it is—why, gracious me! it *is* a letter!"

"A letter, aunty?" repeated Helen, with curiosity, hastily casting down her work. Curiosity is a strong incentive in the female breast.

"Who is it for, aunty?"

"Why, my dear, that is just what I was looking to see; but, pish! I was holding it the wrong side uppermost."

"Well, I never! It is for Mr. Warren!"

"Bless me, let me see, my dear!" interjected Aunt Jane, stretching out her hand, which trembled with excitement, her blue eyes opening wider and wider with wonder, so that the iris seemed positively to increase, and reminded one of the circles in the water when a stone is thrown into it.

"It is directed to him in papa's own handwriting."

"Is it, though?" rejoined Miss Jane, shaking her head reflectively; "then it must have been written before he died."

"I suppose it must," said Helen, with a slight sneer. "I wonder what it is about?"

She took it to the window, bent it, and looked through it.

"Oh, Helen! for goodness sake, child, what are you doing?"

"I am not going to open it," retorted the girl haughtily, as she returned the missive to her aunt.

"Of course not, my dear; but I think we had better stand it on the mantel-piece until Mr. Warren comes."

So Miss Jane set herself to make the veal and ham pies, and such other luxuries for the pic-nic, and very excellent pies they turned out to be, the crust so flaky that a zephyr would almost blow it away. Mr. Grantham, with the impetuosity which was his chief characteristic, ordered a grand-looking van, with horses that were almost strong enough to draw a brewer's dray, and fleet enough to win a steeple-chase, while Frank settled matters with Charles Batherley, and looked forward to the day with as much expectation as anyone.

Meanwhile, the letter on Mr. Batherley's mantel-piece was waiting for him, and seeming to frown with a sinister expression upon all persons who entered the room.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE LETTER'S CONTENTS.

THE morning of the pic-nic arrived, and Warren, who, conscious that business did not call him, and that he had not to get to the place of rendezvous till half-past ten, slightly overslept himself. He came downstairs at half-past eight, and in his comfortable dressing-gown and slippers, resolved to enjoy his breakfast. "To enjoy one's breakfast thoroughly, one wants an agreeable book to peruse." He therefore reached down a volume of "Tom Jones," hoisted his slippered feet upon a chair, and began to munch his buttered toast with a good appetite.

Scarcely had he thus composed himself when a tap came at the parlour door, and having received the required permission, Mrs. Evans entered. Mrs. Evans was having a "thorough wash" that day; her

face was, therefore, very hot with the steam from the washing-tub and the excitement incidental to the breaking of her clothes-line, with all her linen hanging upon it.

"Well, Mrs. Evans, what is it?" Frank demanded.

"Oh, Mr. Warring," cried that lady, wiping the soap-suds off her hands and arms upon her apron, "I beg your parding, Mr. Warring, for interrupting of you, sir, but there was a gentleman called last evening, sir, as wanted to see you very particular. He once came here before, sir—oh, it was a month, two months ago, I should think, but I, stupid like, forgot to tell you of it, sir; for, as my Samuel, that is Mr. Ivans, you know, sir, says, I've got sich an awful memory that—there now, there's my copper a-bilin over, if I didn't forget that too!"

After attending to her copper, Mrs. Evans returned to finish the recital, the apron again being called into requisition.

"And he wanted to see me very particularly—eh, Mrs. Evans?"

"Yes, sir," responded Mrs. Evans, popping her head uneasily out of the door, as though to listen. "I thought I heard my baby a-crying, Mr. Warring," she added, explanatively. "Yes, sir, he asked if you was at home, and looked anxious like, you know, sir, when he found you wasn't."

"Did he not say what his name was, then?"

"No, sir; I asked him if he hadn't no name, nor message, nor nothing as he might be inclined to leave; but, lor', sir, he just turned round without saying another word, and marched off, looking as disappointed as—begging his parding, sir—as a cat as has had her offspring drowned, sir, only a great deal more solemn."

Frank was about to make some further inquiries, when his informant was suddenly called from the room to administer a strong reproof to a little boy who had just knocked his shuttlecock into the front garden, and was trying to recover the same by the insertion of his battle-door through the palings, to the imminent peril of an emaciated and consumptive-looking hollyhock, which was feebly endeavouring to live, in the vicinity.

When this reproof had been duly given, and Mrs. Evans had assured the offender that she knew him, and that she would take an early opportunity of acquainting



his mother with his conduct, she returned once more to her impatient lodger. But as Mrs. Evans had no more information to give, no more was to be extracted from her, and Warren had only his own speculations to fall back upon. 'Tis true that, by dint of putting leading questions, he had ascertained these data, viz.—that the individual in question was a tallish gentleman, who stooped slightly, that he was dressed in black, that Mrs. Evans couldn't be quite sure whether he was dark or fair, and that he "had a sort of a kind of a look, you know, sir," which Mrs. Evans could neither exactly comprehend nor describe.

Who this person could possibly be, Warren, on a mental survey of his acquaintances, was at a loss to conjecture, and after several futile attempts, he began to regard it as a thing which—if I may discreetly repeat the language of Lord Dundreary—"no fellar could make out."

"Who *can* it be?" he thought. The recollection of Manning fled before his mind. It *must* have been he. He could think of no one else.

It was with something of remorse that he came to this conclusion. He felt that he had a duty to perform in unravelling the mystery of his father's death, and that, carried away by his newly-formed connexion with the Batherleys, he had been neglectful of that duty.

"I will let this day pass by in peace," he murmured; "to-morrow I will think what is to be done. It is a foul shame to my poor father's memory that I should rest inactive, while, perhaps, his bones are—"

He did not complete the sentence, for his lip quivered violently. Arousing himself, with a sigh he prepared to get ready for the day, and as the clock struck ten he set off towards Hampstead.

The van was already in waiting for the company to get into it, and the horses, decked out in gay-coloured ribbons, were snorting with impatience to carry them away.

The party was to consist of Mr. Grantham, with his daughter, Warren, the Batherleys, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles and their baby, of course, as also a young gentleman (a late fellow-student with Charles) who played a musical instrument of the trumpet *genus*, which instrument he had brought under one arm, and a buxom, romping maiden—his sister—under the other.

"Confound it, friend Warren, what a while the women are getting themselves ready! I don't know what they would have done, St. George, if they had been soldiers in the Peninsula," exclaimed Mr. Grantham, impatiently. Neither Mrs. Batherley nor her daughter had yet come downstairs.

Warren smiled, and lounged about the room, more patiently awaiting the propitious time when they should do so. He happened to cast his eye on the mantelpiece, when he was not a little surprised to see a letter with his name on it staring him in the face.

"Hullo! a letter for me! Who does it come from, I wonder!" he cried, taking it down and eyeing it with curiosity.

"Oh, dear, yes; I'm so glad you found it, Mr. Warren, for what with the bustle of getting things ready, and one thing and another, I should certainly have forgotten to have given it you," replied Miss Jane, who *was* ready, thereby gaining golden opinions from Mr. Grantham.

"But where did it come from, ma'am?" demanded Frank, preparing to break the seal.

The good-natured spinster proceeded to tell him how she had taken it from the pocket of an old coat of her brother's, which he had worn the day he was taken ill.

The young man then guessed the nature of its contents, and that it was the result of Mr. Batherley's search at Calais. He had no doubt that his friend meant to have sent it to him, when his last illness prevented, and that it was of this he wished to speak in his dying moments. It was therefore natural that he should hesitate to break it open. His heart beat quickly. He knew how great a stake for his peace of mind depended upon it. He felt, however, that suspense was worse than certainty, and at length gained fortitude to open the missive, and to read the characters which, in his agitation, seemed to dance before his vision.

"Gad, sir; Warren, my dear fellow, I hope it is not bad news?" exclaimed Mr. Grantham, with genuine sympathy.

For Warren had uttered a groan as he read the paper, and his face was overspread with a slaty pallor.

"No, no, it is nothing—at least it is nothing worse than I expected," he replied, recovering himself. "I feel rather faint; I will take a turn in the fresh air for a few minutes, I shall be better, no

doubt, by the time you are ready to start."

"It is just as I thought; great Heaven! it is just as I feared," he muttered. "I dread to think what crime that man who calls himself my uncle may have upon his hands. If it is—my God! if it is *murder*, I pray—I pray that he himself may not have done the deed. Be it what it will, that Manning is connected with it, perhaps *he*—"

The excited young man buried his face in his hand, and said no more.

The letter which so agitated him was very brief. It was as follows:—

Monday afternoon.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I have just returned from Calais, where your poor father was said to have died. You may be sure how anxious and diligent I was in my inquiries; but it tears my heart with anguish to say that I have received no confirmation of that report. I can glean no knowledge that he died here, or even that he came here at the period stated. Rest in peace, my dear boy, if you can, till I see you to-morrow. I will then furnish you with details, and we must think what is to be done.

Your sincere friend,

J. BATHERLEY.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A PIC-NIC.

A BRIGHT and genial sun beamed benignantly on the heads of our party as they ambled into the high-road. As the little suburban hamlets flitted by, the amble grew into a brisk trot; and London, with all its busy life, covered with a gloomy pall of smoke, remained behind.

They were off towards Windsor, for in that direction, after mature discussion, it had been fixed their excursion should be.

Mr. Grantham, in his first flights of enthusiasm, had aspired to other things.

"Gad, sir," he cried, "but we'll go to some little island, where we can go a-gipsying all to ourselves!"

"Gad, sir, but I'd like to know what island about here you'll go to, then?" retorted Helen, with such a good-humoured laugh that even Mr. Grantham was not irritated at her mimicry.

"We must be content with somewhere out Richmond or Windsor way, I sup-

pose," suggested Warren. And out Windsor way they went accordingly.

The company were all in high spirits. Little Katie Grantham was at first rather pensive and silent certainly, and Warren was too much shocked by the contents of his letter to enjoy himself much; but as the fresh country air blew into their faces, and as they dashed along through new scenes of rural life, their cheerfulness returned to them. For, look you, there is something in a brisk ride on a sunny morning which makes melancholy difficult, if not impossible. Mr. Grantham was extremely affable, indulging his friends with numerous anecdotes of the Peninsular War, and appeared determined that nothing should ruffle his temper and put him in a passion. The company, I repeat, were in high spirits, and, as the Vicar of Wakefield says, "what was wanting in wit was made up in laughter."

The country was now entirely open, and the picturesque rusticity of the scene was heightened by the occasional panoramic view of the villages through which they passed. Corn-fields, green and waving; meadows in which lowing cattle peacefully grazed; chaste plains of verdure, through which, perhaps, irrigated a murmuring brook—a brook which swathed the limbs and satisfied the thirst of sheep which came in flocks to drink its waters and bleat their thanks to Him who gave it them; hills sloping up from valleys and capped with the tapering spire of some rural church, whose merry bells pealed out at intervals, and fell upon the listener's ear like the half-forgotten notes revived, of a song familiar to his childhood.

By-and-by the shadowy outlines of Windsor Castle rose into view, with the royal banner floating lazily in the southern breeze. Then they arrived at the outskirts of some gentleman's park, and here Mr. Grantham proposed that they should halt.

"Here, comrades, here's the place to begin our campaign," he exclaimed. "St. George! but we had better pitch our tents! Bring your baggage, comrades, and let us fall to mess!"

The gentlemen dismounted and assisted the ladies (who, of course, hesitated, and declared they were "so afraid") to do the same. The van was drawn up by the roadside out of the way; the horses were set to graze on the common, and our friends, after searching out the shelter



of a large old oak, sat themselves down, and spread out the whitest of tablecloths under its grateful shade. The hampers were then unpacked, and their contents set out in tempting array, thus forming a sight which was extremely gratifying to all, more especially to the medical student, who had been blowing his horn most vigorously all the morning, and now emphatically declared that he was "devilish peckish, and no mistake."

I do not mean to take up time in the description of the feast. How the corks popped out of the champagne bottles, and how a great, naughty wasp came very near stinging the medical student's pretty sister, and actually *did* settle on Mr. Grantham's nose; for all such events and all that followed them, are they not written already in numberless chronicles with pens more graphic than mine?

"Now, comrades, that we have messed, let us get about and reconnoitre."

"We shan't get much, good sticking here with our plates before us," cried Mr. Grantham, cheerily.

"Your father's a jolly old brick, Miss Grantham, I'll be hanged if he isn't," said the medical student, with his mouth full of veal and ham pie.

"A what, sir?" demanded Kate, astonished.

But explanations were not gone into, for the company here separated into parties of twos and threes—the younger ones considering two sufficient—and the medical student, who was quite smitten with the young lady, led off Miss Grantham for a walk, Heaven only knows where! Frank also did the same with Helen, and it is with these we have to do.

Here, on the one hand, was Warren, faithful and love-sick as ever, with a picturesque landscape to contemplate, with the girl he loved leaning on his arm, and, above all, not a soul near to overhear what they talked about.

On the other, was Helen, beautiful and lively, who certainly owed the young man a debt of gratitude for his kindness to her and hers when in difficulty and sorrow.

"Thanks be praised, we have at least got away from that fidgety old Mr. Grantham, with his interminable stories about the Peninsula!" exclaimed the girl, with a grimace.

He is a noble-hearted fellow, however, and I believe bears enmity to no man."

"Except Frenchmen and rascally footpads, Mr. Warren."

I am quite aware what *ought* to befall our hero and his fair companion that sunny afternoon. An enraged bull *ought* to rush forth and attempt to gore Miss Batherley with his terrific horns; and Warren *ought* to have saved her at the peril of his life, and then fall down upon his knees to her. But alas! there was no such thing as an infuriated bull in the neighbourhood—nothing even so much like one as a peaceful cow. So, having no sensational ingredients to work with, and as this *is* to be a love-scene, I must bring it about in a more unromantic way. They went wild-flower gathering; and, look you, when young people come to *that*, and yet don't grow sentimental and make love, I give them up as hopeless. Love is not in them!

Down by the banks of the river, where the blue-bells and violets grew, they wandered, stooping to pluck them as they wended along. The yellow heath and the harebell were gathered also. Under trees that arched their boughs to the heavens they rambled, and down by the side of the willow, which nodded its head to the waters. Soft on the grass fell their footsteps, and the heath and the wild flowers gave forth their perfume.

The day went on in its course unknowingly, and the sun sank down in the burnished Heavens in a halo which grew deeper and deeper as the orb fell lower and lower.

On the bar of a rustic stile Helen was resting. Warren stood near her contemplating the beauties of the scene which lay outstretched before them.

To the right far away stood the castle, whose windows, lit now by the sunset, glared up like the flames of a furnace. The noble flag on its summit drooped lazily downwards as it rustled its last for that night in the fresh balmy zephyrs. To the left, at their feet, flowed the stately old river, its rippling blue bosom shining through the gaps of the foliage. One wide flaming streak, like the sword of the angel, fell across its broad waters, and millions of ripples shone upon the surface in flashes of fire.

The warbling of birds in the branches above them sounds soft on the ear, like the music of Nature. The note of the sky-lark bids adieu to the sunset, and the hoarse cry of the rooks welcome the evening.

Wearied with labour, the ploughman turns gleefully homeward, and whistles a song with three notes for its burden.

The waggoner, half asleep on the top of his hay-cart, smacks his whip with lazy contentment, and his team drag the wain as lazily onward.

"Do you remember such an evening as this, Helen, when you and I were together in the garden of the old house?" said Frank, breaking the silence.

"I remember many, Mr. Warren; which do you mean?"

"I mean the one when I laid my heart bare to you, Miss Batherley."

"Well, sir, I remember it; but what of that?" said the girl, quickly.

"Since then, Helen, things have—have changed," replied the young man, with some embarrassment, "but I, Helen, love you still as fondly as ever. I—I

know not well what to say, but what I told you, then, Helen, I tell you now. You are alone in the world, my dear girl, and need a protector. Why should not my strong arm be the one to protect you?"

It was with a look of kindness, almost melancholy kindness, that the girl looked up into the young man's face.

"You are a generous, noble young man," said she. "I wish I had a heart that could love you as you should be loved."

"Give me the one you have, Helen."

A flush spread over the girl's face as she gave him her hand as a symbol. And they uttered vows which should have been sacred.

## THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismissed,  
The little ones gather around me  
To bid me "Good-night," and be kissed.  
Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in their tender embrace;  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming  
Of my childhood—too lovely to last—  
Of joy that my heart will remember  
While it wakes to the pulse of the Past;  
Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
A partner of Sorrow and Sin,  
When the glory of God was about me,  
And the glory of gladness within.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,  
All radiant, as others have done;  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun;  
I would pray God to guard them from evil;  
But my prayer would bound back to myself:  
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To traverse its threshold no more;  
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones  
That meet me each morn at the door;  
I shall miss the "Good-nights," and the kisses,  
And the gush of their innocent glee;  
The group on the green, and the flowers  
That are brought every morning for me.



# JOHN WARNER & SONS, LONDON. MANUFACTURERS.



## THE AQUAJECT—No. 563A

Useful for every variety of purpose, in watering or washing Flowers or Trees, in Gardens, Conservatories, Orchard-houses, &c.

Is simple in construction, portable, and easily worked. It throws a continuous stream.

Price, with Suction and Delivery Hose, Branch Pipe, and Spreader, £1 10s.

The small Aquaject is held in the hand, and possesses advantages obtained with no other form of Syringe.

Price 18s.

TO BE OBTAINED OF THE TRADE GENERALLY THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

## NOTHING IS MORE REFRESHING THAN

### RIMMEL'S EXTRACT OF LIME JUICE AND GLYCERINE,

Which cleanses and cools the head, and gives the hair a beautiful gloss, without greasing it. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s.

### RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

With also be found a perfect luxury as an adjunct to the Toilet and Bath, and a reviving Perfume. Price 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s.

### RIMMEL'S PERFUME FOUNTAIN,

An elegant ornament for the Drawing-Room, Ball-Room, Dining Table, &c. Price from £1 10s.

### EUGENE RIMMEL,

Perfumer by Appointment to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales,  
96, Strand; 128, Regent Street; and 24, Cornhill, London.  
Sold by all Perfumery Dealers.

### RIMMEL'S "BOOK OF PERFUMES,"

With above 250 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 5s., by post for 6s stamps; quarto rose-leaf paper, 10s. 6d., by post for 140 stamps.





# BENSON'S WATCHES,

CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, SILVER & ELECTRO-PLATE.

J. W. BENSON,  
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

(Established 1749),

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER BY WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO  
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

has fitted up extensive Workshops with Steam-machinery for the production of Clocks and Time-pieces of every description.

## WATCHES

adapted for every class, climate, and country. Wholesale and Retail. Chronometers, Duplex, Levers, Horizontal, Repeating, Centre Seconds, Keyless, and Chronographs, at 2l. 2s. to 200 Guineas.

## CLOCKS;

Drawing, Dining, and Bedroom, Bracket, Carriage, Church, Turret, Stable, or Office, at 1l. 1s. to 1000 Guineas.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The movements are of the finest quality which the art of horology is at present capable of producing."—*Illustrated London News*, November 8, 1862.

"Some of them are of great beauty, and if the English watch-trade only follow up with the same spirit and success this first attempt to compete with foreigners in decorative watches, there seems to be no reason why we should not get the trade entirely into our own hands."—*Times*, June 23, 1862.

### BENSON'S 4-GUINEA LONDON-MADE

Patent Lever Watch, Capped and Jewelled, strong Silver Cases, made in four sizes, from 1½ to 2 inches in diameter. This Watch is suitable for every body, and is without doubt the best, cheapest, and most accurate Watch manufactured in this country.

### BENSON'S £2 10s. HORIZONTAL WATCH,

Jewelled, &c., strong Silver Cases, 1½ to 2 inches in diameter, a sound and useful Watch.

### BENSON'S 5-GUINEA GOLD WATCH,

Horizontal Movement, Jewelled in 4 holes, and all the late improvements, combined with a rich artistically-engraved case and dial, making it a model of elegance.

### 20,000 OTHER WATCHES

in stock, for prices of which see the Pamphlet.

The above Watches are sent free and safe by post to all parts of England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland. If to India or the Colonies 5s. each extra.

### A PROFUSELY-ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET

of Watches, Clocks, and Chains, descriptive of every construction of Watch made, with their prices, post-free for 2 stamps, from which buyers can select. Also a Catalogue of Silver and Electro Plate, containing 300 illustrations, post-free for 6 stamps.

J. W. BENSON,

Maker of the Great Clock for the Exhibition, 1862, and of the Chronograph Dial, by which was timed "The Derby" of 1862, 1863, 1864, and 1865.

Prize Medallist, Class 33, and Honourable Mention, Class 15.

BRANCH HOUSES:

99 Westbourne Grove.

| 164 Tottenham Court Road

LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.